THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE,

WITH A

CORRECT COPY OF THE ORIGINAL LATIN

ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE:

CLEARED OF ALL THE MOST EXCEPTIONABLE PASSAGES,

AND ILLUSTRATED WITH MARGINAL NOTES

FROM THE BEST COMMENTATORS.

ALSO

DR. BREWSTER'S PERSIUS;

WITH THE ORIGINAL ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE,

AND NOTES FROM CASAUBON

TO ILLUSTRATE THE DESIGN AND METHOD AS WELL AS

THE SENSE OF HIS SEVERAL SATIRES.

VOL. II.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

D. JUNII JUVENALIS

SATIRÆ.

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SATIRÆ.

SATIRA XII.

NAtali, Corvine, die mihi dulcior hæc lux,
Quâ feſtus promiſſa Deis animalia ceſpes
Expectat: niveam Reginæ cædimus agnam:
Par vellus dabitur pugnanti Gorgone Maurâ:
Sed procul extenſum petulans quatit hoſtia funem,
Tarpeio ſervata Jovi, frontemque coruſcat.
Quippe ferox vitulus templis maturus & aræ,
Spargenduſque mero, quem jam pudet ubera matris
Ducere, qui vexat naſcenti robora cornu.
Si res ampla domi, ſimiliſque affectibus eſſet,
Pinguior Hiſpullâ traheretur taurus, & ipſâ
Mole

This ſatire has little merit, except in its ſpirited concluſion. The warmeſt admirer of this author muſt allow that he was either very lazy, or had no talent either for the deſcriptive or pathetic parts of poetry. Probably, indeed, there are here ſome witty alluſions to ſome cotemporary facts and perſons, which are now loſt: but this can be only conjecture.

3. *Agna.*] A ſhe-lamb; becauſe males were not offered to goddeſſes. *Nivea* is in oppoſition to *pulla* or *nigra*, the proper offering to infernal deities. Hor. Sat. I. 8.

5. *Procul*

THE

SATIRES

OF

JUVENAL

SATIRE XII.

I. THIS morning dawns, my friend, with welcome ray,
To me more welcome, than my natal day:
The feſtal altar ſtands: the verdant ſods
Expect the victims vow'd to gracious gods:
A ſnow-white lamb to Juno ſhall be paid;
Another to the Gorgon-armed maid.
Sacred to Jove, a bullock friſks along,
A willing victim, vigorous and ſtrong,
Ripe for the altar; who already ſcorns
The pap, and butts the oak with ſprouting horns.
Oh! if my fortune with my love agreed,
Led to the ſhrine, a mighty bull ſhould bleed;
More fat than e'en Hiſpulla's bloated maſs;
Not humbly fed upon ſome neighb'ring graſs;

5. *Procul extenſum funem.*] It was a bad omen, if victims went not voluntarily to the altar. They were therefore led with a ſlack rope; *procul.*

Mole piger, nec finitimâ nutritus in herbâ;
Læta ſed oſtendens Clitumni paſcua ſanguis
Iret, & a grandi cervix ferienda miniſtro,
Ob reditum trepidantis adhuc, horrendaque paſſi
Nuper, & incolumen ſeſe mirantis amici.
Nam præter pelagi caſus, & fulguris ictum
Evaſi, denſæ cœlum abſcondêre tenebræ
Nube unâ, ſubituſque antennas impulit ignis.
Cum ſe quiſque illo percuſſum crederet, & mox
Attonitus nullum conferri poſſe putaret
Naufragium velis ardentibus. Omnia fiunt
Talia, tam gravitèr, ſiquando poëtica ſurgit
Tempeſtas. Genus ecce aliud diſcriminis audi,
Et miſerere iterum, quanquam ſint cætera ſortis
Ejuſdem; pars dira quidem, ſed cognita multis,
Et quam votivâ teſtantur fana tabellâ
Plurima: Pictores quis neſcit ab Iſide paſci?
Accidit & noſtro ſimilis fortuna Catullo,
Cum plenus fluctu medius foret alveus, & jam
Alternum puppis latus evertentibus undis
Arboris incertæ, nullam prudentia cani
Rectoris conferret opem; decidere jactu

Cœpit

13. *Clitumnus.*] A river of Umbria, ſuppoſed to make the cattle white by virtue of its waters.

14. *Miniſter.*] The *victimarius*. Kennet, II. 8.

19. *Antennas impulit ignis.*] Grangæus ſuppoſes this was not the lightning, but that fire, which the ſailors call Caſtor and Pollux, which was favourable, when it came double; fatal, when ſingle. *Graves, cum ſolitarii venerunt, mergenteſque navigia, et, ſi in carinæ ima deciderint, exurentes.* Plin. II. 37.

23. *Poetica ſurgit tempeſtas.*] This ſudden lively turn comes in very ſeaſonably to ſtop a deſcription, which began to grow inſipid. If Juvenal cannot deſcribe as well as Virgil, he learnt from his maſter, at the leaſt, the wiſdom of being conciſe. Virgil's deſcription of a tempeſt exceeds not ten lines. Minuteneſs (as we

ſcription

But one, whoſe blood Clitumnus' meads beſpoke,
And aſk'd ſome ſturdy arm to give the ſtroke.
II. It is a friend's return this rapture wakes:
Much has he ſuffer'd: ſtill with fear he ſhakes:
Betwixt his preſent joys, and fears before,
He ſcarce believes himſelf ſecure on ſhore.
For, mark, beſides each perilous miſchance
The ocean teems with, and the dreadful glance
Of livid lightning ſcarce eſcap'd, there lay
One veil of darkneſs o'er the face of day:
And the dread bolt ſet all the ſails on fire:
Each thought himſelf the victim of its ire:
And next, in horror, as the canvas glar'd, [par'd.
'Thought ſhipwreck, bliſs, with burning ſails com-
In ſhort all ſcenes of terror threaten'd round,
That ever in poetic ſtorms were found.
Hear next this ill, and ſympathize once more:
Tho' this exceeds not what he felt before;
Tho' 'tis a dire miſchance to numbers known,
By many a tablet in the temples ſhown,
(Who knows not Iſis gives our painters bread?)
Thus too my hapleſs friend in common ſped.
The hold half fill'd with water, and the tide
Toſſing the lab'ring ſtern from ſide to ſide;
The planks all threat'ning at each ſtrain to ſtart,
And uſeleſs all the hoary pilot's art;—

experience in Ovid's ſtory of Ceyx. Met. XI. 474) tends to take away all the horror. Juvenal's turn of wit in this place has the ſame happy effect in ſatire, as Virgil's ſtrong concluſion has in epic;

Præſentemque viris intentant omnia mortem. Æn. I.

24. *Genus ecce aliud diſcriminis.*] He is preparing the reader for another circumſtance of diſtreſs, the neceſſity of throwing the cargo overboard.

31. *Puppis.*] Is uſed here literally for the ſtern; *arboris* are "the planks;" *incertæ* "unſure, ready to ſtart," Hol.

Cœpit cum ventis, imitatus caſtora, qui ſe
Eunuchum ipſe facit, cupiens evadere damno
Teſticulorum: adeo medicatum intelligit inguen.
"Fundite quæ mea ſunt," dicebat, cuncta Catullus
Præcipitare volens etiam pulcherrima, veſtem
Purpuream, teneris quoq; Mæcenatibus aptam,
Atq; alias, quarum generoſi graminis ipſum
Infecit natura pecus; ſed & egregius fons
Viribus occultis, & Bæticus adjuvat aër.
Ille nec argentum dubitabat mittere, lances
Parthenio factas, urnæ cratera capacem,
Et dignum ſitiente Pholo, vel conjuge Fuſci:
Adde & baſcaudas, & mille eſcaria, multum
Cælati, biberat quo callidus emptor Olynthi.
Sed quis nunc alius, quâ mundi parte, quis audet
Argento præferre caput, rebuſque ſalutem?
Non propter vitam faciunt patrimonia quidam,
Sed vitio cœci propter patrimonia vivunt.
Jactatur rerum utilium pars maxima; ſed nec
Damna levant. Tunc, adverſis urgentibus, illuc
Recidit,

35. *Qui ſe eunuchum facit.*] An idle tale of antiquity. The drug, called Caſtor, really are ſome odoriferous glands placed in the groin of the Beaver. Martyn. Virg. Georg. I. 61.

42. *Bæticus aer.*] Bætica, a part of ancient Spain, produced ſheep with a wool of a peculiar fine colour, admired nearly as much as purple.

44. *Urna.*] A particular meaſure, as Sat. VI. 331.

45. *Conjuge Fuſci.*] Fuſcus was a drunken judge, mentioned Sat. XVI. 46.

46. *Baſcauda.*] The old Britiſh word is *baſged*, in Engliſh *baſket*. Upon this authority (for want of better) the tranſlation ſuppoſes *baſcauda* to be "wicker ware."

48. *Quis*

My friend determin'd to compound the ſtrife
With angry winds, by giving wealth for life:
As the poor beaver, huntſmen to elude,
Bites off his glands, the drug he knows purſu'd.
" Over with mine, he cries, be nothing ſpar'd ;"
To part with all his richeſt goods prepar'd ;
His veſts of Tyrian purple, fit to pleaſe
The ſofteſt of the ſilken ſons of eaſe,
And other robes, which took a native ſtain
From air and water on the Bætic plain.
His plate, alike unſpar'd, the bottom ſought ;
Chargers of ſilver by Parthenius wrought ;
A goblet, which could hold two gallons full,
Fit for a thirſty Centaur for a pull,
Or—Fuſcus' wife ; next curious wicker ware
From Britain brought ; and Græcian plates as rare ;
Nay, a whole ſide-board's equipage, which grac'd
Olynthus' crafty buyer, richly chas'd.
But who or where's the other, who dares hold
His life and ſafety at the price of gold ?
Not for life's purpoſe ſome their fortunes make ;
They vilely live but for their fortunes' ſake.
Still tho' the cargo's bury'd in the wave ;
The mighty loſs can neither eaſe nor ſave :

48. *Quis nunc alius.*] " The poet (ſays his good old friend Bar-
" ten Holiday) intended to aggravate the avarice of the men of
" his own times. Is it not uſual, adds he, for perſons to caſt
" away their lives for fear of a little expence in phyſic " (Very kindly ſaid indeed, eſpecially as the honeſt critic was no phyſi-
cian) " And do not many likewiſe in ſea-ſtorms, in hopes of
ſaving life and goods, loſe both?" The truth is, the poet's re-
flection here ſeems to be trifling and incapable of any defence.

Recidit, ut malum ferro ſummitteret, ac ſe
Explicat anguſtum, diſcriminis ultima quando
Præſidia afferimus, navem factura minorem.
I nunc, & ventis animam committe dolato
Conſiſus ligno, digitis a morte remotus
Quatuor, ac ſeptem, ſi ſit latiſſima teda.
Mox cum reticulis, & pane, & ventre lagenæ,
Aſpice ſumendas in tempeſtate ſecures!
Sed poſtquam jacuit planum mare, tempora poſtquam
Proſpera vectoris, fatumque valentius Euro,
Et pelago, poſtquam Parcæ meliora benignâ
Penſa manu ducunt hilares, & ſtaminis albi
Lanificæ; modicâ non multo fortior aurâ
Ventus adeſt; inopi miſerabilis arte cucurrit
Veſtibus extenſis, & quod ſuperaverat unum,
Velo prora ſuo: jam deficientibus Auſtris,
Spes vitæ cum Sole redit. Tum gratus Iülo,
Atque novercali ſedes prælata Lavino,
Conſpicitur ſublimis apex, cui candida nomen
Scrofa dedit, lætis Phrygibus mirabile ſumen,
Et nunquam viſis triginta clara mamillis.
Tandem intrat poſitas incluſa per æquora moles,
Tyrrhenamq; Pharon; porrectaq; brachia rurſum,
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longéq; relinquunt
Italiam. Non ſic igitur mirabere portus
Quos natura dedit: ſed truncâ puppe magiſter
Interiora petit, Baianæ pervia cymbæ
Tuti

76. *Tyrrhenamque Pharon.*] Pharos was an iſland and watch tower in the entrance of the harbour of Alexandria. There was a magnificent port at Oſtia, upon the ſame plan, begun by Julius Cæſar, perfected by Claudius, and repaired by Trajan.

Ib. Porrectaque brachia rurſum.] This ſignifies that the moles on each ſide were carried on into the main ſea beyond the Pharos. GRANG.

As laſt reſource the maſt is cut away;
The maſt, in which their very ſafety lay:
For powerful inſtinct all expedients thinks
Both wiſe and lawful, when the veſſel ſinks.
Go now, and truſt the wind's uncertain breath;
Remov'd four fingers from ſurrounding death,
Or ſeven at moſt, where thickeſt is the wood!
Ah! ſee, how with your neceſſary food
Th' ignobler ax is requiſite beſides,
For preſervation, 'midſt the roaring tides!
When now the ſea was laid, and fate, grown kind,
Prov'd ſtronger than the rage of ſea and wind,
When the blithe deſtinies once more unite
To draw th' auſpicious thread of fairer white;
A gentle breeze ſucceeds: the veſſel goes
By wretched aids of art, expanded clothes,
And that poor ſhatter'd foreſail, which remain'd:
The ſouth-wind's rage was now at length reſtrain'd:
The ſun breaks forth in luſtre to their view;
And the gay hopes of life revive anew.
Then Alba's heights appear; as grateful now,
As to the Trojans once the fabled ſow,
From which the ſelf ſame Alba took its name!
At length within the Oſtian moles they came,
That work of art, ſurpaſſing nature's ſkill,
Where winds are harmleſs and the billows ſtill,
Where Baian ſmalleſt craft may ſafely lie,
And all the wrath of elements defy.
Th' exulting ſailors ſhave the reſcu'd head,
And joy to tell the perils they have fled;

80. *Baianæ*] It ſhould ſeem that Baiæ was remarkable for ſome ſmall veſſels; probably pleaſure-boats for the company who reſorted thither for the ſake of the waters.

Tuti ſtagna ſinus. Gaudent ibi vertice raſo
Garrula ſecuri narrare pericula nautæ.
Ite igitur, pueri, linguis animiſque faventes,
Sertaque delubris, & farra imponite cultris,
Ac molles ornate focos, glebamque virentem.
Jam ſequar; & ſacro, quod præſtat, rite peracto,
Inde domum repetam, gracilis ubi parva coronas
Accipiunt fragili ſimulacra nitentia cerâ.
Hic noſtrum placabo Jovem, Laribuſque paternis
Thura dabo, atq; omnes violæ jactabo colores.
Cuncta nitent; longos erexit janua ramos;
Et matutinis operitur feſta lucernis.
Nec ſuſpecta tibi ſint hæc, Corvine: Catullus,
Pro cujus reditu tot pono altaria, parvos
Tres habet hæredes. Libet expectare, quis ægram
Et claudentem oculos gallinam impendit amico
Tam ſterili: Verùm hæc nimia eſt impenſa: coturnix
Nulla unquam pro patre cadet. Sentire calorem
Si cœpit locuples Gallita & Paccius orbi,

Legitime

81. *Vertice raſo.*] It is ſuppoſed that St. Paul (Acts xxvii. 34.) alluded to this cuſtom, in that phraſe, "there ſhall not a hair of your head periſh." This alluſion gives great beauty to his expreſſion.

84. *Farra imponite cultris.*] The act of ſprinkling the knife and victim with the ſalted cake was the office of the prieſt; and therefore this phraſe means ſomething elſe. It ſhould ſeem from hence that there was ſome particular ſolemn form of laying the cake UPON or NEAR the knife, before the ſacrifice.

85. *Ornate focos.*] i. e. with fillets. GRANG.

86. *Quod præſtat.*] There is another reading, *reſtat*, which, though rejected by moſt commentators, ſeems the better of the two.

87. *Graciles ubi parva coronas.*] He means his hearth, where the Lares, made of wax and crowned with herbs or flowers, were kept. *Parvos coronantem marino Rore Deos.* HOR. This is omitted in the tranſlation to avoid prolixity.

92. *Operitur.*

With endleſs prattle on their tales they dwell,
And, what before they fear'd, with tranſport tell.
III. Go, then, my boys, with ſilent rev'rence pay
Th' oblations due to this auſpicious day.
With flow'ry wreaths the ſacred porch adorn,
Lay on the ſacred knives the ſalted corn;
The verdant turf with ſofteſt fillets grace;
I'll follow ſoon; and, in the hallow'd place,
Devouteſt off'rings pay with pious care;
Then in juſt order to my hearth repair;
Pay there to Latian Jove libations due,
To houſhold Gods the od'rous incenſe ſtrew,
And ſcatter vi'lets round, of ev'ry hue.
My manſion ſmiles; large boughs my doors entwine;
And feſtal lamps with early radiance ſhine.
IV. Suſpect no ſelfiſh motives in this deed:
The man, for whom ſo many victims bleed,
Has three ſmall heirs. Pray, tell me, where, or when,
A man will give a ſick or dying hen,
For one, he hopes ſo little from agen?
A hen, indeed? that's far too great a hire!
Who'd give a quail for one that is a ſire?
But falls rich Paccius or Gallita ſick;
Bleſt people, who have neither child nor chick?

92. *Operitur.*] Here we ſee the benefit of conjectural emendation, modeſtly indulged. The reading of all MSS. is *operatur* or *operantur*, which makes no ſenſe. We are obliged to Lipſius for the correction.

Matutinis.] The ancients lighted up candles even at noon, on feſtal occaſions. GRANG.

94. *Tot pono altaria.*] There was but one altar. He means the ſacrifices. GRANG.

Legitimè fixis veſtitur tota tabellis
Porticus. Exiſtunt qui promittant hecatomben :
Quatenus hic non ſunt, nec venales elephanti,
Nec Latio, aut uſquam noſtro ſub ſidere talis
Bellua concipitur : ſed furvâ gente petita,
Arboribus Rutulis & Turni paſcitur agro
Cæſaris armentum, nulli ſervire paratum
Privato : ſiquidem Tyrio parere ſolebant
Hannibali, & noſtris Ducibus Regique Moloſſo
Horum majores, & dorſo ferre cohortes,
Partem aliquam belli, & euntem in prœlia turrim !
Nulla igitur mora per Novium, nulla per Iſtrum
Pacuvium, quin illud ebur ducatur ad aras,
Et cadat ante aras Gallitæ victima ſacra,
Tantis digna Deis, & captatoribus horum !
Alter enim, ſi concedas mactare, vovebit
De grege ſervorum magna, & pulcherrima quæq;
Corpora ; vel pueris, & frontibus ancillarum
Imponet vittas ; &, ſi qua eſt nubilis, illi
Iphigenia domi, dabit hanc altaribus, etſi
Non ſperat tragicæ furtiva piacula cervæ.
Laudo meum civem, nec comparo teſtamento
Mille rates : nam, ſi Libitinam evaſerit æger,
Delebit tabulas incluſus carcere naſſæ,

Poſt

107. *Siquidem Tyrio.*] This paſſage is obſcure and admits of different interpretations. It probably has ſome humorous alluſion to cotemporary facts or perſons, not yet diſcovered by the diligence of critics.

112. *Illud ebur.*] A beautiful expreſſion for *animal*; ivory being in high eſteem at Rome.

113. *Ante aras.*] The common reading is, *ante lares*; but this cannot be right: for Gallita is the deity, to whom the flatterer ſacrifices. LUB.

115. *Alter.*] He means, Pacuvius.

117 *Vel.*

The ſacred porch, hung o'er with tablets, prays
To ev'ry God to lengthen out their days!
Some flatt'rers promiſe a whole hecatomb!
And wiſh that elephants were ſold at Rome!
Unhappily, to Latian climates ſtrange,
And from Æthiopia brought, they only range,
A herd imperial, in Rutilian land,
Unfit for any private man's command;—
(Juſt honour, ſure, to their high lineage paid;
Since their forefathers heretofore obey'd
Great chiefs in war; and bore upon their backs
At once whole tow'rs and cohorts to attacks!)
Oh! could they get a victim of ſuch note,
Both Novius and Pacuvius would devote
The beaſt with all his iv'ry to the knife;
A victim ſacred to Gallita's life:
Worthy the Goddeſs, ſure, they wiſh to pleaſe;
Worthy the ſharking ſelfiſh devotees!
The other, if no ſorry laws forbad,
Would ſlay the very faireſt ſlaves he had;
The heads of male and female ſlaves would 'twine
With votive wreaths, and lead them to the ſhrine;
Nay, he would ſhed his grown-up daughter's gore,
Doing as Agamemnon did before:
And this, tho' he were certain not to find
The uſual tragic ſubſtitute, a hind.
I praiſe my neighbour; ſurely, 'tis not meet
To ſet the thouſand veſſels of a fleet
In competition with a rich deviſe:
No, no; for, ſhould the bed-rid patient riſe,
He'll change his will, impriſon'd in the net,
With ſuch expence, by ſhrewd Pacuvius ſet;

And

117. *Vel pueris.*] The Delphin Editor miſtakes this, and his miſtakes are noted for no reaſon but becauſe it is the edition in moſt common uſe. *Vel* is not disjunctive, but illuſtrative, for *etiam*. This ſentence is in appoſition with the preceding.

Poſt meritum ſanè mirandum, atq; omnia ſoli
Forſan Pacuvio brevitèr dabit. Ille ſuperbus
Incedet, victis rivalibus. Ergo vides, quam
Grande operæ pretium faciat jugulata Mycenis!
Vivat Pacuvius, quæſo, vel Neſtora totum:
Poſſideat quantum rapuit Nero: montibus aurum
Exæquet: nec amet quemquam, nec ametur ab ullo!

127. *Mycenis.*] A Greek adjective, meaning Iphigenia, who was born at Mycenæ; but put for the flatterer's daughter, by the figure Antonomaſia, ſee Sat. IV. 133.

SATIRA XIII.

EXemplo quodcumque malo committitur, ipſi
Diſplicet auctori: Prima eſt hæc ultio, quòd, ſe
Judice, nemo nocens abſolvitur, improba quamvis
Gratia fallaci Prætoris vicerit urnâ.
Quid ſentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti
De ſcelere, & fidei violatæ crimine? Sed nec
Tam tenuis cenſus tibi contigit, ut mediocris
Jacturæ

Calvinus, to whom the poet addreſſes this ſatire, had been baſely defrauded of a ſum of money by a friend, in whom he had repoſed an implicit confidence; and the poet has the merit of making this particular incident a ſubject of univerſal inſtruction. His topics need not be pointed out: they ſpeak their own language; a plain, intelligible, and inſtructive language. But there are ſome ſo remarkable in the mouth of a Heathen, particularly, the immoral tendency of the Pagan theology on one hand, and of Atheiſm on the other; of the malignity of revenge, the power of conſcience, and the gradual increaſe of depravity, that it were a crime to paſs them by, unnoticed in their ſeveral places.

1. *Exemplo quodcunque.*] Some MSS. have *extemplò* and *malum*, which Creech follows in (one of the beſt works he has left behind him)

And he, his rivals vanquiſh'd, proud and gay,
Will ſweep the whole inheritance away!
For a dear daughter's life how full a pay!
Oh! may Pacuvius live old Neſtor's time,
Match Nero's ſpoils, and heap his ſums ſublime
In mountain piles—and be this his reward,
To love no one; and be by all abhorr'd!

SATIRE XIII.

HOW curſt, the ſinner's fate! Each foul offence
Wounds his own peace; and here his pangs commence:
No wretch acquits himſelf, tho' int'reſt draw
The lying urn to ſcreen his guilt from law.
Think, next; how muſt the world, with honeſt tongue,
Condemn this breach of truſt, this flagrant wrong?
Beſides, my friend, your fortune is too great
To ſuffer damage by ſo ſmall a cheat.

Your

him) his lively, but too looſe paraphraſe of this ſatire. But the common reading is more agreeable to the account which the poet himſelf gives of conſcience, line 237. and to his uſual ſimplicity of exordium.

Exemplum is uſed by him abſtractedly for any thing remarkable, whether imitated or not, Sat. XV. 32.

4. *Gratia fallaci.*] The Prætor choſe a certain number out of the *judices ſelecti*, like our juries, to determine cauſes by drawing their names out of a veſſel called, *Urna*, as we do in a lottery. And, afterwards, they, who were choſen, gave their ſentences upon waxen tablets thrown into the ſame urn. Fraud might be uſed in both ſtages of the proceſs. Kennet, III. 18.

Jacturæ te mergat onus: nec rara videmus
Quæ pateris. Caſus multis hic cognitus, ac jam
Tritus, & e medio fortunæ ductus acervo.
Ponamus nimios gemitus: Flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor eſſe viri, nec vulnere major.
Tu quamvis levium minimam exiguamque malorum
Particulam vix ferre potes, ſpumantibus ardens
Viſceribus, ſacrum tibi quòd non reddat amicus
Depoſitum! Stupet hæc, qui jam poſt terga reliquit
Sexaginta annos, Fonteio Conſule natus?
An nihil in melius tot rerum proficis uſu?
Magna quidem ſacris quæ dat præcepta libellis
Victrix Fortunæ ſapientia: dicimus autem
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum vitâ didicere magiſtrâ.
Quæ tam feſta dies, ut ceſſet prodere furem,
Perfidiam, fraudes, atq; omni ex crimine lucrum
Quæſitum, & partos gladio vel pyxide nummos?
RARI quippe boni: numero vix ſunt totidem, quot
Thebarum portæ, vel divitis oſtia Nili.
Nunc ætas agitur, pejoraque ſæcula ferri
Temporibus;

17. *Fonteio conſule.*] By this circumſtance we may determine with ſome preciſion the age of Juvenal; as is ſeen in the Chronology.

19. *Magna quidem.*] The Delphin edition miſtakes this place. But the conſtruction is a very common form; the noun underſtood in the antecedent clauſe and expreſſed only in the relative clauſe: *Sapientia magna eſt victrix fortunæ* (iis præceptis) *quæ præcepta dat in ſuis libellis.*

37. *Thebarum portæ.*] He alludes to the received account of the ſeven wiſe men of Greece. He means the Bæotian Thebes, as remarkable for its ſeven gates, as the Egyptian Thebes for its hundred gates.

38. *Nunc ætas.*] The common reading, is *nona ætas*, which it is high time to abandon; as Lubin, Grangæus, and Voſſius have been unable to render it intelligible. The firſt ſays, it is an alluſion to the

Your ill's but one of fortune's common ſtore;
It happens every day to thouſands more.
Grieve not too much: 'tis an unmanly part
To mourn beyond the meaſure of your ſmart.
Yet you with common patience can't ſuſtain
Of lighteſt ills the lighteſt, ſingle grain!
With flaming wrath you rage, you ſtorm, you fret;
Becauſe a friend forſwears a paltry debt!
Can you, then, who have ſeen full ſixty years,
Think this deſerves your wonder or your tears?
Has age's long experience only ſhed
Gray hairs, without its wiſdom, o'er your head?
The ſacred rules, indeed, which books ſupply,
Beſt teach mankind, proud fortune to defy;
Yet they are bleſt, who, taught by life, are broke
To bear with patient neck her galling yoke.
What morn's ſo holy, but it's ſun betrays
Theft, perfidy, and fraud;—and thouſand ways
Of lawleſs gain; and e'en the treaſure ſought
By the fell dagger and the poiſon'd draught?
For rare the good: more ſcarce their number ſeems
Than Thebes' fam'd gates, or Nile's diſparted ſtreams.
Worſe than the iron is the preſent race:
Nature with our corruptions keeps no pace:

Her

the Greek idea of metals: but this (as Holiday obſerves) is an arbitrary ſuppoſition. The ſecond ſays, it is an alluſion to the ages of man as deſcribed by Solon and divided into ten Septennaries;

Τὴ δ' ενατῃ ετι μεν δυναται· μαλακωτερα δ' αυτε
Προς μεγαλην αρετην γλωσσα τε και σοφια.
Poet. Min.

But the poet is not ſpeaking of the ages of human life but of the world.

Voſſius explains the place by the Sibylline oracles. But it is ſtrange, Virgil, who drew his ideas from the genuine oracles (for what we have now, at leaſt for the moſt part, are manifeſt forgeries, as ſpeaking of Chriſt in a clearer manner than the true prophets

Temporibus; quorum ſceleri non invenit ipſa
Nomen, & a nullo poſuit natura metallo.
Nos hominûm Divumque fidem clamore ciemus;
Quanto Feſſidium laudat vocalis agentem
Sportula! Dic, ſenior bullâ digniſſime, neſcis,
Quas habeat Veneres aliena pecunia? Neſcis
Quem tua ſimplicitas riſum vulgo moveat cùm
Exigis a quoquam ne pejeret, & putet ullis
Eſſe aliquod Numen templis, aræque rubenti?
Quondam hoc Indigenæ vivebant more, prius quam
Sumeret agreſtem poſito diademate falcem
Saturnus fugiens: tunc cum virguncula Juno,
Et privatus adhuc Idæis Jupiter antris.
Nulla ſuper nubes convivia Cœlicolarum,
Nec puer Iliacus, formoſa nec Herculis uxor
Ad cyathos; etiam ſiccato nectare tergens
Brachia Vulcanus Liparæâ nigra tabernâ.
Prandebat ſibi quiſque Deus, nec turba Deorum
Talis, ut eſt hodie; contentaque ſidera paucis
Numinibus miſerum urgebant Atlanta minori
Pondere.

phets of God—it is ſtrange, I ſay, Virgil) ſhould agree with the common mythology of four ages, if the Sibylline oracles went upon any other ſyſtem.

It is a farther objection againſt all theſe interpretations, that Juvenal would hardly make uſe of any remote far-fetched alluſions in a familiar epiſtle addreſſed to his friend upon an intereſting ſubject of common life.

The reading of the text is propoſed by Pithæus upon MS. authority, and has no difficulty in it, but the apparent tautology. But there is, in fact, no tautology in the caſe. *Ætas* takes in the whole period or compaſs of time contained in one general revolution: *Sæcula* are the ſmaller periods or gradations contained within it; as Virg. Æc. IV.

---------- *quo ferrea primùm*
Deſinet, et toto ſurget GENS* *aurea mundo:*
Talia SÆCLA *ſuis dixerunt, currite, fuſis.*

28. *Quondam*

* *gens* for *ætas.*

Her plaſtic ſkill can no vile metal frame,
That's baſe enough to give the age a name.
Yet you the faith of men and gods implore,
As loudly, as thoſe poor dependents roar,
Who praiſe Fæſidius, as he pleads ſome cauſe—
(And juſtly too—his dole repays th' applauſe.)
Gray-headed child!—and are you to be told,
What charms, what luſtre decks forbidden gold;
That your ſimplicity's a public jeer:
When you, a fool, expect that men ſhould fear
The guilt of perj'ry, or the gods revere?
Or think that temples real gods contain,
Tho' dy'd, for faſhion's ſake, with victims ſlain?
The firſt of mortals led his life, 'tis true;
Ere exil'd Saturn from his realms withdrew;
When Juno was as yet no brother's bride,
And Jove liv'd private in the caves of Ide;
Ere jolly gods began in ſtate to ſup,
And beauteous boys and maidens ſerv'd the cup;
Ere yet the ſooty god took rank divine,
And drank, with hands unwaſh'd, the heavenly wine;
When gods din'd ſingly, then in number few;
And heav'n not half its preſent rabble knew;
When Atlas bore a leſs enormous pack
Of heav'nly beings to fatigue his back;

Ere

38. *Quondam Indigenæ*] Juvenal, we have often ſeen before, takes every occaſion to ridicule the heathen mythology. But he here does more. He tacitly aſcribes the corruption of morals to its groſs abſurdities.

44. *Etiam.*] MSS. vary here: ſome read *et jam.* The beſt reading would be *nec jam:* at leaſt the negative muſt be ſupplied from the preceding clauſe; as,

---- Quantum non Leucade, quantum
Theſſaliæ campis, Octavius, abſtulit. Sat. VIII. 241.

Pondere: nondum aliquis ſortitus triſte profundi
Imperium, aut Siculâ torvus cum conjuge Pluton:
Nec rota, nec Furiæ, nec ſaxum, aut vulturis atri
Pœna; ſed Infernis hilares ſine Regibus Umbræ.
Improbitas illo fuit admirabilis ævo.
Credebant hoc grande nefas, & morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non aſſurrexerat; & ſi
Barbato cuicumque puer; licèt ipſe videret
Plura domi fraga, & majores glandis acervos.
Tam venerabile erat præcedere quatuor annis,
Primaque par adeò ſacræ lanugo ſenectæ.
Nunc ſi depoſitum non inficietur amicus,
Si reddat veterem cum totâ ærugine follem,
Prodigioſa fides, & Tuſcis digna libellis,
Quæque coronatâ luſtrari debeat agnâ.
Egregium ſanctumque virum ſi cerno, bimembri
Hoc monſtrum puero, vel miranti ſub aratro
Piſcibus inventis, & fœtæ comparo mulæ;
Sollicitus tanquam lapides effuderit imber,
Examenque apium longâ conſederit uvâ
Culmine delubri, tanquam in mare fluxerit amnis
Gurgitibus miris, & lactis vortice torrens.
Intercepta decem quereris ſeſtertia fraude
Sacrilegâ! Quid ſi bis centum perdidit alter
Hoc arcana modo: majorem tertius illâ
Summam, quam patulæ vix ceperat angulus arcæ?
Tam

49. *Triſte profundi*] Some underſtand this of Neptune, others of Pluto mentioned in the next clauſe. The epithet *triſte* and the conſtruction make in favour of the latter ſenſe. It muſt, however, be acknowledged to be very uncivil in the poet to omit his marine majeſty; as he had ſuch a conſiderable hand in the pious work of dethroning his father, and parcelling out his dominions.

70. *Gurgitibus miris*] Dr. Jortin reads *miniis*. The Scholiaſt, he ſays, explains it by *aut lacteis aut ſanguineis*. But there is nothing in

Ere hell's dread tyrant, griſly Pluto, got
The dark infernal regions for his lot;
Unborn as yet the furies, and unknown
The rending vultur, wheel and rolling ſtone:
Alike from ſin and penal torture free,
The kingleſs ghoſts paſt all their time with glee.
Then vice was rare: 'twas then a mortal crime,
If, as each age was more advanc'd in time,
Men rev'renc'd not the old, and boys the men:
No riches made their falſe diſtinctions then:
A larger ſtock of maſt and berries drew
No greater rev'rence, than the poorer knew.
Four years' advance form'd a diſtinguiſh'd ſtage;
And youth's firſt down took rank as well as age.
Should, now, a friend, but faithful to his truſt,
Reſtore a purſe with all its honeſt ruſt;
The honour's thought a prodigy: it looks
Like one, that claims the rites of Tuſcan books.
True virtue ſtrikes me with as much ſurprize,
As if a two-form'd infant ſhock'd my eyes;
Or a ſhe-mule in ſpite of nature, bare;
Or hinds found fiſh beneath th' admiring ſhare;
As if the heav'ns ſhow'r'd ſtones inſtead of rain;
Or bees hung cluſt'ring from ſome holy fane;
Or ſome portentous river roll'd a flood
Of true nutritious milk or genuine blood.
Do you the loſs of eighty pounds deplore?
But what if others grieve the loſs of more?
One, ſixteen hundred loſt; another, ſtill,
What would an ample coffer's corner fill?

Rogues,

in the original to anſwer to *ſanguineis* unleſs we change *miris* into *miniis*. As for *minius* it is uſed adjectively, he ſays, by Apuleius, and *et* is often disjunctive. Eccl. Hiſt. vol. I. p. 7. *Et* is disjunctive, Sat. VI. 501. X. 170. XII. 95. XIV. 278.

Tam facile & pronum eſt Superos contemnere teſtes,
Si mortalis idem nemo ſciat. Aſpice quantâ
Voce neget: quæ ſit ficti conſtantia vultus!
Per Solis radios, Tarpeiaque fulmina jurat,
Et Martis frameam, & Cirrhæi ſpicula Vatis;
Per calamos Venatricis, pharetramq; Puellæ,
Perque tuum, pater Ægæi Neptune, tridentem;
Addit & Herculeos arcus, haſtamque Minervæ,
Quidquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli.
Si vero & pater eſt, comedam, inquit, flebile nati
Sinciput elixi, Pharioque madentis aceto.
Sunt qui in Fortunæ jam caſibus omnia ponant,
Et nullo credant mundum rectore moveri,
Naturâ volvente vices & lucis, & anni;
Atque ideò intrepidi quæcunque altaria tangunt.
Eſt alius metuens ne crimen pœna ſequatur:
Hic putat eſſe Deos, & pejerat, atque ita ſecum;
Decernat quodcumque volet de corpore noſtro
Iſis, & irato feriat mea lumina ſiſtro;
Dummodo vel cœcus teneam, quos abnego, nummos!
Et phthiſis, & vomicæ putres, & dimidium crus
Sunt tanti? Pauper locupletem optare podagram
Ne dubitet Ladas, ſi non eget Anticyrâ, nec
Archigine. Quid enim velocis gloria plantæ
Præſtat, & eſuriens Piſææ ramus olivæ?

Ut

89. *Atque ideo intrepidi.*] The poet, we ſee, ſuppoſes, that atheiſm and falſe conceptions of the divine attributes are inconſiſtent with good morals. This is a ſerious and important truth. Mere moral motives, to be ſure, have their uſe and influence: no writer underſtood theſe better, and enforced them more ſtrongly than Juvenal: but after all he teaches us to obſerve, that a firm belief of a SPIRITUAL SUPERIOR is the firmeſt reſtraint upon the furious appetites of mankind.

We

Rogues, if they can eſcape but human eyes,
Mind not the conſcious knowledge of the ſkies.
Mark, with what eaſe a harden'd wretch is ſeen
To ape truth's ſteady voice and look ſerene!
By the ſun's bleſſed beams he vows (you hear)
Jove's bolts, Apollo's arrows, Mars's ſpear;
By Dian's quiver, and each ſhaft it hides,
By his dread trident who controuls the tides;
By Pallas' lance, and by th' unerring bow
Which wings the wrath of Hercules below;
Nay, by the whole artillery of the ſkies:—
By theſe he ſwears, and all their wrath defies:
And, if he be a father,—he can wiſh
That his own child's ſous'd head may be his diſh!
Some think that chance rules all, while nature ſways
The change of ſeaſons, and of nights and days.
Steel'd thus by unbelief, without one fear
They touch the holy altar, and forſwear.
Others, again, not yet to conſcience dead,
Nor Atheiſts quite, have Salvos for their dread.
" Let Iſis rend this frame (if ſuch her mind)
" And ſtrike me with her angry ſiſtrum blind,
" I reck not—if ſhe leaves the gold behind!
" Are wooden legs or ulcers worth regard,
" Or pthiſic pains;—if gold be the reward?
" Ladas, if not ſtark mad, would never doubt,
" To change his ſwiftneſs for a wealthy gout.
" If he muſt ſtarve beneath his olive crown,
" What boot his nimble heels and great renown?

" The

We may carry this reflection, a little farther. If this tenet be SALUTARY, it muſt be TRUE. Wiſdom (and ſurely there are ſufficient marks of wiſdom in nature to prove a wiſe agent) would never found the happineſs of RATIONAL creatures upon a FIGMENT or ILLUSION.

Ut ſit magna, tamen certè lenta ira Deorum eſt.
Si curant igitur cunctos punire nocentes,
Quando ad me venient? Sed & exorabile Numen
Fortaſſe experiar. Solet his ignoſcere. Multi
Committunt eadem diverſo crimina fato:
Ille crucem pretium ſceleris tulit, hic diadema.
Sic animum diræ trepidum formidine culpæ
Confirmant: tunc te ſacra ad delubra vocantem
Præcedit, trahere imò ultrò advexare paratus.
Nam cum magna malæ ſupereſt audacia cauſæ,
Creditur a multis fiducia. Mimum agit ille,
Urbani qualem fugitivus ſcurra Catulli.
Tu miſer exclamas, ut Stentora vincere poſſis,
Vel potiùs quantùm Gradivus Homericus: Audis,
Jupiter, hæc, nec labra moves, cum mittere vocem
Debueras, vel marmoreus, vel aheneus? Aut cur
In carbone tuo chartâ pia thura ſolutâ
Ponimus, & ſectum vituli jecur albaque porci
Omenta? Ut video, nullum diſcrimen habendum eſt
Effigies inter veſtras, ſtatuamque Batylli.
Accipe quæ contra valeat ſolatia ferre
Et qui nec Cynicos, nec Stoica dogmata legit
A Cynicis tunicâ diſtantia; non Epicurum
Suſpicit, exigui lætum plantaribus horti.
Curentur dubii medicis majoribus ægri:
Tu venam vel diſcipulo committe Philippi.

Si

122. *A Cynicis tunicâ diſtantia.*] The Stoics wore a tunic under their *Pallium*. The Cynics, a more rigid ſect, wore only a thick coarſe pallium, folded ſometimes twice about them, in caſes of exigence; whence Horace ſays of Diogenes,

Quem duplici velat patientia panno.

" The wrath of Gods, tho' dreadful, is but ſlow:
" With tardy footſteps comes th' avenging blow.
" If all the bad are puniſh'd, 'twill be long
" Ere my turn comes to ſuffer in the throng.
" I may find mercy from the powers divine:
" They oft o'erlook ſuch moderate guilt as mine.
" Crimes, quite the ſame, oft meet a different end:
" Some mount the gibbet; ſome the throne aſcend."
By ſuch fallacious arguments they ſteel
Their ſouls in ſin, and check the fears they feel.
Call one of theſe to ſwear;—with ſteady face
He ſtalks before you to the ſacred place;
Nay claims the oath, to purge th' unjuſt diſgrace.
For confidence in any wicked cauſe
Paſſes for truth with fools, and gains applauſe.
So well he acts the very mimic—ſcarce
The ſlave acts better in Catullus' farce!
Like Stentor, or like Mars himſelf you rage
(Loud as he thunders in old Homer's page)
" Hear'ſt thou, great Jove? can this unnotic'd paſs?
" Shouldſt thou not ſtorm at this, tho' ſtone or braſs?
" Why pay we incenſe with unſparing hand?
" Why do our offerings at thy altars ſtand?
" In faith, O Jove, we may as well, I ſee,
" Adore Vagellius' effigy, as thee!"
Be cool, my friend, and hear my muſe diſpenſe
Some ſov'reign comforts, drawn from common ſenſe;
Not fetch'd from Cynic or from Stoic ſchools
(In habit different, but alike in rules)
Or Epicurus, happy in the ſtore
Of wholeſome herbs, his frugal garden bore.
Surgeons of ſkill for greater wounds employ:
Slight caſes truſt to Philip's 'prentice boy.

Si nullum in terris tam deteſtabile factum
Oſtendis, taceo; nec pugnis cædere pectus
Te veto, nec planâ faciem contundere palmâ;
Quandoquidem accepto claudenda eſt janua damno,
Et majore domûs gemitu, majore tumultu
Planguntur nummi, quàm funera. Nemo dolorem
Fingit in hoc caſu, veſtem diducere ſummam
Contentus, vexare oculos humore coacto.
Ploratur lacrymis amiſſa pecunia veris.
Sed ſi cuncta vides ſimili fora plena querelâ;
Si decies lectis diversâ in parte tabellis,
Vana ſupervacui dicunt chirographa ligni,
Arguit ipſorum quos littera, gemmaque princeps
Sardonychum, loculis quæ cuſtoditur eburnis:
Ten' o delicias! extra communia cenſes
Ponendum; quia tu gallinæ filius albæ,
Nos viles pulli nati infelicibus ovis!
Rem pateris modicam, & mediocri bile ferendam,
Si flectas oculos majora ad crimina: confer
Conductum latronem, incendia ſulphure cœpta,
Atq; dolo, primos cùm janua colligit ignes:
Confer & hos veteris qui tollunt grandia templi
Pocula adorandæ rubiginis, & populorum
Dona, vel antiquo poſitas à Rege coronas.
Hæc ibi ſi non ſunt, minor extat ſacrilegus, qui
Radat inaurati femur Herculis, & faciem ipſam
Neptuni, qui bracteolam de Caſtore ducat.

An

129. *Claudenda eſt janua.*] "Sorrow is to be indulged in caſes of loſs." This is ſaid ſeriouſly. The next ſentence is ironical. Doors were uſually ſhut in times of mourning. SCHOL.

137. *Lignum.*] The waxen tables, uſually made of pine. Plin. XIII. 24.

137. *Princeps*

If, then, the inj'ry, which you now bemoan,
Befel no mortal wight, but you alone;
I've done—go, ſtorm, and play the frantic man;
And thump your face and boſom all you can:
Loſs claims our grief;—and deeper woe attends
The loſs of money than the death of friends:
None for this loſs wear grief's fictitious ſhow;
The tears flow genuine, that for money flow.
But, if ſuch plaints in ev'ry court abound,
If honeſt bonds are held to be unſound,
Tho' ten times read, tho' the intaglio gem
And well-known hand th' unbluſhing rogue condemn;
Muſt you, fate's fav'rite, hope to 'ſcape your ſhare
Of common ills, nor take a neighbour's fare?
Yes, ſure, you are the white hen's chick indeed!
And we, from ſorrier eggs, a ſpurious breed!
Ah! friend, thy loſs is trifling, if compar'd
With greater crimes by hardier villains dar'd!
Compare th' aſſaſſin who deſtroys for hire;
Compare the wretch who ſets whole ſtreets on fire;
Compare the robbers, who from fanes convey
Goblets, with all their holy ruſt, away;
Or gifts, which tributary nations bring,
Or the Regalia of ſome ancient king.
Where theſe things fail, ſome ſmaller rogue is nigh,
To ſcrape the gilding off Alcides thigh,
Or to disfigure Neptune's face and head,
Or filch the thinner gold o'er Caſtor ſpread:

137. *Princeps Sardonychum.*] *Non, quòd ſit princeps lapidum, ſed quòd in ſignaculis principem locum obtinet.* Plin. XXXVII. 6.

146. *Janua Colliget.*] The ancient doors opened outwardly, and were therefore more liable to be ſet on fire by incendiaries. IX. 73. GRANG.

(An dubitet, ſolitus totum conflare Tonantem?)
Confer & artifices, mercatoremque veneni,
Et deducendum corio bovis in mare, cum quo
Clauditur adverſis innoxia ſimia fatis.
Hæc quota pars ſcelerum, quæ cuſtos Gallicus urbis
Uſque à Lucifero, donec lux occidat, audit?
Humani generis mores tibi noſſe volenti
Sufficit una domus: Paucos conſume dies, &
Dicere te miſerum, poſtquàm illinc veneris, aude.
Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus? Aut quis
In Meroë craſſo majorem infante mamillam?
Cœrula quis ſtupuit Germani lumina? Flavam
Cæſariem, & madido torquentem cornua cirro?
Nempe quòd hæc illis natura eſt omnibus una.
Ad ſubitas Thracum volucres, nubemque ſonoram
Pygmæus parvis currit bellator in armis:
Mox impar hoſti, raptuſque per aëra curvis
Unguibus, à ſævâ fertur grue. Si videas hoc
Gentibus in noſtris, riſu quatiere: ſed illic,
Quanquam eadem aſſiduè ſpectentur prælia, ridet
Nemo, ubi tota cohors pede non eſt altior uno.
Nullane perjuri capitis, fraudiſque nefandæ
Pœna erit? Abreptum crede hunc graviore catenâ
Protinus, & noſtro (quid plus velit ira?) necari
Arbitrio. Manet illa tamen jactura, nec unquam
Depoſitum tibi ſoſpes erit: " ſed corpore trunco
" Invidioſa dabit minimus ſolatia ſanguis:
" At vindicta bonum vitâ jucundius ipſâ."
Nempe

162. *Quis tumidum guttur.*] This is the caſe of the Savoyards at this very day.

180. *At vindicta.*] The goſpel teaches patience and forgiveneſs in the moſt general terms; and this is the genuine language of LEGISLATION. Nature will find out her excepted caſes of neceſſary reſiſtance, both in public and private life: they need not be taught; *neque cuiquam mortalium* (as Salluſt well obſerves) *injuriæ quæ parvæ videntur, multi eas gravius æquo habuêre.* But precept muſt

(What wonder! when the varlet can aſpire
To melt down e'en the thund'rer's ſelf entire!)
Compare the dealers too in deadly bane,
And parricides, an execrable train,
Plung'd with poor guiltleſs monkeys in the main.
How ſmall a portion are theſe crimes to thoſe,
Which Gallicus the city Præfect knows
From ev'ry day's firſt dawning to its cloſe?
In that one houſe, in miniature you'll find
All the degen'rate manners of mankind:
Stay here awhile, and mark the ſins of man;
Then call yourſelf unhappy, if you can!
Whom do ſwoln throats 'mid Alpine ſnows ſurprize:
At Meroe, whom a breaſt of monſtrous ſize?
Or whom, the azure eye, in German ſoil,
The yellow hair, and curls beſmear'd with oil?
And why? why, there, theſe are but common things:
From novelty alone all wonder ſprings.
When Thracian cranes approach, the pigmy crowd
In little arms oppoſe the clatt'ring cloud:
But ſoon the airy warriors win the day:
Each in his claws a hero bears away.
You'd ſplit your ſides to ſee the mimic fight:
But there none wonder: 'tis a common ſight:
Tho' not one hero is a foot in height.
"But ſhall the villain 'ſcape (your anger cries)
"And ſhall no puniſhment his crimes chaſtize?"
Well, then: ſuppoſe him caught and fetter'd faſt,
And 'midſt thy tortures breathing out his laſt;—
(What more can anger wiſh?)—thy loſs remains,
Still unrepair'd by all the ſuff'rer's pains.
"Ay, but revenge, you cry, is heavenly-ſweet:
"One drop of his heart's blood would be a treat!"

muſt be general, that obedience may aim, at leaſt, at the STANDARD of perfection.

Juvenal,

Nempe hoc indocti, quorum præcordia nullis
Interdum aut levibus videas flagrantia cauſis.
Quantula cunque adeo eſt occaſio, ſufficit iræ.
Chryſippus non dicet idem, nec mite Thaletis
Ingenium, dulcique ſenex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ ſæva inter vincla cicutæ
Accuſatori nollet dare. Plurima felix
Paulatim vitia, atque errores exuit omnes
Prima doceus rectum ſapientia. Quippe minuti
Semper & infirmi eſt animi exiguique voluptas,
Ultio. Continuò ſic collige, quòd vindictâ
Nemo magis gaudet, quàm fœmina. Cur tamen hos tu
Evaſiſſe putes, quos diri conſcia facti
Mens habet attonitos, & ſurdo verbere cædit
Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum?
Pœna autem vehemens, ac multo ſævior illis,

Quas

Juvenal, therefore, has the merit of giving us here a purer maxim than moraliſts of greater name. *Juſtitiæ primum munus eſt*, ſays Cicero, *ut necui quis noceat, niſi laceſſitus injuriâ.* Off. I. 7. And Ariſtotle ſays οἱ μη οργιζομενοι εφ' οἱς δει, ηλιθιοι δοκουσι ειναι,—το δε προπηλακιζομενον αναχεσθαι και τους οικειους περιοραν, ανδραποδωδες. Eth. Nicom. IV. 5. What is this, but to let looſe a ferocious appetite, which wants no encouragement; which wants all poſſible reſtaints?

185. *Senex vicinus Hymetto.*] A happy expreſſion, to denote the ſweetneſs of the excellent Socrates's temper. Hymettus was proverbial for its fine honey; and Wheeler gives us the ſame account of its preſent produce.

187. *Plurima felix*] He gives us here the whole theory of Ethics. *Errores* are deliberate ſins or habits; *vitia* failings or infirmities incident to good men from complexion, ſituation, and the like cauſes; *rectum* the end of morality, perfect virtue; *paulatim* expreſſes its nature, as a progreſſive perfection; and *felix* its end, which is happineſs.

192. *Nemo magis gaudet quam fœmina.*] This muſt not be conſidered as an inſtance of Juvenal's uſual acrimony againſt women.

It

Who talks this language?—why, th' illiterate fool,
Whoſe brutal paſſions are his only rule,
Whoſe anger ſlight on no occaſions raiſe,
Who burſts from ſmalleſt ſparks into a blaze.
Not ſuch the lectures, grave Chryſippus read,
Thales, or he, near ſweet Hymettus bred,
Who drank the bane with mild unruffled ſoul
Nor wiſh'd his foe to taſte the deadly bowl.
Wiſdom with happy diſcipline ejects
All vices of the will and moſt defects,
And teaches man, by juſt degrees, to make
Virtue's right path his choice for virtue's ſake.
For, ſure, revenge can never find a place
But in a ſpirit coward, weak, and baſe.
For proof, obſerve, that woman joys to wreak
The keeneſt vengeance; for the ſex is weak.
But does the wretch, whom human laws releaſe,
'Scape heav'n's high wrath, and paſs his days in peace?
No,—conſcience, fell avenger, ever wakes:
With horror fills th' aſtoniſh'd ſoul, and ſhakes
A ſcorpion whip unſeen by human eyes;
Tortures the villain, and all reſt denies.

It is uſed as a ſerious argument. Weakneſs is one of the natural cauſes of revenge, which are thus enumerated by moraliſts, folly, pride, impotence, cowardice, ingratitude.

It cannot be denied that both ſexes have their complexional failings: and it is in ſubduing, or at leaſt in mitigating theſe, that the proper exerciſe of moral culture lies. Mr. Pope has attributed too much power to theſe natural propenſities under the name of the *ruling paſſion*.

194. *Mens habet attonitos.*] Lady Macbeth, when ſhe appears in tragical exhibition, and cries "Out, damned ſpot, Out, I ſay—"What? will theſe hands ne'er be clean?" gives not a ſtronger conception of the horrors of a bad conſcience, than theſe inimitable lines.

Quas & Cæditius gravis invenit aut Rhadamanthus,
Nocte dieque ſuum geſtare in pectore teſtem.
Spartano cuidam reſpondit Pythia Vates;
Haud impunitum quondam fore, quòd dubitaret
Depoſitum retinere, & fraudem jure tueri
Jurando: quærebat enim quæ Numinis eſſet
Mens: & an hoc illi facinus ſuaderet Apollo.
Reddidit ergo metu, non moribus; & tamen omnem
Vocem adyti dignam templo veramq; probavit,
Extinctus totâ pariter cum prole domoque,
Et quamvis longâ deductis gente propinquis.
Has patitur pœnas peccandi ſola voluntas.
Nam ſcelus intra ſe tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
Facti crimen habet. Cedo, ſi conata peregit?
Perpetua anxietas, nec menſæ tempore ceſſat;
Faucibus ut morbo ſiccis, interque molares
Difficili creſcente cibo. Sed vina miſellus
Exſpuit: Albani veteris pretioſa ſenectus
Diſplicet. Oſtendas melius, denſiſſima ruga
Cogitur in frontem, velut acri ducta Falerno.
Nocte brevem ſi fortè indulſit cura ſoporem,
Et toto verſata toro jam membra quieſcunt,
Continuò templum, & violati Numinis aras,
Et (quod præcipuis mentem ſudoribus urget)
Te videt in ſomnis. Tua ſacra & major imago
Humanâ

197. *Cæditius gravis.*] This is a ſevere ſtroke of oblique ſatire. Cæditius was a judge in thoſe days remarkable for his cruelty.

209. *Nam ſcelus intra ſe.*] We have here a tenet of ſcripture purity; "that the heart is the ſeat of all true morality." Indeed the univerſal preſence of the divine mind ſhould be as great a reſtraint upon our INWARD CONCEPTIONS, as the opinion of the world uſually is upon our outward actions.

No cruel judge of earth or hell below
E'er fram'd a puniſhment, that match'd his woe,
Who bears along, where'er he bends his way,
His own condemning witneſs night and day.
A Spartan at the Pythian ſhrine was told,
That his bare thought to keep th' entruſted gold,
And with an oath the perfidy defend,
Would draw heav'ns vengeance and a fearful end.
For he profanely aſk'd the god, we read,
Whether he might with ſafety act the deed.
Startled, 'tis true, he paid the ſum he ow'd;
But as the act from fear not virtue flow'd,
He found the heav'nly anſwer ſtrictly true:
He periſh'd utterly himſelf, and drew
Ruin on his remoteſt kindred too.
The wretch that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the guilt e'en of an actual fault:
Then what ſhall he expect, who ſtill proceeds
To perfect ſin and work up thoughts to deeds?
Why, ceaſeleſs anguiſh preys upon his heart;
His very food no pleaſure can impart:
His throat, as with a fever's burning heat,
Is parch'd, and nauſeates, what he ſtrives to eat;
Still ſwells the taſteleſs morſel as he chews:
His lips alike the choiceſt wines refuſe:
Before him, all in vain, is Alban plac'd:
It's precious age but ſerves to raiſe diſtaſte.
Bring him ſome mellower ſtill,—and you diſcern
His brow is furrow'd, as with harſh Falern.
At night, if guilt allows the wretch to doze,
And toſſings tire him to ſome ſhort repoſe;
Straight injur'd Gods and fanes, and chiefly you,
Appear in horrid viſions to his view:
Bigger than life your aweful figure ſtands
(Wrath in your looks and terror in your hands)

Humanâ turbat pavidum, cogitque fateri.
Hi ſunt qui trepidant, & ad omnia fulgura pallent,
Cùm tonat, exanimes primo quoque murmure cœli;
Non quaſi fortuitu, nec ventorum rabie, ſed
Iratus cadat in terras, & vindicet ignis.
Illa nihil nocuit; curâ graviore timetur
Proxima tempeſtas; velut hoc dilata ſereno.
Prætereà lateris vigili cum febre dolorem
Si cœpêre pati, miſſum ad ſua corpora morbum
Infeſto credunt à Numine; ſaxa Deorum
Hæc, & tela putant. Pecudem ſpondere ſacello
Balantem, & Laribus criſtam promittere galli
Non audent. Quid enim ſperare nocentibus ægris
Conceſſum? Vel quæ non dignior hoſtia vitâ?
Mobilis & varia eſt fermè natura malorum.
Cùm ſcelus admittunt, ſupereſt conſtantia; quid fas,
Atque nefas, tandem incipiunt ſentire, peractis
Criminibus. Tamen ad mores natura recurrit
Damnatos, fixa & mutari neſcia. Nam quis
Peccandi finem poſuit ſibi? Quando recepit
Ejectum ſemel attritâ de fronte ruborem?
Quiſnam hominum eſt, quem tu contentum videris uno
Flagitio?

233. *Criſtam galli*] A cock was the uſual ſacrifice to Æſculapius.

235. *Mobilis & varia.*] This is the laſt excellent maxim, which we have to obſerve in this moral poet; the gradual progreſs of corruption. Surely, the moſt faſtidious critic will allow the Chriſtian commentator to be grave, where even a heathen poet can turn divine.

And makes him ſweat with fear at ev'ry pore,
Confeſs his crimes, his wretchedneſs deplore.
Such are the men who ſtart with wild ſurprize,
When heav'n's dread light'ning flaſhes in their eyes:
They think each glance is levell'd at their head:
Heav'n's firſt low murmur ſhakes their ſoul with dread.
Then, humbled by their terrors, they relent,
And own, Jove's bolts are not at random ſent
By chance or winds; but providently hurl'd
By wrath divine, to ſcare a guilty world.
Suppoſe the firſt innoxious roll'd away;
The next accumulates the dire diſmay:
The ſolemn ſtillneſs ſeem'd but meant to form
A ſurer, louder, and a fiercer ſtorm.
Or if ſome pleuriſy invades their frame,
Allows no reſt and wraps them in a flame;
They think this ill *heav'n-ſent:* "behold, they cry,
"The viſitations of the angry ſky;
Unable yet to pray, or heav'n to face,
Or vow the uſual ſacrifice of grace;
What can they hope? no victim can they ſlay,
Whoſe life is not of greater worth than they.
Various th' emotions, which the bad attend:
They're reſolute and bold when they offend:
But when the deed is done, they then begin
To ſee the foul deformity of ſin;
They curſe the guilty hour, when they reſign'd
The comfort of the ſelf-approving mind:
But ſtill, when fair *occaſion* comes in view,
Their crimes, with luſt rekindled, they renew:
Till habit, ſecond nature, bends their will,
And makes them tame and paſſive ſlaves to ill.
For what offender (mark!) was ever known
To reſt content with ſingle ſins alone?

Flagitio? Dabit in laqueum veſtigia noſter
Perfidus, & nigri patietur carceris uncum,
Aut maris Ægæi rupem, ſcopuloſque frequentes
Exulibus magnis. Pœnâ gaudebis amarâ
Nominis inviſi. Tandemque fatebere lætus
Nec ſurdum, nec Tireſiam quenquam eſſe Deorum.

SATIRA XIV.

PLURIMA ſunt, Fuſcine, (& famâ digna ſiniſtrâ,
Et nitidis maculam ac rugam figentia rebus,)
Quæ monſtrant ipſi pueris traduntque parentes.
Si damnoſa ſenem juvat alea, ludit & hæres
Bullatus, parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo.
Nec de ſe melius cuiquam ſperare propinquo
Concedet juvenis, qui radere tubera terræ,
Boletum condire, & eodem jure natantes
Mergere

This is one of the poet's graver and better pieces, upon three of the moſt important topics of morality. The firſt part illuſtrates the great parental duty of giving a virtuous example. The ſecond, the great miſchief of poſitive inſtruction in vice, eſpecially in avarice. The third, by an eaſy and natural tranſition, the great folly of immoderate deſire.

The laſt part is but a fuller explanation of a head, which he had ſlightly touched upon in his tenth ſatire, the true value and uſe of riches.

The tenth excels this ſatire only in the grandeur of its ſcenery. In originality of conception, native vigour of expreſſion, and appoſiteneſs of illuſtration, nothing can excel the preſent piece.

7. *Tubera terræ.*] *Tuber* is a general word for any excreſcence. It requires *terræ* expreſſed, or, by an eaſy implication underſtood, when

What bounds his vices? what could e'er replace
The bluſh of nature in his harden'd face?
Our perjur'd villain, truſt me, will proceed,
Till juſtice take him in ſome felon deed:
Then from ſome loathſome dungeon's horrid gloom;
The hook ſhall drag him to his wretched doom;
Or, exil'd, he ſhall join the numerous flocks
Of rogues that ſtarve amidſt th' Ægean rocks.
You'll hear his doom with joy; with joy will find
The heav'nly pow'rs are neither deaf nor blind.

SATIRE XIV.

I. NUMEROUS the faults (and ſuch as bring diſgrace,
And ſtain the brighteſt gifts of birth and place)
Which yet to boys are by the parents taught:
From their ill lives by foul contagion caught.
If waſteful dice be the old father's joy,
The ſelf-ſame arms of miſchief wields his boy
In little dice box, as his fav'rite toy.
As hopeleſs he to all his virtuous kin,
Who, by a father, gray with age and ſin,
Is early tutor'd in the glutton's part;
To pare the muſhroom by nice rules of art;
To toſs up the boletus in ragout,
And float rich Beccaficos in the ſtew.

At

when it ſignifies a muſhroom. This is only remarked becauſe Ainſworth has not ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed the difference, though long before obſerved by Salmaſius. PLIN. EXERCIT. 499.

8. *Boletus.*] A finer kind of muſhroom, for which we have no name.

Mergere ficedulas didicit, nebulone parente,
Et canâ monſtrante gulâ. Cùm ſeptimus annus
Tranſierit, puero nondum omni dente renato,
Barbatos licèt admoveas mille inde magiſtros,
Hinc totidem, cupiet lauto cœnare paratu
Semper, & à magnâ non degenerare culinâ.
Mitem animum, & mores modicis erroribus æquos
Præcipit, atque animos ſervorum & corpora noſtrâ
Materiâ conſtare putat, paribuſque elementis:
An ſævire docet Rutilus, qui gaudet acerbo
Plagarum ſtrepitu, & nullam Sirena flagellis
Comparat, Antiphates trepidi laris, ac Polyphemus?
Tum felix quoties aliquis tortore vocato
Uritur ardenti duo propter lintea ferro:
Quid ſuadet juveni lætus ſtridore catenæ,
Quem mirè afficiunt inſcripta ergaſtula, carcer
Ruſticus? Exſpectas ut non ſit adultera Largæ
Filia,

17. *Paribuſque elementis.*] We have here very juſt and noble reflections upon the ſyſtem of ſervitude then prevalent in the world. If we have nothing ſo humane in the earlier writers of Rome, we may very fairly attribute this new ſpirit to that Religion of Benevolence, which ſoon after, upon its full eſtabliſhment, aboliſhed ſervitude entirely among its other happy influences upon civil life.

It were to be wiſhed that chriſtianity had its proper influence too upon our preſent manners. The ſlave-trade may be neceſſary: the culture of tropical productions may require human drudges inured to a torrid climate; and, certainly, ſervitude is not abſolutely unlawful upon goſpel principles. But nothing can juſtify, nothing excuſe the degraded ſtate, to which modern thirſt of gain reduces its hapleſs victims.

Very obvious regulations, eſtabliſhed by authority, might remedy this evil; and render ſervitude as comfortable to thoſe unhappy people, as voluntary labour is among ourſelves to thoſe drudges, who

At ſeven (yet unrenew'd each tooth) employ
Two thouſand ſages to inſtruct this boy;
Let them the full-grown beard of wiſdom wear,
And pour their lectures in at either ear,
Yet, like his ſire, in ſtate he'll wiſh to ſup,
And keep the old glory of his kitchen up.
Does Rutilus, who thinks no Syren-ſong
Equals the muſic of the ſcourging thong,
Does he teach children tenderneſs of mind,
To frail miſtakes with due indulgence kind,
And a juſt ſenſe (befitting man to hold!)
That ſlaves and maſters are one common mould?
Does he not rather train their tender age
To brutal paſſion, and ferocious rage?
The tyrant of his trembling houſe, his bliſs
Runs higheſt, when (two rubbers laid amiſs
Or loſt) the tort'rer's ſummon'd to his trade,
And the dire mark with red-hot iron made!
When the wretch ſees his branded drudges (bound
In clanking chains, or dungeons under ground)
Plying their toil, unceaſing, day and night,
Urg'd by the laſh;—and ſees it with delight;
What learn his children from the ſavage ſight?
And will not Larga's daughter be a whore;
Who muſt take breath full thirty times, before
She

who are obliged to labour for their daily bread by the neceſſary conſtitution of ſociety.

20. *Antiphates—Polyphemus.*] Two ſavages mentioned in Homer's Odyſſey; put here for general terms, by an elegant figure. See Sat. IV. 133.

24. *Ergaſtula.*] The work-houſe put for the ſlaves. *Inſcripta*; they were marked, to prevent their eſcape; *ſtridore catenæ*; they were chained to their work in the fields. *Carcer* was a ſubterraneous work-houſe where others were employed in ſome manufactures.

Filia, quæ nunquam maternos dicere mœchos
Tam citò, nec tanto poterit contexere curſu,
Ut non ter decies reſpiret? Conſcia matri
Virgo fuit: ceras nunc hâc dictante puſillas
Implet, & ad mœchum dat eiſdem ferre cinædis.
Sic natura jubet: velociùs & citiùs nos
Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domeſtica, magnis
Cùm ſubeunt animos auctoribus. Unus, & alter
Forſitan hæc ſpernant juvenes, quibus arte benignâ
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.
Sed reliquos fugienda patrum veſtigia ducunt;
Et monſtrata diu veteris trahit orbita culpæ.
Abſtineas igitur damnandis; hujus enim vel
Una potens ratio eſt, ne crimina noſtra ſequantur
Ex nobis geniti: quoniam dociles imitandis
Turpibus ac pravis omnes ſumus; & Catilinam
Quocunque in populo videas, quocunque ſub axe.
Sed nec Brutus erit, Bruti nec avunculus uſquam.
Nil dictu fœdum, viſuque hæc limina tangat,
Intra quæ puer eſt. Procul hinc, procul inde puellæ
Lenonum, & cantus pernoctantis paraſiti.
Maxima debetur puero reverentia. Si quid
Turpe paras, nec tu pueri contempſeris annos:
Sed peccaturo obſiſtat tibi filius infans.
Nam ſi quid dignum Cenſoris fecerit irâ,
(Quandoquidem ſimilem tibi ſe non corpore tantùm,

Nec

33. *Magnis auctoribus.*] *Auctor legis* is the mover or enactor of a law. This alluſion therefore ſtrongly ſhows, that the example of parents is not only forcible like law, but awful, venerable, irreſiſtible; *magnis*. Its ſilence is language; its intimation, precept; its will, authority, eſpecially in the more ductile parts of childhood and youth.

48. *Nec tu pueri—ſed filius infans.*] i. e. *Ne pueri quidem annos contempſeris, imò, filius infans te abſterreat a vitiis.* This emphaſis is marked in the tranſlation.

She can with all her fluency recount
Her mother's lovers in their full amount?
And why? her mother's confidant, a maid,
And now her pupil, by her wicked aid
She pens her firſt eſſays in billetdoux;
And uſes the ſame pimps as bearers too.
Parental ſins (for nature aids the deed)
Corrupt young minds with ſwift and certain ſpeed;
Th' examples ſpeak with majeſty, and draw
Frail ductile youth with all the force of law.
Some youths, indeed, form'd of ſuperior clay,
Heav'n's fav'rites, take perhaps the better way,
Shock'd at the hideous deeds;—but moſt will tread
The wicked footſteps where the parents led:
They take, like following wheels, the track that's wore
And levell'd by the wheels that went before.
Abſtain from ſin: enough, this one reſtraint;
Leſt imitative children catch the taint.
Mortals with fatal ſpeed to miſchief run:
They ſooneſt learn the deeds they ought to ſhun.
All climes and ſtates with Catilines abound;
A Brutus or a Cato's rarely found.
Ah! let no filthy word or ſight unclean
Taint a child's dwelling: 'tis a ſacred ſcene!
Off with the wanton trull, and filthy ſong:
Awe and reſpect to tender years belong.
Tempted to ſin, by ſin's falſe charms beguil'd—
Rev'rence your boy, nay e'en your liſping child!
When he hereafter wakes the Cenſor's wrath—
(And where's the wonder, when he treads your path,
When he but wiſhes to reſemble you,
Child of your perſon and your manners too;

When

Nec vultu dederit, morum quoque filius, & cum
Omnia deteriùs tua per veſtigia peccet,)
Corripies nimirùm & caſtigabis acerbo
Clamore, ac poſt hæc tabulas mutare parabis.
Unde tibi frontem libertatemque parentis,
Cùm facias pejora ſenex, vacuumque cerebro
Jampridem caput hoc ventoſa cucurbita quærat?
Hoſpite venturo ceſſabit nemo tuorum:
Verre pavimentum; nitidas oſtende columnas;
Arida cum totâ deſcendat aranea telâ:
Hic lavet argentum; vaſa aſpera tergeat alter:
Vox domini fremit inſtantis, virgamq; tenentis.
Ergo miſer trepidas, ne ſtercore fœda canino
Atria diſpliceant oculis venientis amici,
Ne perfuſa luto ſit porticus; (& tamen uno
Semodio ſcobis hæc emendat ſervulus unus:)
Illud non agitas, ut ſanctam filius omni
Aſpiciat ſine labe domum, vitioque carentem?
Gratum eſt, quod patriæ civem populoq; dediſti,
Si facies, ut patriæ ſit idoneus, utilis agris,
Utilis & bellorum, & pacis rebus agendis.
Plurimùm enim intererit quibus artibus, & quibus hunc tu
Moribus inſtituas. Serpente ciconia pullos
Nutrit, & inventâ per devia rura lacertâ:

Illi

58. *Cucurbita.*] The cupping-glaſs, the ancient remedy for all complaints ariſing from an inflammation of the brain.

68. *Illud non agitas.*] Compariſons, drawn from common life, provided they are choſen with delicacy, or elevated by language, are peculiarly inſtructive. It is this alluſion, that forms the beauty of fables and parables. The alluſion is a ſort of pleaſing vehicle, that charms the fancy, while the precept is inſenſibly operating upon the heart, and producing its ſalutary effects. The alluſion, in the preſent caſe, has great propriety: its delicacy, according to our modern ideas, may be diſputed.

When e'en thro' filial duty he exceeds,
And labours to improve upon your deeds?)
Then vext, forſooth, you'll clamour, ſtorm and ſwear,
That you'll adopt ſome beggar for your heir!
Canſt thou, old madman, claim a father's right;
And yet do worſe in rev'rend years' deſpite?
Whoſe noddle wants a cupping glaſs, to drain
The vapours from the ſpace, where once was brain?
A friend expected, every hand's employ'd:
"Haſte, bruſh this floor; theſe cobwebs be deſtroy'd;
"Brighten theſe columns; let no ſingle ſtain
"Sully the plate; the figur'd or the plain."
This is your cry; with eager care you ſtand,
And urge your buſtling ſlaves, with ſcourge in hand.
Wretch! uſe you all this care, this anxious toil;
Leſt ſome pet-lapdog, or ſome caſual ſoil,
Fouling your ſtately portico or hall,
Hurt your friend's eyes, when he vouchſafes his call;
(Tho' one poor boy with ſaw-duſt would ſuffice
To clear away the nuſance from his eyes)
And cleanſe you not your houſe, with ſtricter care,
Of moral ſtains, to guard from taint your heir?
That you have wed, at virtue's juſt demand,
And giv'n a ſubject to your native land,
Deſerves our praiſe—if, wholeſomely ſevere,
You alſo train him for ſome uſeful ſphere,
With civil, and with warlike arts adorn;—
If not, 'twere better he had ne'er been born.
'Tis of vaſt moment, in what arts he's nurſt:
His future taſte depends upon the firſt.
On ſnakes and lizards the young ſtork is fed:
On carrion-food the plumeleſs vulture bred:

The

Illi eadem ſumptis quærunt animalia pennis.
Vultur jumento, & canibus crucibuſque relictis,
Ad fœtus properat, partemque cadaveris affert:
Hinc eſt ergo cibus magni quoque vulturis, & ſe
Paſcentis, propriâ cùm jam facit arbore nidos.
Sed leporem, aut capream, famulæ Jovis, & generoſæ
In ſaltu venantur aves: hinc præda cubili
Ponitur: inde autem, cùm ſe matura levabit
Progenies, ſtimulante fame, feſtinat ad illam,
Quam primùm rupto prædam guſtaverit ovo.
Ædificator erat Centronius. & modò curvo
Littore Caietæ, ſummâ nunc Tiburis arce,
Nunc Prænestinis in montibus, alta parabat
Culmina villarum, Græcis longèque petitis
Marmoribus, vincens Fortunæ atque Herculis ædem;
Ut ſpado vincebat Capitolia noſtra Poſides.
Dum ſic ergo habitat Centronius, imminuit rem,
Fregit opes, nec parva tamen menſura relictæ
Partis erat: totam hanc turbavit filius amens,
Dum meliore novas attollit marmore villas.
Quidam ſortiti metuentem Sabbata patrem,
Nil præter nubes, & Cœli Numen adorant:
Nec diſtare putant humanâ carne ſuillam,
Quâ pater abſtinuit: mox & præputia ponunt:
Romanus

76. *Illi eadem ſumptis*] There is a diffuſion in the original, which the tranſlator has avoided, and which he thinks ought to be avoided. For though the poet has prettily diverſified his phraſes under each of the three heads, as *ſumptis pennis*, *facit arbore nidos*, & *rupto ovo*; yet they mean but the ſame thing, the grown-up ſtate of each bird.

90. *Fortunæ atque Herculis ædem.*] There was a beautiful temple of Hercules at Tibur, and of Fortune at Præneste. There is, therefore, a peculiar force in this circumſtance to point out the builder's extravagance. GRANG.

97. *Nil.*

The generous bird of Jove, the eaglet, fares
On nobler food, on ven'ſon and on hares:
Hence all theſe birds, we find, when fledg'd, are true
To their firſt taſte, and the ſame food purſue.
Building was rich Centronius' fav'rite taſte:
Hence various parts of Italy were grac'd—
(One day Caieta's ſea-commanding ſite,
Then Tibur's, next Prænesſte's airy height—)
With ſeats of Greek, and other foreign ſtone,
Which e'en the fanes of guardian gods outſhone.
(Poſides, thus, built baths in ſuch a ſtile;
Compar'd with them, the Capitol were vile.)
While thus Centronius built with regal air,
He left a ſhatter'd fortune to his heir.
Yet in his heir the building rage ran on,
And coſtlier ſeats were rais'd, 'till all was gone.
Born of ſuch ſires, as keep the ſabbath day,
Some to the clouds and ſkies devoutly pray;
And think it not more criminal to dine
On human fleſh than on the fleſh of ſwine.

His

97. *Nil præter nubes.*] Juvenal, we ſee, with all his fine ſenſe and all his contempt of the heathen worſhip, yet ridicules the Jews for holding the beſt article of natural religion, the *ſpirituality* of the divine Being. To worſhip a ſpiritual preſence, was, in his groſs idea, to worſhip the clouds and ſky. Tacitus makes the ſame honourable mention of their creed, *Judæi mente ſolâ, unumque Deum intelligunt*; "*profanos, qui deûm imagines mortalibus materiis, in ſpecies* "*hominum effingant*; *ſummum illud et æternum, neque mutabile, neque* "*interiturum*;" and yet, after this higheſt of compliments, as it was in fact, he cannot ſpeak of them with common decency or common truth. Hiſt. V.

The real fact is, the juſt notions, which we now have of the divine being, and which the deiſt pretends to draw from his reaſon, came originally from revelation. Reaſon, to be ſure, is the EYE by which we ſee religious truths in their true colours and proportions: but revelation is the LIGHT, by which it ſees. Without this light, we ſhould ſink again into our original ignorance.

Romanas autem ſoliti contemnere leges,
Judaïcum ediſcunt, & ſervant, ac metuunt jus,
Tradidit arcano quodcunque volumine Moſes,
Non monſtrare vias, eadem niſi ſacra colenti;
Quæſitum ad fontem ſolos deducere verpos.
Sed pater in cauſâ, cui ſeptima quæque fuit lux
Ignava, & partem vitæ non attigit ullam,
Sponte tamen juvenes imitantur cætera: ſolam
Inviti quoque avaritiam exercere jubentur.
FALLIT enim vitium ſpecie virtutis & umbrâ,
Cum ſit triſte habitu, vultuque & veſte ſeverum.
Nec dubiè tanquam frugi laudatur avarus,
Tanquam parcus homo, & rerum tutela ſuarum
Certa magis, quàm ſi fortunas ſervet eaſdem
Heſperidum ſerpens, aut Ponticus. Adde quod hunc, de
Quo loquor, egregium populus putat, atque verendum
Artificem: quippe his creſcunt patrimonia fabris,
Sed creſcunt quocunque modo, majoraque fiunt
Incude aſſiduâ, ſemperque ardente camino.
Et pater ergo animi felices credit avaros,
Qui miratur opes, qui nulla exempla beati
Pauperis eſſe putat, juvenes hortatur, ut illam
Ire viam pergant, & eidem incumbere ſectæ.
Sunt quædam vitiorum elementa: his protinus illos
Imbuit, & cogit minimas ediſcere ſordes.
Mox acquirendi docet inſatiabile votum.
Servorum ventres modio caſtigat iniquo;
Ipſe quoque eſuriens: neque enim omnia ſuſtinet
Mucida cœrulei panis conſumere fruſta,
Heſternum ſolitus medio ſervare minutal
Septembri;

116. *His creſcunt patrimonia fabris.*] What follows, is a beautiful allegory founded upon a proverb familiar to the Latins, *Quiſque ſuæ fortunæ faber eſt.* The Engliſh language has no ſuch phraſe, and cannot therefore transfuſe the whole beauty of the original.

At eight days old, they lay the prepuce by;
With ſtubborn pride the Roman laws defy;
And learn by rote, and keep with awful dread,
The laws in Moſes' myſtic volumes read;
As,—" *not to ſet loſt travellers in the way,*
" *Or ſhow the thirſty to a ſpring,—if they*
" *No bobtail brethren are, nor the ſame rites obey.*
The ſire's the cauſe; forbidden by his creed,
To ſtain the ſabbath with one uſeful deed!
II. To other ſins youths are by nature brought;
But with reluctance are in av'rice taught:
For this dark vice in virtue's form appears;
So grave the air, the dreſs, the look it wears.
And hence the miſer paſſes, in diſguiſe,
As clearly one, in ſaving knowledge wiſe;
As one, who looks as ſharply to his ſtore,
As e'er the fabled dragons did of yore.
The world, too, by its ſilly praiſe, contrives
To aid the error: for the man, that thrives,
Is ſure, in its eſteem, to bear the bell,
Of all the artiſts who in life excel.
" Theſe are the men, it cries, whoſe wond'rous ſkill
" Works up the plumb by any means at will:
" The buſy work no reſt or reſpite knows:
" Still groans the anvil; ſtill the furnace glows."
Hence then the ſire (his ſilly maxim this
That no poor man has ever taſted bliſs)
Applauds the miſer, and his child directs
To liſt betimes in this the beſt of ſects.
Vice has its elements like other arts:
Theſe then the careful father firſt imparts.
Firſt teaches low-liv'd thrift and pilf'ring ſtealth;
And next, th' unmeaſurable thirſt of wealth.
The wretch his ſlaves in their allowance cheats:
And e'en with grudging his own morſel eats.

His

Septembri; nec non differre in tempora cœnæ
Alterius, conchem æſtivi cum parte lacerti
Signatam, vel dimidio putrique ſiluro,
Filaque ſectivi numerata includere porri.
Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de ponte negabit.
Sed quò divitias hæc per tormenta coactas?
Cum furor haud dubius, cum ſit manifeſta phreneſis,
Ut locuples moriaris egenti vivere fato?
Interea pleno cum turget ſacculus ore,
CRESCIT amor nummi, quantum ipſa pecunia creſcit:
Et minus hanc optat, qui non habet. Ergo paratur
Altera villa tibi, cum rus non ſufficit unum,
Et proferre libet fines; majorque videtur,
Et melior vicina ſeges. Mercaris et hanc, &
Arbuſta, & denſâ montem qui canet olivâ.
Quorum ſi pretio dominus non vincitur ullo,
Nocte boves macri, laſſoque famelica collo
Armenta ad virides hujus mittuntur ariſtas;
Nec prius inde domum, quam tota novalia ſævos
In ventres abeant, ut credas falcibus actum.
Dicere vix poſſis, quam multi talia plorent,
Et quot venales injuria fecerit agros.
Sed qui ſermones? Quæ fœdæ buccina famæ?
Quid nocet hoc? Inquit. Tunicam mihi malo lupini,
Quam ſi me toto laudet vicinia pago,
Exigui ruris pauciſſima farra ſecantem.
Scilicet

131. *Conchem—ſectivi.*] See Sat. III. 275.

146. *Nocte boves macri.*] We have a ſimilar act of oppreſſion, Hor. Od. II. 18. But Juvenal has the advantage beyond compariſon in point of vivacity.

His loaf's all mould, yet ſacred all its crumbs;
In autumn e'en too large a haſh becomes
A third meal: nay vile beans and ſtinking fiſh
Are ſeal'd with care to form a morrow's diſh.
His leeks are common, yet from theſe he ſaves:
And counts each ſhred to keep them from his ſlaves.
The meaneſt beggar, in his worſt diſtreſs,
Would rather ſtarve, than with this miſer meſs.
But what is wealth at this expence of pain:
When 'tis the height of a diſtemper'd brain
To ſtarve, when living; that, to death conſign'd,
You may leave large untaſted hoards behind?
Meantime, while at the mouth your bag o'erflows,
Together with the caſh, the paſſion grows.
The more you get, the more you ſtill require;
And, who has nothing, feels a leſs deſire.
Hence as your views extend, one farm is thought
Too ſmall; and hence another muſt be bought;
Your bounds muſt be enlarg'd: your neighbour's farm
Smiles in your proſpect with ſuperior charm.
This then with all its fields and woods you buy:
And, ſhould the owner ſcruple to comply,
By night your hard-work'd beaſts, and famiſh'd ſteers
Are turn'd into his grain, as firſt it ears;
Nor from the mercileſs repaſt withdraw,
Till the whole corn lies bury'd in their maw.
You'd ſwear the ſcythe had ſwept it all away—
Oh! 'tis, by heav'ns, incredible, to ſay,
How many worthy men theſe wrongs bewail:
How many farms theſe wrongs have brought to ſale!
But hear'ſt thou, wretch! the talk of public fame,
What dire reproaches load thy hateful name?
"But where's the harm, he cries? 'tis ſtuff to me:
"Should the admiring neighbourhood agree
"To praiſe my virtue, while my fields are bare,
"Their barren praiſe I'd value not a hair."

Scilicet & morbis & debilitate carebis,
Et luctum & curam effugies, & tempora vitæ
Longa tibi poſt hæc fato meliore dabuntur;
Si tantum culti ſolus poſſederis agri,
Quantum ſub Tatio populus Romanus arabat?
Mox etiam fractis ætate, ac Punica paſſis
Prælia, vel Pyrrhum immanem, gladioſque Moloſſos,
Tandem pro multis vix jugera bina dabantur
Vulneribus. Merces ea ſanguinis atque laboris
Nullis viſa unquam meritis minor, aut ingratæ
Curta fides patriæ. Saturabat glebula talis
Patrem ipſum, turbamque caſæ, quâ fœta jacebat
Uxor, & infantes ludebant quatuor, unus
Vernula, tres domini: ſed magnis fratribus horum
A ſcrobe vel ſulco redeuntibus, altera cœna
Amplior, & grandes fumabant pultibus ollæ.
Nunc modus hic agri noſtro non ſufficit horto.
Inde ferè ſcelerum cauſæ, nec plura venena
Miſcuit, aut ferro graſſatur ſæpiùs ullum
Humanæ mentis vitium, quam ſæva cupido
Indomiti cenſûs. Nam dives qui fieri vult,
Et citò vult fieri. Sed quæ reverentia legum?
Quis metus, aut pudor eſt unquam properantis avari?
Vivite contenti caſulis, & collibus iſtis,
O pueri, Marſus dicebat & Hernicus olim,
Veſtinuſque ſenex: panem quæramus aratro,

Qui

176. *Nam dives qui fieri vult Et cito vult fieri.*] This is a literal tranſlation of an axiom of the goſpel: THEY, *that* WILL *be rich, fall into a temptation and a ſnare.*

Miſtaken man! expect you to be freed
From aches, and griefs and cares (to man decreed!)
Hope you to reach a happy calm old age,
If, with this luſt's immeaſurable rage,
Singly you gain as widen'd a domain,
As Rome poſſeſs'd in Tatius' golden reign?
In aftertimes, old Vet'rans, who upheld
The tott'ring ſtate, and with bold hearts repell'd
Pyrrhus expert in all the art of arms,
And the remorſeleſs Annibal's alarms;
Got each two acres ſcarcely for their ſhare,
For all the blood they ſhed, and toils they bare.
Great in their worth, none thought amongſt them all,
The ſtate ungrateful, or her bounty ſmall.
Yet that ſmall ſpot with ample plenty fed
The maſter and the houſhold of the ſhed:
There on the couch the fruitful mother lay,
The ſmaller children toy'd in harmleſs play,
And with them the ſlave's child, as free and blithe as they.
Their full-grown brethren, with contented toil,
Or dug the fence, or plow'd the ſtubborn ſoil;
And thought, when from their honeſt work releas'd,
Their ſmoking diſh of pulſe, a ſumptuous feaſt.
Such was their ſtate: but ſuch a paltry ſpot
Serves not at preſent for a garden plot.
'Tis from this ſource, that miſchief takes its riſe;
From luſt of large eſtate: no human vice
Has oft'ner exercis'd the pois'ning trade,
Or oft'ner ſtain'd th' aſſaſſinating blade.
What wonder? he that wiſhes to be rich,
Will take the ſpeedieſt ways, no matter which.
What decency or ſhame or fear reſtrain
The keen-ſet wretch from gold he longs to gain?
"My ſons" (you hear the lore of ancient hinds)
"Let theſe poor cots and hills content your minds;

Qui ſatis eſt menſis. Laudant hoc Numina ruris,
Quorum ope & auxilio, gratæ poſt munus ariſtæ,
Contingunt homini veteris faſtidia quercûs.
Nil vetitum feciſſe volet, quem non pudet alto
Per glaciem perone tegi; qui ſummovet Euros
Pellibus inverſis. Peregrina ignotaque nobis
Ad ſcelus atque nefas, quodcumque eſt, purpura ducit.
Hæc illi veteres præcepta minoribus. At nunc
Poſt finem Autumni mediâ de nocte ſupinum
Clamoſus juvenem pater excitat; accipe ceras,
Scribe, puer, vigila, cauſas age, perlege rubras
Majorum leges, aut vitem poſce libello.
Sed caput intactum buxo, nareſque piloſas
Annotet, & grandes miretur Lælius alas.
Dirue Maurorum attegias, caſtella Brigantum,
Ut locupletem Aquilam tibi ſexageſimus annus
Afferat: aut longos caſtrorum ferre labores
Si piget, & trepido ſolvunt tibi cornua ventrem
Cum lituis audita, pares, quod vendere poſſis
Pluris dimidio, nec te faſtidia mercis
Ullius ſubeant ablegandæ Tiberim ultra:
Neu

185. *Nil vetitum feciſſe volet.*] The plain old Ruſtic ſpeaks a great truth with much ſimplicity. "He, that has ſelf-command, has no temptations to be wicked." Horace expreſſes this, not indeed more ſtrongly, but more beautifully, as the majeſty of ode required,

Latiùs regnes, avidum domando
Spiritum, quam ſi Lybiam remotis
Gadibus jungas; et uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni. Od. II. 2.

193. *Vitem.*] See Sat. VIII. 247.

197. *Locupletem aquilam.*] Aquila, the Roman ſtandard, is put here for the commiſſion of a firſt Centurion, or Primipilus, who had the care of it. Kennet, IV. 7.

199. *Solvunt tibi cornua ventrem.*] This idea, indelicate as it is, is well adapted to the character of the covetous ſpeaker, who wiſhed to ſtimulate his ſon by any motive either of ſhame or intereſt.

" Seek by the hardy plough your daily bread:
" From your own labours be your tables ſpread.
" The rural Gods, whoſe boon of grateful corn
" Taught favour'd man his acorn-food to ſcorn,
" Will ſmile delighted, and reward your toil,
" With foſt'ring ſeaſons, and a fruitful ſoil.
" He's proof to all temptations, who can go
" Content with clumſy brogues thro' froſt and ſnow,
" Or, coarſely clad in ſkins, the tempeſt face:
" 'Tis foreign purple prompts to all that's baſe."
Thus the good ancients train'd their duteous ſons:
In diff'rent ſtrain the modern lecture runs.
" Wake, ſleepy drone" (the urgent father bawls
When winter's cool approach to ſtudy calls)
He roars at midnight—" riſe, your tables take,
" Write, learn the art of pleading, boy, awake;
" The civil law read over, or prepare
" For a centurion's poſt a well-penn'd pray'r:
" Let Lælius with admiring eyes obſerve
" What briſtly hairs proclaim your ſtrength of nerve.
" Attack the foes of Rome; the ſtate ſupport,
" Level the Mooriſh cot, or Britiſh fort:
" The eagle, thus, with all its wealthy ſpoils,
" At ſixty will reward your hardy toils.
" Or if, a vile poltroon, you cannot fight,
" And horns and clarions fill your ſoul with fright,
" Turn tradeſman, truck, at double profit ſell:
" Deſpiſe not e'en the trades, which laws expel
" Beyond the Tiber for their filth and ſtink:
" Hides turn perfumes, whene'er they bring the chink.

Neu credas ponendum aliquid diſcriminis inter
Unguenta & corium. Lucri bonus eſt odor ex re
Qualibet. Illa tuo ſententia ſemper in ore
Verſetur, Diis atque ipſo Jove digna, Poëtæ:
" Unde habeas, quærit nemo, ſed oportet habere."
Hoc monſtrant vetulæ pueris poſcentibus aſſem;
Hoc diſcunt omnes ante Alpha & Beta puellæ.
Talibus inſtantem monitis quemcunque parentem
Sic poſſem affari: dic, o vaniſſime, quis te
Feſtinare jubet? Meliorem præſto magiſtro
Diſcipulum. Securus abi: vincêris, ut Ajax
Præteriit Telamonem, ut Pelea vicit Achilles.
Parcendum eſt teneris; nondum implevêre medullas
Nativæ mala nequitiæ: cum pectere barbam
Cœperit, & longi mucronem admittere cultri,
Falſus erit teſtis, vendet perjuria ſummâ
Exiguâ, Cereris tangens aramque pedemque.
Elatam jam crede nurum, ſi limina veſtra
Mortiferâ cum dote ſubit. Quibus illa premetur
Per ſomnum digitis? Nam quæ terrâque mariq;
Acquirenda putas, brevior via conferet illi.
Nullus enim magni ſceleris labor. Hæc ego nunquam
Mandavi, dices olim, nec talia ſuaſi:
Mentis cauſa malæ tamen eſt, & origo penes te.
Nam quiſquis magni cenſûs præcepit amorem,
Et lævo monitu pueros producit avaros:
Et qui per fraudes patrimonia conduplicare
Dat libertatem, & totas effundit habenas
Curriculo;

204. *Lucri bonus eſt odor.*] This alludes to the ſtory of Veſpaſian and his amiable ſon Titus. Suet. Veſp. XXXIII.

206. *Poetæ.*] A line from the poet Ennius.

228. *Et lævo.*] The word *et* is not conjunctive but illuſtrative in this ſentence, and in the following *et totas.*

" Gain's a ſweet noſegay, whenceſoe'er it ſprung:
" Still keep that heavenly maxim on your tongue:
" *How you get money, none deſire to learn,*
" *But to get money is a firſt concern.*
" Old dames teach this to boys who aſk a ſpill;
" In girls, before their alphabet, inſtil."
I fain would aſk this anxious man who trains
His ſon to vice with theſe prepoſt'rous pains,
Why all this haſte? the ſcholar, I'll engage,
His tutor will outſtrip in ripen'd age:
Ne'er fear; anon, you'll ſee yourſelf outdone,
To your hearts wiſh, by this your hopeful ſon.
Excuſe his weakneſs: when, in courſe of time,
Native depravity attains its prime,
As ſoon as down appears upon his chin,
He'll ſwear, in any cauſe, thro' thick and thin;
Traffic in impious perj'ries for a groat,
And ſet e'en Ceres' deity at naught.
Imagine too you ſee his murther'd ſpouſe,
If a large dow'r attends her to his houſe.
A fatal dow'r! how will the injur'd dead
Proclaim, his fingers ſtrangled her abed!
This ſhorter way ſhall give what your command
Urges, on harder terms, by ſea and land.
Great crimes as eaſily as ſmall are wrought:—
I know, you'll ſay hereafter, " I ne'er taught,
" I ne'er adviſ'd him to theſe horrid deeds."
Yes, you infus'd the principles and ſeeds.
The fool, who with the love of money fires
The youthful mind, with avarice inſpires;
And who grants gainful fraud in ſome degrees,
From all reſtraints the looſen'd pupil frees:
He gives the fiery racer all the reins:
The ſteed broke looſe no force or art reſtrains;

Curriculo; quem ſi revoces, ſubſiſtere neſcit,
Et te contempto rapitur, metiſque relictis.
Nemo ſatis credit tantùm delinquere, quantùm
Permittas: adeò indulgent ſibi latiùs ipſi.
Cum dicis juveni; ſtultum, qui donet amico,
Qui paupertatem levet attollatque propinqui;
Et ſpoliare doces, & circumſcribere, & omni
Crimine divitias acquirere, quarum amor in te eſt,
Quantus erat patriæ Deciorum in pectore, quantum
Dilexit Thebas, ſi Græcia vera, Menœceus;
In quarum ſulcis legiones dentibus anguis
Cum clypeis naſcuntur, & horrida bella capeſſunt
Continuò, tanquam & tubicen ſurrexerit unà.
Ergo ignem, cujus ſcintillas ipſe dediſti,
Flagrantem latè, & rapientem cuncta videbis:
Nec tibi parcetur miſero, trepidumq; magiſtrum
In caveâ magno fremitu leo tollet alumnus.
Nota Mathematicis geneſis tua: ſed grave tardas
Expectare colos. Morieris, ſtamine nondum
Abrupto. Jam nunc obſtas, & vota moraris;
Jam torquet juvenem longa & cervina ſenectus.
Ocyùs Archigenem quære, atque eme quod Mithridates
Compoſuit, ſi vis aliam decerpere ficum,
Atque alias tractare roſas. Medicamen habendum eſt,
Sorbere ante cibum quod debeat aut pater aut Rex.
Monſtro voluptatem egregiam, cui nulla theatra,

Nulla

He ſcorns his rider, all his pow'r reſiſts,
Bounds his own way, and burſts the deſtin'd liſts.
None ſtop at the firſt cautious ſin you teach:
Vice urges on, and widens every breach.
When thus you ſchool him, "'tis an uſeleſs deed
"To help a friend or neighbour in his need."
You teach your pupil, at the ſelf ſame time,
Rapine and fraud, and every gainful crime;
You recommend each guilty mean of pelf;
And, as his pattern, ſhow its love yourſelf:
A love as ardent, as the patriot call,
Which mov'd the Decii for the ſtate to fall,
Or urg'd Menæceus for his Thebes to die:—
Where, if the Greeks (as uſual) do not lie,
Whole well-arm'd legions of embattled youth,
Arm'd capapié, ſprung from a ſerpent's tooth,
And fought pell mell—as tho' the yawning earth
Had alſo given ſome trumpeter his birth!
'Twas you that lit the ſparks, from whence the flame,
That ſpread the gen'ral conflagration, came.
You nurs'd a lion, who, in full-grown pow'r,
Will turn his fangs his feeder to devour.
Th' aſtrologers, I fancy, know your date:
But he'll ne'er aſk them: 'tis too much to wait
The tedious progreſs of your natural fate.
You'll die untimely; your long life deſtroys
His eager proſpects, and defers his joys.
Hie to the doctor: get that doſe with haſte,
In which the Pontic king his ſafety plac'd:
For this muſt be your guard, if you propoſe
To taſte a next year's fig, or ſmell its roſe.
The king or father, that would ſafely eat,
Muſt take an antidote before his meat.
III. No plays, no Prætor's exhibitions can,
Vain as they are, match the vain farce of man;

Nulla æquare queas Prætoris pulpita lauti,
Si ſpectas quanto capitis diſcrimine conſtant
Incrementa domûs, æratâ multus in arcâ
Fiſcus, & ad vigilem ponendi Caſtora nummi,
Ex quo Mars Ultor galeam quoque perdidit, & res
Non potuit ſervare ſuas. Ergo omnia Floræ,
Et Cereris licet, & Cybeles aulæa relinquas;
Tanto majores humana negotia ludi.
An magis oblectant animum jactata petauro
Corpora, quiq; ſolent rectum deſcendere funem,
Quam tu, Coryciâ ſemper qui puppe moraris
Atque habitas, Coro ſemper tollendus & Auſtro,
Perditus; ac vilis ſacci mercator olentis;
Qui gaudes pingue antiquæ de littore Cretæ
Paſſum, & municipes Jovis advexiſſe lagenas?
Hic tamen ancipiti figens veſtigia plantâ
Victum illâ mercede parat, brumamque, famemque
Illâ reſte cavet: tu propter mille talenta,
Et centum villas temerarius. Aſpice portus
Et plenum magnis trabibus mare. Plus hominum eſt jam
In pelago. Veniet claſſis quocumque vocârit
Spes lucri; nec Carpathium, Gætulaq; tantùm
Æquora tranſiliet: ſed longè Calpe relictâ,
Audiet Herculeo ſtridentem gurgite Solem.
Grande operæ pretium eſt, ut tenſo folle reverti
Inde domum poſſis, tumidâque ſuperbus alutâ
Oceani monſtra, & juvenes vidiſſe marinos!
Non unus mentes agitat furor. Ille ſororis
In manibus vultu Eumenidum terretur & igni.
Hic bove percuſſo mugire Agamemnona credit,

Aut

283. *Juvenes vidiſſe marinos.*] This is meant to ridicule the humour of travellers, who have in all ages delighted to amaze the weak and credulous with marvellous tales, "of antres vaſt, and "deſerts idle, hills whoſe heads touch heaven, and men whoſe "heads do grow beneath their ſhoulders," as Shakeſpear ſpeaks in Othello.

Striving at every riſk of life for gold;
Which yet no care on earth can firmly hold.
In Mars th' avenger's care 'twas lately thrown,
But ſince, poor God, he could not keep his own,
And loſt his helm, 'tis put in Caſtor's care:
How much more ſafely let th' event declare.
No longer then to town diverſions go;
So much is life's vain farce a droller ſhow.
Paſtime, no doubt, from tumblers' tricks you hope,
Or from the dancer on the ſtraiten'd rope:
But that man's folly more diverts than theſe,
Who dares the rage of boiſt'rous winds and ſeas,
The deep's inhabitant—to bring home packs
Of ſordid merchandize, in ſtinking ſacks,
Or fetch from Crete ſome kegs of racy wine,
The fellow citizens—of Jove divine.
The dancer on the rope, with doubtful tread,
Strives only to procure his daily bread,
Urg'd by the calls of Nature; while you take
Theſe frantic pains for uſeleſs thouſands' ſake;
A thouſand talents' ſake, yet ſpend not one;
A hundred country ſeats', yet dwell in none!
Yet, ſee! what crowds float on the vaſt profound!
The ſeas and ports with daring barks abound;
The ocean's now more peopled than the land:
Behold! at gain's omnipotent command,
Bold mortals dare their frantic voyage urge
O'er the Carpathian or Getulian ſurge;
Nay,—Calpe left behind at diſtance far,—
Hear the ſeas hiſs with Phœbus' ſetting car:
A worthy riſk! that you, with ſwelling purſe
Elated, may fictitious tales rehearſe
Of ocean monſters, and ſea gods moſt rare—
To make weak children and the people ſtare!
What ſeveral madneſſes in men are found!
This, in his ſiſter's arms, ſees furies round;

Aut Ithacum. Parcat tunicis licèt atq; lacernis,
Curatoris eget, qui navem mercibus implet
Ad ſummum latus, & tabulâ diſtinguitur undâ;
Cum ſit cauſa mali tanti & diſcriminis hujus,
Conciſum argentum in titulos facieſque minutas!
Occurrunt nubes & fulgura; ſolvite funem,
Frumenti dominus clamat, piperiſque cëemptor;
Nil color hic cœli, nil faſcia nigra minatur:
Æſtivùm tonat. Infelix, ac forſitan ipſâ
Nocte cadet fractis trabibus, fluctuque premetur
Obrutus, & zonam lævâ morſuque tenebit.
Sed cujus votis modò non ſuffecerat aurum,
Quod Tagus & rutilâ volvit Pactolus arenâ,
Frigida ſufficient velantes inguina panni,
Exiguuſque cibus, merſâ rate naufragus aſſem
Dum rogat, & pictâ ſe tempeſtate tuetur.
Tantis parta malis, cura majore metuque
Servantur. MISERA eſt magni cuſtodia cenſus.
Diſpoſitis prædives hamis vigilare cohortem
Servorum noctu Licinus jubet, attonitus pro
Electro, ſigniſque ſuis, Phrygiâque columnâ,
Atque ebore, & latâ teſtudine. Dolia nudi
Non ardent Cynici. Si fregeris, altera fiet
Cras domus; aut eadem plumbo commiſſa manebit.
Senſit Alexander, teſtâ cum vidit in illâ
Magnum habitatorem, quanto felicior hic qui
Nil cuperet, quam qui totum ſibi poſceret orbem,
Paſſurus geſtis æquanda pericula rebus.

Nullum

291. *Conciſum.*] A ludicrous image of money. *Titulos* the inſcription, *facieſque minutas* the monarch's head.

That, while an ox expires beneath his blows,
Thinks Agamemnon or Ulyſſes lows.
That man is mad, too, tho' his clothes he ſpares,
Who ſtows and fills a little ſkiff with wares,
With one frail interpoſing plank, to ſave
His life, each moment threaten'd, from the wave;
When 'tis from ſilver all this danger came,
Mark'd with ſome ſilly monarch's face and name!
Lo! clouds collect, with light'ning glare the ſkies;
Yet ſtill the corn and pepper-merchant cries:
"Weigh anchor, lads: this gloom will ſoon blow o'er:
"'Tis a mere ſummer clap: it is no more."
Unhappy man! perhaps, before the morn,
He's plung'd into the deep, his veſſel torn;
And while his right hand beats the whelming wave,
His left and teeth gripe hard, his purſe to ſave.
And he, whoſe graſping and ambitious ſoul
The gold, which Tagus and Pactolus roll
In all their glitt'ring ſands, could not ſuffice,
Gets now from charity his cold ſupplies:
Tatter'd and ſtarv'd from ſtreet to ſtreet he goes,
Help'd by his piteous moan and pictur'd woes.
Wealth, gotten thus with trouble and with pain,
Aſks greater plague and trouble to maintain.
To keep a great eſtate's an arduous charge!
See Licinus, 'mid ſtores ſuperbly large,
Yet wretched, tho' a troop of ſervants ſtand,
A nightly guard, with buckets all at hand;
Yet wretched, leſt ſome fire's reſiſtleſs pow'r
His ſtately houſe and furniture devour!
Remote from fire and all its miſchiefs far
Liv'd the poor Cynic, happy in his jar.
Break but his houſe; to-morrow, I'll uphold,
He gets a new one or repairs the old.
When Philip's ſon ſaw the great owner baſk
In pleaſing ſunſhine, happy in his caſk;

Nullum numen habes, ſi ſit prudentia; ſed te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam. Menſura tamen quæ
Sufficiat cenſûs, ſi quis me conſulat, edam.
In quantum ſitis atque fames & frigora poſcunt:
Quantum, Epicure, tibi parvis ſuffecit in hortis:
Quantum Socratici ceperunt ante Penates.
Nunquam aliud natura, aliud ſapientia dicit.
Acribus exemplis videor te claudere: miſce
Ergo aliquid noſtris de moribus: effice ſummam
Bis ſeptem Ordinibus, quam lex dignatur Othonis.
Hæc quoque ſi rugam trahit, extenditque labellum;
Sume duos Equites, fac tertia quadringenta.
Si nondum implevi gremium, ſi panditur ultra:
Nec Crœſi fortuna unquam, nec Perſica Regna
Sufficient animo, nec divitiæ Narciſſi;
Indulſit Cæſar cui Claudius omnia, cujus
Paruit imperiis, uxorem occidere juſſus.

318. *In quantum.*] An elegant Græciſm: Εις ὅσον γ' εγω σθενω. Soph. Phil. 1445.

325. *Extenditque labellum.*] The act of froward children, diſguſted at their meat; and it puts the inſatiable deſire of the miſer in the moſt contemptible point of view. The phraſe is rather low in Engliſh; but the idea too valuable, to be loſt.

331. *Uxorem.*] Meſſalina the empreſs mentioned in the tenth ſatire.

He own'd the Cynic, who his wants confin'd,
Excell'd that man in bliſs, whoſe reſtleſs mind
Graſp'd the whole globe;—becauſe the toils, he knew,
Muſt match at leaſt the vaſt gigantic view.
No deity is fortune to the wiſe:
'Twas human folly plac'd her in the ſkies.
"But what's a competence?" (perhaps you cry)
"How much, ſufficient?" hear then my reply.
What ſerves to ward off hunger, thirſt, and cold;
What Epicurus thought enough of old
In his ſmall garden; what was thought enough
By Socrates beneath his humble roof.
Nature and wiſdom ſtill agree: the grants
Of one are ſuited to the other's wants.
But think you theſe examples too ſevere?
Throw ſomething in of modern manners here.
Take, then, that ſum, which makes the ſtandard rate
Of Otho's law, to fix a knight's eſtate.
If ſtill at this, a froward child, you pout,
Take other two knights' fees to help it out.
If this can't do;—not all can make you bleſt,
That Cræſus, or that Perſic kings poſſeſt;
Not all, Narciſſus from weak Claudius drew;
Claudius! who, bid by him, his emp'reſs ſlew.

SATIRA XV.

QUIS neſcit, Voluſi Bithynice, qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? Crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc: illa pavet ſaturam ſerpentibus Ibim.
Effigies ſacri nitet aurea cercopitheci,
Dimidio magicæ reſonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.
Illîc cæruleos, hîc piſcem fluminis, illîc
Oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam.

Porrum

The purpoſe of this ſatire is to ridicule Egypt, in deteſtation of Criſpinus (as we may ſuppoſe) a native of that country. If the barbarity, which makes the principal ſubject of the piece, be a real fact; the poet treats it in a more ludicrous manner, than the horror of the deed well admits. But the concluſion ſprings naturally out of the ſubject, and contains excellent reflections upon that ſocial inſtinct and tenderneſs of feeling, which diſtinguiſhes man from the other animal inhabitants of this globe.

The firſt part treats of ſome ridiculous ſuperſtitions of the Egyptians; and finely, by way of contraſte, prepares us for the barbarous act; which he opens in the ſecond part; deſcribes in the third; and exaggerates in the fourth. But the principal merit, as was mentioned before, lies in the fifth part, which is the concluſion.

5. *Memnon.*] This ſtatue is ſtill in being. Pocock's Travels. It was thrown down by an earthquake, as Strabo in his ſeventeenth book ſays, but, as Pauſanias ſays, by the orders of Cambyſes, in order to examine the mechaniſm by which he ſuppoſed it uttered its ſounds. Strabo ſays, he heard this ſound himſelf; but

SATIRE XV.

I. WHO knows not, that there's nothing vile or odd,
Which brainſick Egypt turns not to a God?
Some of her fools the crocodile adore:
The Ibis, cramm'd with ſnakes, as many more.
A long-tail'd ape's, what ſuppliants moſt admire,
Where a half Memmon tunes his magic lyre;
Where Thebes, once for her hundred gates renown'd,
An awful heap of ruins, ſtrews the ground.
Whole towns, in one place, river-fiſh revere:
To ſea-fiſh ſome as piouſly adhere:
In ſome a dog's High deity is ſeen:
But none mind Dian, tho' of dogs the queen.

but paſſes it over as a probable piece of craft, unworthy of much notice.

5. *Chordæ reſonant.*] *Non re verâ chordæ, ſed ſtatua chordarum cytharæ inſtar reſonabat.* GRANG.

Authors differ much in their accounts of this fact. Tacitus uſes the phraſe, *vocalem ſonum edens*; Pliny, *crepare*; Pauſanias, φθεγγεσθαι; Strabo ψοφος ὡς αν πληγης ϗ μεγαλης. The common notion, therefore, that he actually held a harp in his hand, ſeems to be an error.

7. *Illic cæruleos.*] Brodæus wiſhes to read *Æluros*, "Cats;" which were ſuch ſacred objects of worſhip among the Egyptians, that it is a wonder the poet ſhould omit this reſpectable order of celeſtial beings; whereas there are ſcarce any proofs at all, that they worſhipped any ſea-fiſh. But the reading wants MS. authority; and the guilt of irreverent neglect muſt ſtill lie heavy on the poet's memory, until ſome happier critic ariſes, to relieve him.

Porrum & cepe nefas violare ac frangere morſu.
O ſanctas gentes, quibus hæc naſcuntur in hortis
Numina! Lanatis animalibus abſtinet omnis
Menſa. Nefas illîc fœtum jugulare capellæ:
Carnibus humanis veſci licet. Attonito cùm
Tale ſuper cœnam facinus narraret Ulyſſes
Alcinoo, bilem aut riſum fortaſſe quibuſdam
Moverat, ut mendax aretalogus. In mare nemo
Hunc abicit, ſævâ dignum verâque Charybdi,
Fingentem immanes Læſtrygonas atq; Cyclopas?
Nam citiùs Scyllam, vel concurrentia ſaxa,
Cyaneas, plenos & tempeſtatibus utres
Crediderim, aut tenui percuſſum verbere Circes,
Et cum remigibus grunniſſe Elpenora porcis.
Tam vacui capitis populum Phæaca putavit?
Sic aliquis meritò nondum ebrius, & minimum qui
De Corcyræâ temetum duxerat urnâ.
Solus enim hoc Ithacus nullo ſub teſte canebat.
Nos miranda quidem, ſed nuper Conſule Junio
Geſta, ſuper calidæ referemus mœnia Copti;
Nos vulgi ſcelus, & cunctis graviora cothurnis.
Nam ſcelus a Pyrrhâ, quanquam omnia ſyrmata volvas,
Nullus apud Tragicos populus facit. Accipe noſtro
Dira quod exemplum feritas produxerit ævo.

Inter

25. *Temetum.*] An old word, for ſtrong wine; well explained by Ainſworth.

27. *Conſule Junio.*] See the Chronology, A. D. 120.

28. *Coptus.*] This town is mentioned, as being well known; the metropolis of the Upper Egypt. Ombi and Tentyra were ſmaller towns in this diſtrict. The Ombians adored crocodiles; the Tentyrites hated, hunted, and killed them, where they could; and, according to Strabo, (B. XVII.) acquired the art of taming them.

Nay, vegetables here take rank divine:
On leeks and onions 'tis profane to dine.
O holy nations, where the gardens bear
A crop of godlings thro' the live-long year!
Each pious board from mutton muſt refrain:
'Tis downright murder where a kidlin's ſlain:
But human fleſh gives neither guilt nor ſtain.

II. Sure, when Ulyſſes told, in ſerious mood,
Th' amaz'd Alcinous of ſuch horrid food,
Some of the hearers either chaf'd or ſmil'd,
In downright wonder, at a tale ſo wild:
"Will no one take this lying wretch, they cry'd,
"And whelm him headlong in the roaring tide?
"An idle prater, whoſe romantic ſtrains
"Deſerve the fierce Charybdis, which he feigns?
"To vend ſuch idle fictions of his head,
"As Cannibals on human entrails fed—
"Sooner we'd credit, his Cyanean cliffs
"Could ope and cloſe at will on paſſing ſkiffs,
"His bags of wind, and Sylla's barking dogs,
"And men by Circe's wand transform'd to hogs!
"But Cannibals are not in nature found:
"Thinks he Phœacian noddles ſo unſound?"
Thus ſurely ſome Phœacians muſt have ſaid,
Ere humming liquor got into their head.
For what Ulyſſes told, he vouch'd alone:
What I record, to multitudes is known.
The wondrous fact in Junius' time was done,
Paſt Coptus' walls, parch'd by the torrid ſun:
A people's outrage, dy'd in deeper grain,
Than tragic poets ever dar'd to feign.
For ſearch all tragic ſubjects ſince the flood,
You'll find no *people* ſtain'd with tragic blood.
Well, then; attend, and hear, in honeſt rhyme,
The act of Cannibals of modern time.

III. A laſting

Inter finitimos vetus atque antiqua ſimultas,
Immortale odium, & nunquam ſanabile vulnus
Ardet adhuc, Ombos & Tentyra. Summus utrinque
Inde furor vulgo, quòd Numina vicinorum
Odit uterq; locus; cum ſolos credat habendos
Eſſe Deos, quos ipſe colit. Sed tempore feſto
Alterius populi rapienda occaſio cunctis
Viſa inimicorum primoribus ac ducibus; ne
Lætum hilaremque diem, ne magnæ gaudia cœnæ
Sentirent, poſitis ad templa & compita menſis,
Pervigilique toro, quem nocte ac luce jacentem
Septimus interea Sol invenit. Horrida ſanè
Ægyptus: ſed luxuriâ, quantùm ipſe notavi,
Barbara famoſo non cedit turba Canopo.

Adde

35. *Numina vicinorum Odit uterque locus.*] The unbeliever may learn hence to ſee the error of one favourite article of his creed; namely, that perſecution is of chriſtian original. We have here a heathen perſecution. Hiſtory furniſhes many more inſtances. In fact, perſecution never comes from religion, but from that corruption which religion was meant to remove; but which, amidſt the neceſſary freedom of the human will, too often unhappily gets the better of its heaven-ſent antidote.

The bigot, at the ſame time, it is hoped, will learn the neceſſity of candour. Nothing can throw a finer ridicule upon religious perſecution than the following ſtory.

The Ombians, as we have ſeen in the preceding note, were ſo ſottiſhly ſtupid as to worſhip the moſt noxious of all animals, the crocodile. The Tentyrites were more enlightened; and with juſt policy deſtroyed, as much as they could, a common peſt, which ſpared its worſhippers no more than others. Here was a ſerious difference of faith. The Tentyrite thought the Ombian a fool; the Ombian thought the Tentyrite profane. Here, of courſe, a ſeparate communion took place: the ſelfiſh paſſions intermixed; a mutual diſtaſte enſued; from diſtaſte they proceeded to

III. A laſting war two neighbouring cities wage
With ſteadfaſt hate and unrelenting rage,
Ombi and Tentyra: and,—what appears
Strange,—'tis religion ſets them by the ears.
Each hates the other's gods; and each confines
True ſaving faith to its own modes and ſhrines.
'Twas a high feaſt in one: the other thought
(Rulers and all) this ſeaſon ſhould be caught
To quell their wicked unbelieving foe;
And turn their paſtime to a ſcene of woe.
In all their jocund ſtreets and fanes were ſpread
The well-ſtor'd table and the plumy bed:
And now the ſev'nth ſun ſhone, and ſtill it found
Their mirth continu'd, one unceaſing round.
This country, to my knowledge, is as lewd
As vile Canopus, tho' it be more rude:

Beſides,

to hatred; from hatred to acts of hoſtility; and theſe terminated in the worſt of outrages. What a tragi-comic ſcene! The orthodox Tentyrite got the day, and had the pleaſure for once of enjoying a noble auto de Fé; and we, in return, loathe him with all his laurels upon his brow!

There is, to be ſure, a truth of principle, as there is of morals. But the furious bigot, though he ſhould happen to be right in opinion, is wrong in practice. In our preſent imperfect ſtate, it is benevolence that muſt form the bond that connects mankind.

39. *Alterius populi.*] The feaſt was kept at Ombi. But as the poet choſe not to let his reader into this ſecret in the beginning of his ſtory, it was equally unneceſſary to notice it in the tranſlation.

45. *Quantum ipſe notavi.*] This paſſage makes it clear, that Juvenal was once in Egypt; and, conſequently, eſtabliſhes, in ſome meaſure, the tradition handed down by the grammarians, that he was baniſhed into that country by Domitian, for that hemiſtick in the ſeventh, *Quod non dant proceres, dabit hiſtrio.*

As for the time of the tranſaction mentioned in this ſatire, ſee the Chronology. A. D. 119.

Adde quòd & facilis victoria de madidis &
Blæſis, atque mero titubantibus. Inde virorum
Saltatus nigro tibicine, qualiacunque.
Unguenta, & flores, multæque in fronte coronæ:
Hinc jejunum odium. Sed jurgia prima ſonare
Incipiunt animis ardentibus: hæc tuba rixæ.
Dein clamore pari concurritur, & vice teli
Sævit nuda manus: paucæ ſine vulnere malæ:
Vix cuiquam aut nulli toto certamine naſus
Integer. Aſpiceres jam cuncta per agmina vultus
Dimidios, alias facies, & hiantia ruptis
Oſſa genis, plenos oculorum ſanguine pugnos.
Ludere ſe credunt ipſi tamen, & pueriles
Exercere acies, quòd nulla cadavera calcent.
Et ſanè quò tot rixantis millia turbæ,
Si vivunt omnes? Ergo acrior impetus, & jam
Saxa inclinatis per humum quæſita lacertis
Incipiunt torquere, domeſtica ſeditione
Tela; nec hunc lapidem, quales et Turnus, & Ajax;
Vel quo Tydides percuſſit pondere coxam
Æneæ; ſed quem valeant emittere dextræ,
Illis diſſimiles, & noſtro tempore natæ.
Nam genus hoc vivo jam decreſcebat Homero:

Terra

48. *Inde virorum ſaltatus.*] There is a beautiful perſonification in this paſſage, well adapted to mock-heroic, the prevailing ſtile of this ſatire.

58. *Plenos oculorum ſanguine pugnos.*] i. e. *oculos pugnis effoſſos:* for he is here ſpeaking of the ſufferers.

69. *Homero.*] He is here ridiculing the poetical account of the decreaſe of human ſtrength. This account, ridiculous as it is in its poetical dreſs, ſeems to be founded upon the tradition of Antediluvian longævity.

Beſides, they thought, 'twas eaſy to ſubdue
A drunken, ſtammering, and a ſtaggering crew.
The cap'ring dance (while ſooty minſtrels ſung)
Coarſe ointments, flow'rs, moſt fronts with garlands hung,
Theſe, on one ſide, the combatants for fight:
On th' other, hungry hate and ran'crous ſpite.
At firſt both parties in reproaches jar,
And make their tongues the trumpets of the war:
From words they come to blows: clinch'd fiſts they wield,
And brandiſh, as the weapons of the field.
There's ſcarce a ſingle cheek without its wound:
Scarce a whole noſe among them to be found.
Thro' all the battling troops dire ſcenes ariſe:
Burſt cheeks, torn chops, loſt teeth, and batter'd eyes.
But this as yet ſeem'd only children's play;
As yet beneath their feet no bodies lay:
And, troth! why ſhould ſo many thouſands ſtrive
In dudgeon high, and all eſcape alive?—
With wrath inflam'd by this heroic thought,
They clos'd more fiercely; then for ſtones they ſought;
And theſe (the weapons of domeſtic rage)
They whirl; with theſe more furiouſly engage.
Not that theſe ſtones had true poetic ſize,
(For honeſt hiſt'ry muſt retail no lies)
Like thoſe by Turnus or by Ajax thrown,
Or Diomed's, which broke his foe's hipbone;
But ſtones,—with which right hands, to theirs unlike,
Poor modern hands, can make a ſhift to ſtrike:
Strength was decay'd in Homer's days, it ſeems,
And now the earth with arrant pigmies teems.

O! if

Terra malos homines nunc educat, atque puſillos.
Ergo Deus quicunque aſpexit, ridet & odit.
A diverticulo repetatur fabula. Poſtquam
Subſidiis aucti, pars altera promere ferrum
Audet, & infeſtis pugnam inſtaurare ſagittis;
Terga fugæ celeri præſtantibus omnibus inſtant
Qui vicina colunt umbroſæ Tentyra palmæ.
Labitur hic quidam nimiâ formidine curſum
Præcipitans, capiturque: aſt illum in plurima ſectum
Fruſta ac particulas, ut multis mortuus unus
Sufficeret, totum corroſis oſſibus edit
Victrix turba; nec ardenti decoxit aheno,
Aut verubus: longum uſque adeò, tardumque putavit
Expectare focos, contenta cadavere crudo!
Hinc gaudere libet, quod non violaverit ignem,
Quem ſummâ cœli raptum de parte Prometheus
Donavit terris. Elemento gratulor, & te
Exultare reor. Sed qui mordere cadaver
Suſtinuit, nihil unquam hâc carne libentiùs edit.
Nam ſcelere in tanto ne quæras, & dubites, an
Prima

71. *Ridet et odit.*] Swift, who never knowingly *ſtole a hint* (as he truly ſays of himſelf) either had this in his mind or was led by ſimilarity of genius, when he put theſe words into the mouth of his mighty king of Brobdignag. "I cannot, ſays he to Gulliver, "but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the moſt pernicious "race of *little odious vermin*, that nature ever ſuffered to crawl upon "the ſurface of the earth."

76. *Qui vicina colunt umbræ Tentyra palmæ.*] Salmaſius obſerves, there is here a manifeſt error, either in the poet or his tranſcribers. Theſe towns lie at too great a diſtance from each other to admit of ſuch a fray as is deſcribed in this place. Ombi lay in the higheſt part of Egypt, not far from Siene, on the eaſtern ſide of the Nile; Tentyra much lower, ſeparated by many intermediate governments or νομοι, on the weſtern ſide of the river. He ſuppoſes, then, that the poet alludes to a ſimilar quarrel that happened about this time between Oxyrynchis and Cynopolis, (mentioned by Plutarch

O! if ſome god deign'd only to ſurvey
Theſe poor low feats of animated clay;
Surely, their little waſpiſh fury muſt,
At once, have rais'd his laughter and diſguſt!
But let's return, our ſtory to purſue:
With reinforcements back'd, one ſide renew
The fight with other darts: the ſword they wield,
And wing the deadly arrow thro' the field.
Thus then the Tentyrites prevail'd in fight:
The Ombians turn'd their backs in coward flight.
One fell amidſt the buſtle and diſmay;
He fell, was taken, and became a prey;
Was torn in thouſand pieces in a trice,
(That each of all his foes might have his ſlice;)
And, luckleſs rogue, was eaten,—ev'ry bit:
Each bone was ſuck'd: they waited not for ſpit
Or pot to dreſs him: 'twas too long, they ſaw,
To wait for cooks; they therefore eat him raw.
'Twas well (—we muſt rejoice!—) a diſh ſo dire
Did not profane, that heav'n-ſent bleſſing, fire!
Nay, they pronounc'd (and this is ſtill more rare)
That they ne'er taſted more delicious fare.

Aſk

Plutarch de Iſ. and Oſir.) and that he changed the names for the ſake of the metre.

He obſerves too, that there was a ſmall town called Pappa or Pampa not far from Tentyra; and he propoſes, again, to read Pampæ for palmæ, as palma for palmetum is, he thinks, incongruous. Plin. Exerc. p. 319.

But in this latter part the great critic is aſleep. "Tentyra near the ſhady Pampa (a little village)" is juſt the ſame nonſenſe, as "London near Chelſea" would be in modern language. Why may we not ſuppoſe, that there were two Tentyra's, and that the deſcription "near to the ſhady palms" was meant to diſtinguiſh it from the better-known Tentyra on the weſtern ſide the river?

It is neceſſary to take notice of ſuch difficulties, though accuracy in them is not generally neceſſary.

Prima voluptatem gula ſenſerit : ultimus autem
Qui ſtetit, abſumpto jam toto corpore, ductis
Per terram digitis, aliquid de ſanguine guſtat.
Vaſcones, ut fama eſt, alimentis talibus uſi
Produxere animas : ſed res diverſa ; ſed illic
Fortunæ invidia eſt, bellorumque ultima, caſus
Extremi, longæ dira obſidionis egeſtas.
Hujus enim, quod nunc agitur, miſerabile debet
Exemplum eſſe cibi : ſicut modò dicta mihi gens
Poſt omnes herbas, poſt cuncta animalia, quicquid
Cogebat vacui ventris furor, (hoſtibus ipſis
Pallorem ac maciem & tenues miſerantibus artus,)
Membra aliena fame lacerabant, eſſe parati
Et ſua. Quiſnam hominum veniam dare, quiſve Deorum,
Urbibus abnuerit dira atque immania paſſis ;
Et quibus ipſorum poterant ignoſcere manes,
Quorum corporibus veſcebantur? Meliùs nos
Zenonis præcepta monent. Nec enim omnia, quædam
Pro vitâ facienda putat. Sed Cantaber unde
Stoïcus, antiqui præſertim ætate Metelli?
Nunc totus Graias, noſtraſque habet orbis Athenas.
Gallia cauſidicos docuit facunda Britannos :
De conducendo loquitur jam Rhetore Thule.
Nobilis ille tamen populus, quem diximus ; &, par
Virtute atque fide, ſed major clade, Saguntus,
Tale quid excuſat. Mœotide ſævior arâ
Ægyptus.

107. *Nec enim omnia, quædam.*] This form of expreſſion is clearer, Sat. VI. 356.

Aſk not, if the firſt eater din'd with guſt:
The loit'rer trail'd his fingers in the duſt,
And ſcoop'd the blood; and, ſince the feaſt was o'er,
Swallow'd with joy the laſt remains of gore.
IV. The Vaſcons once, as hiſtories declare,
Kept life and ſoul together by this fare.
How diff'rent was their caſe! by fate oppreſt,
With a long ſiege and war's extremes diſtreſt,
If they for liberty ſuch food could bear;
It claims beſt manhood's ſympathizing tear.
They had no herbs, no living creature left,
Of all, a hungry belly crav'd, bereft;
(Their meagre figures pity'd, e'en by thoſe,
Who were th' offended authors of their woes;)
When they attack'd their comrades' fleſh and bone:
Ready, poor wretches, to devour their own!
For ſay, what men or gods would not forgive
Poor creatures forc'd on ſuch hard terms to live?
Whom e'en the ghoſts of thoſe, whoſe fleſh they eat,
Might fairly pardon, in diſtreſs ſo great?
Zeno indeed has taught us ſounder wit;
"Better to die than a vile deed commit."
But how ſhould Spaniards know the Stoic lore,
Which Rome e'en knew not in thoſe days of yore?
Learning, indeed, is now more widely ſpread,
And Greek and Latin every where are read:
Gaul, an adept complete in rhet'ric made,
Trains up the Britons to the ſelf-ſame trade;
Nay, Thule talks of calling in a rhetor's aid.
The crime was, therefore, venial in this town:
So in Saguntus, too, of more renown
Indeed for its great ruin, but in claim
Of faith and fortitude no greater name.
Diana's Tauric Altar was leſs fell
Than Egypt: (for we now may credit well

Ægyptus. Quippe illa nefandi Taurica ſacri
Inventrix homines (ut jam quæ carmina tradunt
Digna fide credas) tantùm immolat: ulterius nil
Aut gravius cultro timet hoſtia. Quis modò caſus
Impulit hos? Quæ tanta fames, infeſtaque vallo
Arma coëgerunt, tam deteſtabile monſtrum
Audere? Anne aliam terrâ Memphitide ſiccâ
Invidiam facerent nolenti ſurgere Nilo?
Quam nec terribiles Cimbri, nec Brittones unquam,
Sauromatæque truces, aut immanes Agathyrſi,
Hâc ſævit rabie imbelle & inutile vulgus,
Parvula fictilibus ſolitum dare vela phaſelis,
Et brevibus pictæ remis incumbere teſtæ.
Nec pœnam ſceleri invenies, nec digna parabis
Supplicia his populis, in quorum mente pares ſunt
Et ſimiles ira atque fames. Molliſſima corda
Humano generi dare ſe natura fatetur,
Quæ lacrymas dedit. Hæc noſtri pars optima ſenſûs.
Plorare ergo jubet caſum lugentis amici,
Squalloremq; rei, pupillum ad jura vocantem
Circumſcriptorem, cujus manantia fletu
Ora puellares faciunt incerta capilli.
Naturæ imperio gemimus, cum funus adultæ
Virginis occurrit, vel terrâ clauditur infans,
Et minor igne rogi. Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus
Arcanâ,

122. *Anne aliam—invidiam.*] The tranſlation gives the commonly received ſenſe. But the words admit of another, which ſeems more obvious, and is adopted by ſome. "What could they "have done more (by way of ſacrifice or reſentment) if the Nile "had refuſed to overflow with its uſual fecundity?"—It is ſaid, that Buſiris offered a human ſacrifice upon ſuch an occaſion.

140. *Minor*

Poetic tales): its victims were but kill'd:
No fleſh was eaten, and no blood was ſwill'd.
But to this monſtrous deed what ills betray'd
Egypt's vile ſcum; what hunger? what blockade?
Could ſhe do worſe, while all her paſtures lay
Withering beneath th' exceſſive blaze of day,
To make the Nile's offended tide reſtrain
His annual tribute from her thirſty plain?
See! what the felleſt nations cannot do,
Done by a timid, weak, effeminate crew!
A rabble, whoſe great triumph is to ride
In earthen paddles o'er a ſtagnant tide!
Vile ſcum! whoſe guilt all puniſhment exceeds,
Whoſe anger match'd e'en hunger's deſp'rate deeds!

V. Nature confeſſes, that her hand imparts
To man's exalted race the tend'reſt hearts,
Becauſe ſhe gave them tears and them alone:
It is our fineſt ſenſe, to beaſts unknown.
'Tis ſhe, then, bids the ſocial ſhow'r to flow,
For the fall'n friend, who weeps, o'ercharg'd with woe;
For the Accus'd, in ſable's deepeſt gloom,
Call'd to a bar, on which depends his doom;
Or for the Ward, with looſe neglected hair,
Beſpeaking pity by his virgin air,
Forc'd, for that bread, a guardian's rapine tore,
The iron law's ſlow ſuccour to implore.
'Tis nature bids, when we bewail the maid
In full-blown beauty to the pyre convey'd;

140. *Minor igne rogi.*] Children, who died before the ſeventh month, when the teeth begin to appear, were not burnt upon the funeral pile, but interred. GRANG.

Arcanâ, qualem Cereris vult eſſe Sacerdos,
Ulla aliena ſibi credat mala? Separat hoc nos
A grege mutorum, atque ideò (venerabile ſoli
Sortiti ingenium, divinorumque capaces,
Atque exercendis capiendiſq; artibus apti,)
Senſum a cœleſti demiſſum traximus arce,
Cujus egent prona, & terram ſpectantia. Mundi
Principio indulſit communis conditor illis
Tantùm animas, nobis animum quoque; mutuus ut nos
Affectus petere auxilium, & præſtare juberet,
Diſperſos trahere in populum, migrare vetuſto
De nemore, & proavis habitatas linquere ſylvas;
Ædificare domos, laribus conjungere noſtris
Tectum aliud, tutos vicino limine ſomnos
Ut collata daret fiducia; protegere armis
Lapſum, aut ingenti nutantem vulnere civem;
Communi dare ſigna tubâ, defendier iſdem
Turribus, atque unâ portarum clave teneri.
Sed jam ſerpentum major concordia: parcit
Cognatis maculis ſimilis fera. Quando leoni
Fortior eripuit vitam leo? Quo nemore unquam
Expiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?
Indica tigris agit rapidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam:

141. *Cereris Sacerdos.*] The Eleuſinian myſteries were celebrated with great purity. See Potter's Greek Antiq. Vol. I. p. 389.

142. *Hoc.*] Others read *hæc*, agreeing with *natura*; but this embarraſſes the ſenſe.

143. *Ideo.*] *Ob eam rem*; *ſcilicet, ut a beſtiis differremus.* BRITAN.

144. *Divinorumque capaces.*] The poet places the dignity of man in two things; religious knowledge, and a capacity for the civil arts of life.

146. *Senſum a cœleſti.*] This agrees with the ſcripture account of the creation. We have the ſame, as early as Ovid,

Pronaque cum ſpectent animalia cætera terram
Os homini ſublime dedit, &c. Met. I.

149. *Mutuus*

Or infant, yet too young the pyre to climb,
Interr'd by ſorrowing parents in his prime.
For whom as good or pious can we call,
Who views not as his own the ills of all?
'Tis this, that marks us from the ſpeechleſs herd;
For this it is, that we (in rank prefer'd,
And nobly fitted heav'nly things to know
And ply the civil arts of life below,)
Poſſeſs a heav'n-giv'n ſenſe, to gods ally'd;
To prone and grovelling animals deny'd.
For the great parent cauſe to them aſſign'd
Mere vital ſouls; to us beſides a mind:
Which guides the ſocial inſtinct to its aim,
Mutual aſſiſtance both to give and claim;
To fix in ſtates wild diſunited men,
Call'd from their fathers' haunts, the grove and den;
The houſe's friendly ſhelter to provide;
To ſee another's riſing by our ſide;
The fall'n and wounded citizen to ſhield,
And bear with timely ſuccour from the field,
One common trumpet's ſignal to obey,
Man common tow'rs, and uſe one common key.
But now, more peaceful is the venom'd ſnake:
The beaſt can ſpare the kindred ſpot and make.
What lion drinks the weaker lion's gore?
Where falls by ſtronger tuſks the weaker boar?
Perpetual bonds of amity endear
Tygreſs to tygreſs, ſhaggy bear to bear.

149. *Mutuus affectus.*] The poet ſeems in this place to have laid down the juſt outlines of ſociety. *Mutuus affectus* is that ſocial inſtinct which Cicero and Grotius conſider as the firſt principle of ſociety; *animus* is the reaſon that directs it; and the other parts *petere auxilium, diſperſos trahere*, &c. are the mutual wants and neceſſities, upon which Puffendorf principally builds his theory. But either the tranſlator does not underſtand the paſſage, or the author expreſſes himſelf in an embarraſſed manner.

Perpetuam: ſævis inter ſe convenit urſis.
Aſt homini ferrum lethale incude nefandâ
Produxiſſe parum eſt, cum raſtra & ſarcula tantùm
Aſſueti coquere, & marris ac vomere laſſi
Neſcierint primi gladios excudere fabri.
Aſpicimus populos quorum non ſufficit iræ
Occidiſſe aliquem; ſed pectora, brachia, vultum
Crediderint genus eſſe cibi. Quid diceret ergo,
Vel quò non fugeret, ſi nunc hæc monſtra videret
Pythagoras, cunctis animalibus abſtinuit qui
Tanquam homine, & ventri indulſit non omne legumen?

173. *Pythagoras.*] Great wits, like great liars, ſhould have good memories. Pythagoras's whimſical ideas with regard to food are ſpoken of here with great reſpect, becauſe this anſwered the poet's preſent purpoſe. He ſhould have recollected that he ridiculed a ſimilar ſuperſtition in the Egyptians, (line 11.) and that Pythagoras probably borrowed his notions from that nation.

SATIRA XVI.

QUIS numerare queat felicis præmia, Galle,
Militiæ? Nam ſi ſubeantur proſpera caſtra,
Me pavidum excipiat tyronem porta ſecundo
Sidere. Plus etenim fati valet hora benigni,
Quam

This ſatire is an ironical encomium upon the Military; but with the ſerious purpoſe of ſhowing the inſolence and other faults which marked them, at a time, when the neceſſities or corruptions of the empire rendered them of too great weight in the conſtitution.

The Scholiaſt ſays, that ſome of the ancients doubted its authenticity. Some moderns have entertained ſimilar ſcruples. But there are various phraſes in it, which plainly ſpeak the hand of Juvenal. Of this ſort are *Veneris commendat epiſtola Marti—grandes ſuræ—dignum corde Vagelli—Fuſco micturiente—longo ſufflamine litis—lentâque fori pugnamus*

But man (tho' the firſt ſmiths could only make
The hook and ſpade, the mattock and the rake)
Man now is not content to forge the blade
Of murd'rous ſteel his brother to invade;
We ſee a *people* could a man deſtroy
And gobble down each limb with brutal joy!
What had the Samian ſaid, or whither run,
Had he beheld this monſtrous action done?
Who piouſly all living food declin'd;
And dar'd not eat e'en pulſe of ev'ry kind!—
Who thought not only living things unclean,
But had e'en ſtarv'd—ere he had eat a bean!

SATIRE XVI.

WHO can recount the bleſſings, which attend
That ſoldier's life, whom fortune's ſmiles befriend?
For, ſhould I ſeek the camp with ſtars benign,
Tho' a raw ſhiv'ring novice, I'd reſign
Each coward fear: for, faith! the will of fate
More ſtrongly rules the military ſtate,

pugnamus arenâ. But the concluſion is ſo abrupt, that the ſatire ſeems to be only a fragment.

3. *Me pavidum.*] The force of this clumſy ſentence lies not in *felix* and *proſpera* taken in oppoſition, as Henninius thinks, but in *pavidum* taken in oppoſition; thus: "The advantages of happy "warfare are ſo great, that if the ſtars promiſed me ſucceſs in that "line of life (*proſpera caſtra*;) no fears or inexperience (*pavidus "tyro*) ſhould keep me out of it."

ib. Porta.] The Roman camp had two gates: the front-gate, called *Prætoria*; the back-gate, *Decumana.*

Quam ſi nos Veneris commendet epiſtola Marti,
Et Samiâ genitrix quæ delectatur arenâ.
Commoda tractemus primùm communia; quorum
Haud minimum illud erit, ne te pulſare togatus
Audeat: immo et ſi pulſetur, diſſimulet, nec
Audeat excuſſos Prætori oſtendere dentes,
Et nigram in facie tumidis livoribus offam,
Atque oculos Medico nil promittente relictos.
Bardiacus Judex datur hæc punire volenti;
Calceus, & grandes magna ad ſubſellia ſuræ;
Legibus antiquis caſtrorum, & more Camilli
Servato, miles ne vallum litiget extra,
Et procul a ſignis. Juſtiſſima Centurionum
Cognitio eſt igitur de milite; nec mihi deerit
Ultio, ſi juſtæ defertur cauſa querelæ.
Tota cohors tamen eſt inimica, omneſq; manipli
Conſenſu magno officiunt. "Curabitis, ut ſit
Vindicta gravior quam injuria." Dignum erit ergo
Declamatoris Mutinenſis corde Vagellî;
Cum duo crura habeas, offendere tot caligatos,
Millia clavorum. Quis tam procul abſit ab urbe?

Pretereà

13. *Bardiacus Judex.*] An officer, like our judge advocate; either of barbarous extraction (for the Romans recruited their armies from the provinces) or dreſt in a coarſe Gallic cloak, called *bardocucullus.*

14. *Grandes ſuræ*] The centurions who ſat upon the bench with the above judge, as aſſeſſors; juſt as the *Judices Selecti* aided the prætor in the civil courts, alluded to Sat. XIII. 4.

There is a ſtrong perſonification in calling them "all legs and ſhoes." The *Caliga* the ſoldier's ſhoe was explained Sat. III. 306.

The centurions were choſen for their ſtrength, as we alſo ſee Sat. XIV. 194.

And ſooner gets from Mars a good commiſſion,
Than Venus's and Juno's joint petition.
Let's, firſt, of warfare's common bleſſings treat:
'Tis ſomething, that no citizen can beat
A man of arms, on any one pretence;
Nay, bang'd himſelf, muſt pocket the offence.
None dares in civil courts to lay his caſe,
Tho' loſt his teeth, all black and blue his face,
And both his peepers in ſuch deſp'rate plight;
That art itſelf can't promiſe him his ſight.
But, if he dares to have recourſe to laws,
He has a barb'rous judge to try his cauſe,
In caſſock not more homely than in wit:
With him, as thick of ſkull, centurions ſit,
Prepar'd by boots of ſteel and legs of might,
To ſee, with clear preciſion, points of right.
For military law, it ſeems, defines,
That ſoldiers muſt be try'd within the lines:
And, when a fellow ſoldier muſt be try'd,
No doubt, centurions will, with truth, decide;
Severe, no doubt, the damages and large,
If I can fully juſtify my charge!
No, no: th' united cohort to a man,
Will thwart and plague and teaze me all they can,
"Ay, ay," (they cry) "you, citizens, complain,
"Beyond the ſmart and meaſure of your pain;
"Sure, on the firſt occaſion, to indite,
"And lay your action high, in arrant ſpite."
Such is the ſenſe and language of the claſs;
It aſks Vagellius' heart and front of braſs,
So many booted gentry to provoke,
And, from ſo many hobnails, tempt a ſtroke,
When you've a pair of ſhins that may be broke.
Who of the town, beſides, ſo little knows,
Or who with ſuch a gen'rous friendſhip glows,

Prætereà, quis tam Pylades, molem aggeris ultrà
Ut veniat? lacrymæ ſiccentur protinùs, & ſe
Excuſaturos non ſollicitemus amicos.
Da teſtem, judex cum dixerit: audeat ille
Neſcio quis, pugnos qui vidit, dicere; Vidi;
Et credam dignum barbâ, dignumque capillis
Majorum. Citiùs falſum producere teſtem
Contra Paganum poſſis, quam vera loquentem
Contra fortunam armati contraque pudorem.
Præmia nunc alia, atque alia emolumenta notemus
Sacramentorum. Convallem ruris aviti
Improbus aut campum mihi ſi vicinus ademit,
Aut ſacrum effodit medio de limite ſaxum,
Quod mea cum patulo coluit puls annua libo,
Debitor aut ſumptos pergit non reddere nummos,
Vana ſupervacui dicens chirographa ligni;
Expectandus erit, qui lites inchoet, annus
Totius populi: ſed tunc quoque mille ferenda
Tædia, mille moræ: toties ſubſellia tantùm
Sternuntur; jam facundo ponente lacernas
Cæditio, & Fuſco jam micturiente: parati
Digredimur, lentâque fori pugnamus arenâ.
Aſt illis, quos arma tegunt & balteus ambit,
Quod placitum eſt, illis præſtatur tempus agendi;
Nec res atteritur longo ſufflamine litis.

Solis

33. *Paganus.*] This is ſufficiently explained in Ainſworth.

42. *Annus totius populi.*] A definite ſpace of time for an indefinite, like Terence: *Dum moliuntur, dum comuntur, annus eſt.* Cauſes were tried in courſe; and, therefore, the whole people, who had any concern with the courts, muſt have waited long, before any proceſs could commence. LUB. HOL.

46. *Cæditius—Fuſcus*] Two judges, the firſt noted for his cruelty, the ſecond for drunkenneſs: mentioned before in the twelfth and thirteenth ſatires.

As e'er to truſt his bones within the trench,
Much more, as witneſs, face this righteous bench?
Dry up your tears, nor plague yourſelf to aſk
The aid of friends—ſure to decline the taſk.
When the judge cries, "your evidence produce"
Let him, who really ſaw the groſs abuſe,
Let him (but heav'n knows where he muſt be found)
Declare, "I ſaw the ſoldier give the wound;"
And I pronounce this man as brave and bold,
As our long-bearded anceſtors of old.
'Tis eaſier far, falſe witneſs to obtain
Againſt ſome ſimple inoffenſive ſwain,
Than get an honeſt evidence, that harms
The purſe or honour of a man of arms.
Let's view ſome other bleſſings of the blade:
If any neighbour wickedly invade
Some field or vale, (a portion of the fee
Left by my honeſt anceſtors to me;)
Or tear away the land-mark, which I crown'd
With pious off'rings, as the year roll'd round;
Or, if ſome debtor pays not my demand,
And baſely diſavows his note of hand;
I muſt, with other clients, wait a year,
Before my action can be brought to bear:
And then, arriv'd the long-expected day,
I muſt encounter many a long delay.
So oft the court's prepar'd, and nothing done;
For here the dread Cæditius muſt be gone,
To ſhift his cloak, quite melted with the heat:
There Fuſcus wants to piſs, and muſt retreat:
We too retreat, our time and money loſt,
To come and come again, and ſtill be croſt.
But buff and belt-men plead what time they pleaſe,
No whims befool them, no demurrers teaze.

The

Solis prætereà teſtandi militibus jus
Vivo patre datur. Nam quæ ſunt parta labore
Militiæ, placuit non eſſe in corpore cenſûs,
Omne tenet cujus regimen pater. Ergo Coranum
Signorum comitem, caſtrorumque æra merentem,
Quamvis jam tremulus captat pater. Hunc labor æquus
Provehit, & pulcro reddit ſua dona labori.
Ipſius certè Ducis hoc referre videtur,
Ut qui fortis erit, ſit feliciſſimus idem;
Ut læti phaleris omnes, & torquibus omnes.

56. *Jam tremulus captat pater*] The tranſlation differs from the common comments. Surely, Juvenal meant not the ridicule ſhould fall upon the father, but the ſon.

57. *Pulcbro reddit ſua dona labori*] Read *reddi* for *reddit*, and point it thus;

hunc labor æquus
Provebit: et pulchro reddi ſua dona labori,
Ipſius certè ducis hoc referre videtur:
Ut qui, &c.

This makes good ſenſe, whereas *labor reddit dona labori* ſeems exceedingly incongruous. BRIT. It may be added, that this conjectural reading makes the ſatire, alſo, perfectly complete.

All ſubſequent commentators have neglected this correction, and yet take no notice of the difficulty. According to the common reading *hunc* muſt relate to the ſon, and *reddit* muſt have *pater* underſtood for its nominative. This conſtruction is harſh, but neceſſary.

58. *Ipſius certè ducis.*] This muſt be underſtood ironically (according to the common reading) if we ſuppoſe the ſatire perfect. But as the poet could not prudently ſuppoſe that the Roman empire was capable of ſubſiſting without ſtanding armies, it ſeems moſt probable that this ſatire is imperfect, and that ſomething, ſimilar to what is expreſſed in the tranſlation, has been loſt. This concludes the preſent ſatire exactly in the ſpirit of the fourth. It recapitulates the ſeveral grievances mentioned before, and diſmiſſes them, with the ſpirit of the fourth, with deteſtation. The ſenſe would ſtand thus, in Latin;

Attamen, ut cives vexet, non protegat armis,
Miles; et urbanæ rumpat ferus otia pacis;
Ut ſanctis patribus quoque debita jura reſolvat;
Hoc natura vetat: ſenſus moreſque repugnant.

It

The ſoldier has this farther bleſſing ſtill:
He, tho' his father lives, can make his will.
For what's acquir'd in war, the law declares,
Veſts not in ſires, tho' other things are theirs;
But ſoldiers may at pleaſure chooſe their heirs.
Hence an old father pays his ſervile court
To his own ſon Coranus for ſupport:
The ſon is rich and in preferment high,
Yet muſt the father cringe for bread, or die.
'Twas valour gave the ſon his wealth by ſpoils;
The father pays due honour to his toils!
'Tis true, it claims a monarch's juſt regard,
That the firſt worth ſhould have the firſt reward;
That horſe and foot, with emulation fir'd,
May ſhine, in valour's badges all attir'd;—
But that the ſoldier, whom his arms prepare,
To ſhield his country with a guardian's care,
Should be the firſt to break the ſtate's repoſe,
Treat peaceful fellow-citizens as foes,
And rudely burſt all nature's tend'reſt ties;—
Plain ſenſe, in horror, ſtarts at the ſurmize.

It was a pleaſure to the tranſlator to find, ſince he formed his own opinion, that the French tranſlator Deſoulx agrees with him in conſidering this ſatire as a fragment. He indeed goes farther; and ſuppoſes that it was not written by Juvenal: but here they muſt differ.

And here he cannot conclude his collection better, than in offering a ſhort apology for himſelf and his fellow-commentators. It does not follow, becauſe a critic preſumes to differ from a Turnebus, Caſaubon, Bentley, and other great names, that he therefore conſiders himſelf as their ſuperior:

Nil comis tragici mutat Lucilius Attî?
Non ridet verſus Ennî gravitate minores,
Cum de SE *loquitur, non ut* MAJORE REPRENSIS?

The hard words, which critics deal in, are, like the language of lawyers, mere technical terms. Errors cannot be noted, but in terms of reproach; and if we muſt go on contented with the diſcoveries

diſcoveries of predeceſſors, what improvements can be ever made in any art or ſcience!

There never was a more candid man, than Dr. Clarke; yet he marks the errors of Barnes in his edition of Homer with remarkable ſeverity. It could not be otherwiſe. Barnes (as a wit of his age obſerved) knew Greek as well as any Grecian cobler could be ſuppoſed to do; that is, he knew it copiouſly as a mere language, but not in its nicer graces and elegancies; and it was in this minuter knowledge that Clarke excelled him; and let any one, who pretends to laugh at ſnarling critics, ſay, if he can, how better-informed opinions can be eſtabliſhed, without removing miſconceptions; that is, how a new building can be erected, without removing the rubbiſh of the old.

The tranſlator, for his part, can as readily bear to be cenſured for his errors, as he hopes to be commended,

- - - - - - - - - ſi forte quid aptius exit,
Quando hæc rara avis eſt, ſiquid tamen aptius exit;

as the excellent Perſius ſpeaks;—to whom we are next to proceed.

END OF JUVENAL.

THE

THE SIX SATIRES OF

PERSIUS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY DR. BREWSTER:

WITH A CORRECT LATIN TEXT,

AND NOTES PRINCIPALLY COLLECTED FROM

ISAAC CASAUBON.

PROLOGUS.

NEC fonte labra prolui Caballino:
Nec in bicipiti ſomniaſſe Parnaſſo
Memini, ut repente ſic Poëta prodirem.
Heliconidaſque, pallidamque Pirenen
Illis remitto, quorum imagines lambunt
Hederæ

Thre is a continued irony running through this prologue. The poet aſſumes here a fictitious character, that of a neceſſitous ſcribbler; with two views: 1. To ridicule the ſilly pretenſions of vain-glorious poets: and 2. To ſhow, that, with all their pretenſions to inſpiration, they only wrote, as Pope expreſſes it, "obliged by hunger and requeſt of friends." But all this is banter. He was himſelf a Roman knight of birth and fortune, and had his own well-improved genius to depend upon for ſucceſs; a qualification, ſuperior to all the fogs of Helicon, and the meagre waters of Hippocrene or Pirene. Even without this knowledge of the author's real character, any attentive reader may clearly ſee that he is not in earneſt from the exaggerated caſt of phraſe or buſkined ſtile which he affects. The prologue, therefore, regularly conſiſts of two parts according to theſe two views.

1. *Fonte.*] *Labra proluere* ſignifies to take an enormous draught: as *pleno ſe proluit auro.* Virg. But the ſelf-conceited poet does more; he drinks off the whole fountain *fonte labra proluit.* The tranſlator, however, choſe another ſenſe.

Caballino.] Another word adapted to burleſque. For *caballus* properly means "a pack-horſe." He laughs at the fiction of the poetical nag, Pegaſus.

2. *Somniâſſe.*] This is a higher pretenſion of mad poets. Ennius began it, and was followed by a crowd of ſilly imitators. Parnaſſus is really a hill with two tops; and therefore called *biceps.* Wheeler's travels.

3. *Repente*

THE

PROLOGUE.

I. NEVER did *I* ſo much as ſip,
Or wet with Hippocrene a lip;
I never dream'd, one ſingle night,
Upon Parnaſſus' forked height;
(Or if I did ſo, do not know it)
To make me thus ſtart up a poet.
No; my pretenſions to the Nine,
And pale Pirene, *I* reſign;

Reſign

3. *Repente.*] This ridicules thoſe poets, who depend upon genius (as they ſpeak) and deſpiſe ſtudy.

Prodirem.] It ſignifies "to turn out all at once; and, this too, quite perfect and accompliſhed." All this is idle pretence. For poetry, like all other great talents, requires the labour of culture: it requires a wide range of previous knowledge, and great accuracy of poliſh, to bring it to perfection. Horace, with his uſual good ſenſe and taſte, gives us the proper determination,

- - - - - - ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium: alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, et conjurat amicè. Art. Poet.

4. *Pallidam Pirenen.*] A fountain of Muſes in the ſuburbs of Corinth. *Pallidam* belongs to the poets, who affected to ſhow their taſte for poetry by the paleneſs of their looks.

5. *Quorum imagines lambunt hederæ ſequaces.*] Poets had their buſts put in the public libraries, *imagines*; theſe were crowned with ivy,

Hederæ ſequaces. Ipſe ſemipaganus
Ad ſacra Vatum carmen affero noſtrum.
Quis expedivit pſittaco ſuum XAIPE?
Picaſque docuit noſtra verba conari?
Magiſter artis, ingenîque largitor
Venter, negatas artifex ſequi voces.
Quòd ſi doloſi ſpes refulſerit nummi,
Corvos Poëtas & poëtridas picas
Cantare credas Pegaſeïum melos.

ivy, *hederæ*; the vain-glorious affected this honour above all other conſiderations, *ſequaces*; but all this was a mere fulſome farce, that expoſed them to the ridicule of the judicious, *lambunt*: for this laſt word is a coarſe but expreſſive metaphor taken from the ſlaver of fawning animals.

6. *Semipaganus.*] *Paganus* is a countryman or citizen in oppoſition to a ſoldier. Juv. XVI. 33. It is uſed here metaphorically for a half poet.

Ipſe.] "I myſelf, without any heavenly call, and without the encouragement of an applauding town."

8. *Quis expedivit.*] In this ſecond part he ridicules the ſwarm of poets at Rome, who had no other inſpiring muſe, but Poverty: a ſtate, however, which no good man will laugh at, except when it is thus perverted or ill directed. Their motive is intimated in *venter, magiſter artis, ingenique largitor, doloſi ſpes nummi*: their ſtupidity is characterized in the three ſpecies of birds, which are mentioned; *pſittacus, pica, corvus*; which, when they ſpeak, ſpeak againſt nature; and then, too, only utter empty ſounds.

Reſign to thoſe, whoſe better claim
Stands witneſs'd by approving fame;
By ſacred ſtatues, plac'd around,
With twining wreaths of ivy crown'd!
  Theſe rude, unpoliſh'd ſtrains of mine,
I, at Apollo's hallow'd ſhrine,
Lay humbly, unpreſuming, down;
I, half a poet, half a clown.
  II. Who taught the pie's or parrot's throat,
To emulate the human note?
Thoſe ſounds which nature had deny'd,
Ingenious want, to both, ſupply'd.
Ingenious want, in nature's ſpite,
Taught *them* to ſpeak—And *me* to write.
  Nay, hang but lure enough in view,
And *they* ſhall ſtrait turn poets, too:
E'en crows and pies ſhall chatter verſe,
And like their brother-bards, rehearſe.

12. *Doloſi.*] The epithet is applied to money, which belongs to the arts of getting it. "Money, which uſually tempts man to aſſume any form or diſguiſe, or to commit any crime."

Refulſerit.] This is a beautiful word for any ſudden glittering proſpect.

14. *Melos.*] The penultima is made long, according to the licenſe of Greek proſody.

AULI PERSII FLACCI

SATIRÆ SEX.

SATIRA I.

O Curas hominum! ô quantum eſt in rebus inane!
Quis leget hæc? Min' tu iſtud ais? Nemo hercule. Nemo?
Vel duo, vel nemo. Turpe, & miſerabile. Quare?
Ne mihi Polydamas, & Troïades Labeonem Pretu-

This ſatire has made many a ſcholar throw Perſius aſide with diſguſt. It is undoubtedly obſcure. But if we diſtribute it into its ſeveral heads (as Caſaubon has taught us with great ſagacity) we ſhall find it, as Mr. Pope ſays of his eſſay, "a maze, but not without its plan;" we ſhall have a clue, to unravel moſt of its difficulties; and ſhall find much high-wrought humour and vigorous expreſſion, as we go along, to reward us for our trouble.

Its general parts are eight. 1. The poet deliberates whether he ſhould write at all; in a dialogue between himſelf and a ſuppoſed monitor. 2. He enters upon his main ſubject, the corrupt ſtate of literary taſte; and here he introduces a poetaſter as a new ſpeaker, who is to be carefully diſtinguiſhed from the monitor, juſt mentioned before. 3. He points out the principal cauſe of all this miſchief, the neglect of ſolid learning. 4 He laments the public affectation of obſolete language. 5. Of a florid inſipid eloquence. 6. Of a vitious verſification. 7. He anſwers the objections of his firſt ſpeaker, drawn from conſiderations of prudence. 8. He concludes with expreſſing his contempt for worthleſs readers.

The principal difficulties lie in the ſecond head, where a new ſpeaker is introduced, who muſt be carefully diſtinguiſhed from the

THE SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

SATIRE I.

PERSIUS. MONITOR.

I. *P.* *VAIN cares of man! all earthy things how vain!*
M. Good heav'ns! who'll read this canting, preaching ſtrain?
P. Speak'ſt thou to *me?* Not one, i'faith, not one.
M. Yes, two perhaps, or—*P.* None, moſt likely, none.
M. The caſe is piteous—*P.* Why a piteous caſe?
Polydamas, forſooth, and all the race
Of maſter-miſſes, join in my diſgrace!
Admit they do, need *I* for this repine,
That ſuch e'en Labeo's page prefer to mine?
Ridiculous! If muddy-headed Rome
Condemn our wit, muſt we abide the doom?

Stand

the firſt monitor; and where there are twelve ſubordinate parts, which the reader is left to obſerve or not, as he pleaſes; for minute diſtinctions will tend rather to diſtract, than aſſiſt the mind.

1. *O curas hominum.*] Two things are implied here: the folly of human purſuits, *curas*; and the real vanity of earthly things themſelves, *rebus*.

4. *Polydamas.*] Nero and the Roman nobility, whom he calls Trojan women, to mark their effeminacy. It is a beautiful parody upon

Prætulerint. Nugæ: Non, ſiquid turbida Roma
Elevet, accedas: examenve improbum in illâ
Caſtiges trutinâ: nec te quæſiveris extra.
Nam Romæ quis non?—Ah ſi fas dicere!—Sed fas
Tunc, cum ad canitiem, & noſtrum iſtud vivere triſte
Aſpexi, & nucibus facimus quæcumque relictis:
Cum ſapimus patruos: tunc, tunc ignoſcite. Nolo.
Quid faciam? Sed ſum petulanti ſplene cachinno.
Scribimus incluſi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,
Grande aliquid, quod pulmo animæ prælargus anhelet.
Scilicet

upon Homer. Il. XXII. 99. It has a further beauty, becauſe the great families at Rome valued themſelves upon their Trojan deſcent.

Labeo.] A ſorry poet of the age, who tranſlated the Iliad of Homer into vile Latin.

5. *Turbida.*] Not uſed in the ſenſe of "muddy," as the tranſlation takes it from Lubin (for this would make a confuſion of metaphors) but "tumultuous," engaged in occupations inconſiſtent with a true literary taſte, and therefore "ill-judging."

6. *Examen.*] Is the tongue of the balance; *trutina* the cavity or nut, in which it plays; *caſtigare* is to ſtrike the beam with the hand, to try its accuracy.

9. *Vivere.*] A Greciſm, like το ζην, for the noun.

10. *Nucibus relictis.*] *Nuces* are the play things of childhood. He means, "When I ſurvey the follies of men from the playful ſtate of childhood to the gravity of old age."

11. *Sapere patruos.*] This is a proverb for ſevere cenſure; as *Ne tu ſis patruus mihi.* Hor.

12. *Splene cachinno.*] The ancients ſuppoſed laughter to reſide in the ſpleen, anger in the gall, fear in the heart, and love in the liver. The larger the ſpleen, the more it diſpoſed to laughter; *intemperantiam riſûs conſtare lienis magnitudine quidam putant.* Plin. This accounts for the whole phraſe; *petulans* is uſed in its primitive ſenſe for "large" *qui plus petit*, and *cachinno* is a noun, ſignifying a man given to much laughter. The meaning is, "when folly ſo "generally prevails, the virtuous muſt laugh at their degenerate fellow-creatures."

Juvenal

Stand to th' award of an ill-judging town?
And by their falſer ſcale, adjuſt our own?
No, no; for *others'* judgments aſk no more:
To know thy ſelf, thy ſelf alone explore.
For who at *Rome* is not a—? Might I ſay,
O might I mention what!—But ſure I may.
For ſee what toys, their ſenſeleſs lives engage,
From playful childhood up to reverend age!
Yet mark the ſolemn cheat, the ſage grimace!
Cenſorian beard, ſeverity of face!
Viewing theſe hoary fools, enrag'd I glow:
Out, out it muſt—You muſt excuſe me. *M.* No.
P. But my unruly ſpleen with laughter ſwells:
What muſt I do, when nature thus rebels?
II. *M.* What muſt you do? The ſame that others do:
Obſerve the courſe our other bards purſue.
Pent in their lonely ſtudies, they compoſe,
Some, meaſur'd numbers, *ſome*, unfetter'd proſe:
But, be it proſe or numbers, all they write
Is quite *ſublime*. *P.* Sublime, no doubt on't, quite!
Alike ſublime: for ſee, from firſt to laſt,
The proſe is fuſtian, and the verſe bombaſt!
It's author too, alike, the heavy load
Puffs from his huge, rehearſing lungs, abroad.

And

Juvenal but enlarges the idea; *Difficile eſt ſatiram non ſcribere*, &c.

13. *Scribimus.*] Here he begins to explain himſelf. The editor takes the liberty of differing from the elegant Brewſter here: the words are plainly Perſius's, ſpeaking in the character of bad writers.

14. *Quod pulmo.*] This is a moſt beautiful exaggeration, to ſhow, that what they wrote was fuſtian and empty ſound. He does not ſay *vox*, but *pulmo*, the whole powers of reſpiration; and this no reſpiration of a common ſort, but *prælargus*, of extravagant ſize; and after all, the work would require its whole exertions, and ſtill muſt fatigue; *anhelet*.

Scilicet hæc populo, pexuſque, togâque recenti,
Et natalitiâ tandem cum ſardonyche albus,
Sede leges celſâ, liquido cum plaſmate guttur
Mobile collueris, patranti fractus ocello.
Hic neque more probo videas, neq; voce ſerenâ
Ingentes trepidare Titos, cum carmina lumbum
Intrant, & tremulo ſcalpuntur ubi intima verſu.
Tun', vetule, auriculis alienis colligis eſcas,
Auriculis, quibus & dicas cute perditus, ohe!
Quò didiciſſe, niſi hoc fermentum, & quæ ſemel intus
Innata eſt, rupto jecore exierit caprificus?
En pallor, ſeniumque. O mores! Uſq; adeone
Scire tuum nihil eſt, niſi te ſcire hoc ſciat alter?
At pulchrum eſt, digito monſtrari, & dicier: Hic eſt.
Ten'

15. *Scilicet hæc populo.*] The ridiculous parade of public rehearſals is another evil. *Albus* means either dreſt in white, or pale with anxiety, or both.

19. *Hic neque more probo.*] Another evil; the verſes were laſcivious, to pleaſe a vitious audience.

22. *Tun', vetule.*] The poet out of indignation breaks off the thread of his diſcourſe, to correct the dotard, who was capable of ſuch a baſe condeſcenſion to a profligate taſte.

23. *Auriculis, quibus.*] "To pleaſe the ears of men, whoſe applauſe is fulſome to you with all your vanity."

ib. Cute perditus.] It is ſtrange the Delphin Editor and others after him ſhould explain this by *Senio & rugis deformis*, when Caſaubon has proved that it can bear the better ſenſe of "vain glorious."

24. *Quò didiciſſe.*] Here a new ſpeaker appears; the poetaſter defends himſelf: but the ſatiriſt, with an addreſs which is peculiar to himſelf (as Caſaubon ſays) gives us the fool's apology and condemnation at the ſame time. The objector meant knowledge, but the poet makes him call it *fermentum*, to ſignify that it was founded in pride, a temper that ſwells the mind like leaven; and *caprificus*, a plant that grows in rocks, to ſhow the dullneſs that lay at the bottom of all this oſtentation.

And lo the promis'd day! At length, 'tis here:
New-cloath'd, new-powder'd, ſee the *wit* appear!
A finiſh'd beau, forſooth, behold him ſtand,
A birth-day jewel ſparkling on his hand!
A ſoft'ning gargle tunes his warbling throat,
And fits the varying pipe for every note.
A deſk, rais'd high, the liſtening throng controlls;
He mounts, and out the melting poem rolls,
His eye, a comment to his ſenſe affords;
And adds laſcivious looks, to luſcious words.
These are the means, the ſhameful means! that pleaſe:
Rome's very nobles own the power of theſe.
Soon as the lewd, the luſt-provoking line,
(Aſſiſted by the ſoft, ſalacious whine)
Shoots thro' the bones it's prurient influence,
And wakes the tickled marrow's inmoſt ſenſe;
Lo, how they all a wriggling joy confeſs,
And vile applauſe, in broken ſounds, expreſs!
What! at this age, with theſe grey reverend hairs,
Turn'ſt thou a pander to ſuch ears as theirs?
Theirs! at whoſe glutting praiſe, ev'n thou woud'ſt cry,
" Forbear! forbear! or elſe I burſt, I die."
" Well but, (ſay you) what uſe does ſcience yield,
" If in the parent mind it lie conceal'd?
" If there the leaven ſwell, in vain, for vent,
" If there the barren fig-tree ſtill be pent?"
O men! O manners! toils thy dotard-head,
Reſigns thy cheek, for this, it's healthful red?
Muſt then the pageant, knowledge, needs be ſhown?
Uſeleſs to thee, unleſs to others known?
" O but the pointing finger who can ſee,
" Who hear, uncharm'd, the whiſper, *there, that's he?*"

Ten' cirratorum centum dictata fuiſſe,
Pro nihilo pendas? Ecce inter pocula quærunt,
Romulidæ ſaturi, quid dia poemata narrent.
Hic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina læna eſt,
Rancidulum quiddam balbâ de nare locutus;
Phyllidas, Hypſipylas, vatum & plorabile ſi quid,
Eliquat; & tenero ſupplantat verba palato:
Aſſenſêre viri: nunc non cinis ille Poetæ
Felix? Nunc levior cippus non imprimit oſſa?
Laudant convivæ: nunc non è manibus illis,
Nunc non è tumulo fortunatâque favillâ
Naſcentur violæ? Rides (ait) & nimis uncis
Naribus indulges. An erit, qui velle recuſet
Os populi meruiſſe: &, cedro digna locutus,
Linquere nec ſcombros metuentia carmina nec thus?

Quiſquis

30. *Ecce, inter pocula.*] The poetaſter had ſaid before, "is it not "a high privilege, that your works *(te)* ſhould be the leſſons *(dic-"tata)* of the noble youths of Rome? Yes, yes," (ſays the poet, ironically, without vouchſafing him any better anſwer—yes, yes) "you have a higher honour ſtill; the Romans at their feaſts read "and admire your writings." But there is burleſque in every word; to ſignify, that this applauſe was worthleſs. The words of contempt are *Saturi, hyacinthina læna, rancidulum, eliquat*, &c. Bloated gluttons *(Saturi)* beaux *(hyacinthina)* are but bad judges of poetry.

36. *Aſſenſêre viri.*] And *laudant convivæ* mean the ſame people; but there is a fine climax: they firſt approve; next they commend, and launch out into the moſt extravagant praiſe.

42. *Cedro digna.*] Cedar oil was uſed to preſerve books.

" Nay more, the beauiſh ſons of Rome rehearſe,
" Their tutors teach, the beauties of your verſe:
" And is it nothing, nothing, to become
" A leſſon, to the beauiſh ſons of Rome?"
Lo! next, our ſurfeit-ſots, call, o'er their wine,
To hear the labours of a bard divine.
Come, the productions of ſome heavenly muſe
Who can repeat? cry they—And what enſues?
Why one, or other, of the purple beaus,
A nauſeous preface ſnuffles thro' the noſe;
Some old, ſome ſad old tale, then, forth he whines,
Made ſadder ſtill by lamentable lines.
Tells how Hypſipile a captive ſigh'd,
Or how poor fond deſerted Phyllis died.
Some ſuch trite ditty his refining throat
Fritters; and melts and minces every note.
All hear attentive: and, to crown the end,
All, gracious nods of approbation lend.
O happy Author! thou art ſure at reſt;
Thy aſhes, after this, muſt needs be bleſt!
Thy tomb, no doubt! the monumental ſtones,
Muſt, after this, lie lighter on thy Bones!
But approbation only will not do:
Behold, applauſes are thy portion too!
The gueſts all ring thy praiſe—thrice happy thou!
Feel not thy manes joys exceſſive, now?
Now, raiſe not violets, from thy duſt, their head,
And proudly make thy precious urn their bed?
" O Sir (ſays one) your worſhip's pleas'd to ſneer,
" (That noſe informs us) but you need not here.
" For breaths there he, ſo ſtupid to diſclaim
" The praiſe of men, the general voice of fame?
" When ſuch his labours, ſuch his ſacred page,
" As cedar's juice ſhould vindicate from age;
" Should bid, to lateſt times, unſoil'd endure;
" Of grocers, fearleſs; and of cooks, ſecure?"

Quiſquis es, ô modò quem ex adverſo dicere feci,
Non ego, cum ſcribo, ſi forte quid aptius exit,
Quando hæc rara avis eſt, ſi quid tamen aptius exit,
Laudari metuam: neq; enim mihi cornea fibra eſt.
Sed recti finemque extremumque eſſe recuſo
Euge tuum, & bellè. Nam bellè hoc excute totum;
Quid non intus habet? Non hîc eſt Ilias Accî
Ebria veratro? non ſi qua Elegidia crudi
Dictârunt proceres? non quicquid deniq; lectis
Scribitur in citreis? Calidum ſcis ponere ſumen:
Scis comitem horridulum tritâ donare lacernâ:
Et verum, inquis, amo; verum mihi dicite de me.
Qui pote? Vis dicam? Nugaris, cum tibi, Calve,
Pinguis aqualiculus propenſo ſeſquipede extet.
O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinſit,
Nec manus auriculas imitata eſt mobilis albas;
Nec linguæ, quantum ſitiat canis Appula, tantum!
Vos

44. *Quiſquis es.*] The poet ſtill addreſſes the poetaſter, (not the firſt monitor or reader) and ſhows the true value of praiſe.

47. *Fibra.*] For *cor* as Sat. V. 29.

49. *Bellè hoc excute totum.*] Praiſe, in a corrupt ſtate of things, is often conferred upon the worthleſs.

50. *Non hîc eſt Ilias Acci.*] i. e. *in meis Satiris*, ſays the Delphin Editor. But it is ſtrange he embraced not the clearer ſenſe ſuggeſted by Caſaubon. The meaning is, "Examine all theſe modern "compliments, *belle hoc excute totum:* on what are they not be- "ſtowed: *quid non intus habet?* Are they not conferred on the "wretched Iliad of Accius Labeo, *non hîc eſt Ilias Acci?*"

51. *Ebria veratro.*] Hellebore was uſed to ſharpen apprehenſion: but Accius was ſo dull, that he muſt have uſed it to exceſs, to be rendered capable of any thing ſenſible. *Elegidium*, a diminutive word, *crudus*, *citreis lectis* are alſo ſarcaſtic terms. Citron beds could only belong to the very opulent. Juv. I. 130.

53. *Calidum ſcis ponere ſumen.*] Here opens the ſource of all the error; the flattery of mercenary dependents.

58. *O Jane.*] Here are three expreſſions of mimickry mentioned; the ſtork's bill, the aſs's ears, and lolling out of the tongue.

Whoe'er thou art, to whom, ſo lately, I
Aſſign'd th' opponent's part, take this reply.
If, in my writings, by ſome lucky hit,
(Luck it muſt be) I deviate into wit;
Know, then, howe'er I ſcorn applauſe undue,
Then, I can praiſe accept—Approve it too:
To glory's charms, not callous is my heart,
Such glory, as reſults from true deſert.
But that theſe eulogies of fools ſhou'd be
The final aim—to that, I can't agree.
For ſift (I beg) all this their mighty praiſe:
Includes it not e'en Labeo's paltry lays?
His very Iliad? and each fuſtian ſtrain
Teem'd in that purg'd, helleborated brain?
Includes it not our noble ſonnetteers,
Whoſe flux of elegy infeſts our ears?
Nay, all the traſh that trickles from the heads
Of glutted ſops, who loll on citron beds?
Yes, this forſooth! is fame, the jewel ſought:
Yes, and (what's worſe) this too is meerly bought.
You know to bribe, to ſpread the ſmoaking treat;
The grateful gueſt returns you fame for meat.
You know to buy the ſhuddering poet's vote,
(An eaſy purchaſe) with a thread-bare coat.
"Now Sirs, (cry you) I honour truth—be free—
"How is my verſe?—Speak truth, howe'er it be."
They, poor dependents! are obliged to lie;
They ſpeak! No, no, they dare not—but ſhall I?
Truſt me, bald trifler! worſe was never writ:
Thou! with that mountain-paunch, aim'ſt thou at wit?
Thrice happy Janus, bleſt with face behind!
He to no flouting poſtern jeers is blind:
He no crook'd finger, no ſplay-mouth he fears;
No length of lolling tongue, or aſs's ears.

Vos ô Patricius ſanguis, quos vivere fas eſt
Occipiti cœco, poſticæ occurrite ſannæ.
Quis populi ſermo eſt? Quis enim, niſi carmina molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve ſeveros
Effundat junctura ungues. Scit tendere verſum
Non ſecus ac ſi oculo rubricam dirigat uno.
Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia Regum,
Dicere res grandes noſtro dat Muſa Poetæ.
Ecce modò heroas ſenſus afferre videmus
Nugari ſolitos Græcè, nec ponere lucum
Artifices; nec rus ſaturum laudare, ubi corbes,
Et focus, & porci, fumoſa Palilia fœno:
Unde Remus, ſulcoq; terens dentalia, Quinti,

Quem

63. *Quis enim niſi carmina.*] This anſwer is all ironical. The poet refutes the objector by ſeeming to allow of his anſwer; but, at the ſame time, by running it to extravagance.

65. *Effundat.*] A metaphor taken from Statuaries; *rubricam dirigit* from carpenters; expreſſed awkwardly on purpoſe by the poet, by way of ridicule.

67. *Mores, luxus, prandia.*] Comedy, ſatire, tragedy. Schol.

68. *Noſtro poetæ.*] This is ironically uſed; he is ſpeaking in the perſon of a fooliſh admirer.

69. *Ecce modo.*] This is the third general head of the ſatire. The poet complains of thoſe who ſet up for poets without knowledge, who turned authors from ſchool boys. He touched this error in his prologue, *ut repente ſic poeta prodirem.* *Heroas* is a greciſm; the ſubſtantive for the adjective, *heroos.*

70. *Nugari ſolitos græcè*] This marks the ſchool boy; for ſchool exerciſes were commonly in Greek.

70. *Ponere lucum—rus ſaturum.*] The common topics of young poets are deſcriptions. Juv. Sat. I. 7. *Saturum* is a very happy expreſſion to ſignify that the country abounded with images for ſelection, though the author he was going to cenſure was ſo unfortunate in his choice.

71. *Ubi*

But you, Patricians! doom'd to ſingle face,
Fear you the tongue behind, that lolls diſgrace.
" What ſay the town?"—O dear Sir, can they ſay
Other than this? And this, beſure, they may:
" Verſe to its laſt perfection you have brought,
" In liquid flow conveying gentle thought.
" Each poliſh'd part is ſo exactly join'd,
" That where they meet no curious nail can find.
" Each verſe is drawn ſo ſtrait, ſo ſmooth, ſo fine,
" Why ſure you ſhut one eye, and work by line!
" Whether you touch the humours of the age,
" Or paint the people's vice, or tyrant's rage,
" True genius ſtill inſpires the mighty page!"
III. Each youngſter now (behold!) attempts to write,
And in heroics wings his airy flight;
Every raw thing, and each pin-feather'd fool,
Who left but yeſterday his Greek and ſchool;
Below the loweſt theme; unbleſt with ſkill
To paint or waving grove, or purling rill.
Sings he the country's copious ſcenes?—his lay
Recounts its chimnies, panniers, hogs, and hay.
" Remus of old (adds he) was ſuckled here;
" Here did'ſt thou,* Quintus, drive the labouring ſteer:

71. *Ubi corbis.*] Caſaubon has great merit in diſcovering, and Brewſter in tranſlating, the exquiſite humour of this paſſage. Some ſcribbler, (as juſt mentioned before) had uſed ſome grovelling images in deſcribing the country. Perſius adopts them, and poſſibly adds a little of his own, to point him out to ridicule. *Euge, poeta!* plainly ſhows he was not in earneſt. The correct but uninventive Sanadon ſeems to have taken from hence the firſt hint of his pretty explanation of Horace. Sat. II. 1. 34. *Sequor hunc, Lucanus an Appulus, anceps,* &c.

* i. e. *Quintus Cincinnatus.*

Quem trepida ante boves Dictatorem induit uxor,
Et tua aratra domum lictor tulit. Euge, Poeta!
Eſt nunc, Briſeis quem venoſus liber Accî:
Sunt, quos Pacuviuſque, & verrucoſa moretur
Antiopa ærumnis cor luctificabile fulta.
Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos
Cum videas, quæriſne unde hæc ſartago loquendi
Venerit in linguas? unde iſtud dedecus, in quo
Troſſulus exultat tibi per ſubſellia lævis?
Nilne pudet capiti non poſſe pericula cano
Pellere, quin tepidum hoc optes audire, decenter?
Fur es, ait Pedio. Pedius quid? Crimina raſis
Librat in antithetis. Doctus poſuiſſe figuras
Laudatur. Bellum hoc: Hoc bellum? An, Romule, ceves?
Men' moveat quippe, &, cantet ſi naufragus, aſſem
Protulerim? Cantas, cum fractâ te in trabe pictum

Ex

76. *Briſeis.*] The next error is the affectation of obſolete language. The common reading is *Briſæi*; but Caſaubon juſtly prefers *Briſeis*. It is the name of a play.

78. *Luctificabile fulta.*] Both words are faulty. *Fulta* is a falſe metaphor; *luctificabilis* a word of harſh ſound.

83. *Nilne pudet.*] He comes now to the corruptions of eloquence. The florid kind was all the taſte.

84. *Tepidum hoc.*] "Lukewarm compliments," i. e. trifling, ill-timed and abſurd, in a ſerious caſe where life was concerned.

86. *Doctus poſuiſſe.*] Like *doctus ſpectare lacunar.* Juv. I. 48. There is another reading, *doctas figuras*, which is equally good.

" Here thy good woman, in the furrow'd track,
" Trembling array'd her new dictator's back;
" And laſt, the lictor carry'd home thy plow."
—Are not theſe hopeful ſparks for epic, now?

IV. But let bad writers ſcribble as they will,
Some readers, bad as they, admire them ſtill.
That puffy offspring of old Accius' head,
Briſeis' ſelf by one at leaſt is read.
Numbers adore Pacuvius' knotty line,
And ſwear Antiopa is all divine.
" Whoſe ſighs, like pillars, propping every part,
" Buttreſs'd her ſinking, dolorific, heart."
Now, when each blear-ey'd dunce theſe noxious ſeeds
Sows in young minds, and nurtures up the weeds;
Aſk you from whence this motley jargon ſprung,
Whoſe vile contagion thus deforms our tongue?
Aſk you, whence came thoſe fulſome points of wit,
Which charms our lordlings, and the beardleſs pit?
Nay, which are urg'd as arguments of weight,
Where life itſelf's the queſtion in debate.

V. Lo thy grey head obnoxious to the laws!
In tropes and figures, plead'ſt thou ſuch a cauſe?
In ſuch a juncture, at thy life's expence,
Muſt thou be labouring for a ſpruce defence?
" Theft! theft! O Pedius, to thy charge I lay,"
Thus ſays th' accuſer.—What will Pedius ſay?
The gentle Pedius places all his hopes
In points, in balanc'd periods, and in tropes.
" How ſweet his turns!" the raptur'd audience cry:
" How choice his figures!"—How abſurd! ſay I.
Canſt thou, O Roman! then, ſubmit to pleaſe
By arts? Such tickling, trifling arts as theſe?
Say, ſhou'd the ſhip-wreck'd ſailor ſing his grief,
Wou'd that prevail on me, to lend relief?
The tablet on your back, expreſſes woe;
Is this a time to warble as you go?

Ex humero portes. Verum, nec nocte paratum
Plorabit, qui me volet incurvâſſe querelâ.
Sed numeris decor eſt, & junctura addita crudis.
Claudere ſic verſum didicit; Berecynthius Attin,
Et qui cœruleum dirimebat Nerea delphin.
Sic coſtam longo ſubduximus Apennino.
"Arma virum," nonne hoc ſpumoſum, & cortice pingui?
Ut ramale vetus prægrandi ſubere coctum.
Quidnam igitur tenerum, & laxâ cervice legendum?
Torva Mimalloneis implêrunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura ſuperbo
Baſſaris, & lyncem Mænas flexura corymbis,
Evion, ingeminat: reparabilis adſonat Echo.
Hæc fierent, ſi teſticuli vena ulla paterni
Viveret

90. *Verum nec nocte paratum.*] From Horace: *ſi vis me flere, dolendum eſt primùm ipſi tibi:* the natural expreſſions of grief are ſimple.

92. *Crudis.*] Well explained by Brewſter: "crude, before the late improvements of poetry." He ſpeaks this in the perſon of fooliſh admirers.

93. *Attyn.*] The fault in theſe verſes are ſimilar ſounds either in the end or middle.

97. *Ut ramale vetus.*] B. differs here from his maſter Caſaubon; but the latter is right: for *coctus* is always a word of good meaning, in this application, "yes, he is tumid and inflated like cork; but ſolid."

99. *Torva Mimalloneis.*] Theſe verſes err, not only as containing ſimilar ſounds, but as ſounds without meaning. They are erroneouſly ſuppoſed to be verſes of Nero's: they rather ſeem to have been made by Perſius himſelf in imitation of the prevailing taſte.

He, whoſe complaints would bend my ſtubborn heart,
Muſt bring me tears of nature, not of art.

VI. *M.* Well, Sir, whatever blemiſh taint our proſe,
Our verſe, you'll own, with ſweet improvements flows.
Crude was the poeſy of former days:
But oh! what charms embelliſh modern lays!

P. Thouſands, no doubt! (thrice happy tinkling times!)
Witneſs the pauſe that rhymes, the cloſe that chimes.
Witneſs thou, Attys! "Thou, whoſe lovely eyes
"Cou'd e'en ſurpriſe the mother of the ſkies."
Witneſs the dolphin too, "who cleaves the tides,
"And flouncing rides o'er Nereus' ſea-green ſides."
Witneſs thou likewiſe, "Hannibal divine,
"Who of the long-ribb'd Apennine didſt bravely laſh the chine."

M. What of theſe lines, Sir?—If you can't admire 'um,
Grant me, at leaſt, they equal *arma virum*.
Nay Virgil's ſure, are ſpungier ſtill than theſe;
His empty lines! like limbs of dodder'd trees,
Puft up with fungous, fat excreſcencies!

P. Theſe then are ſamples of the lofty vein:
Where next, I marvel, is the tender ſtrain?
Where is the gentle lay, that muſt be read
With languid accent, and inclining head?
—Why doubtleſs, here—"The Bacchanalian crew
"Their wreath'd horns blew, and after Pentheus flew.
"He, ſcornful calf! it is decreed, muſt bleed;
"His mother's angry knife ſhall do the deed.
"His ſiſters, joining in the Mænad band,
"With ivy-armed hand the ſubject lynx command;
"And Evion cry; 'tis Evion all around:
"Echo repairs, and babbles back the ſound."
But oh, if Rome's old manhood were not fled,
Cou'd ſuch lines gender in a Roman head?

Hold,

Viveret in nobis? Summâ delumbe ſalivâ
Hoc natat in labris; & in udo eſt Mænas, & Attys:
Nec pluteum cædit, nec demorſos ſapit ungues.
Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vero
Auriculas? Vide ſis, ne majorum tibi fortè
Limina frigeſcant: ſonat hîc de nare canina
Litera. Per me equidem ſint omnia protinùs alba.
Nil moror: Euge. Omnes, omnes bene miræ eritis res.
Hoc juvat? hîc; inquis, veto quiſquam faxit oletum.
Pinge duos angues. Pueri, ſacer eſt locus: extra
Mejite. Diſcedo. Secuit Lucilius urbem;
Te, Lupe; te, Muti; & genuinum fregit in illis.
Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit: & admiſſus circùm præcordia ludit,
Callidus excuſſo populum ſuſpendere naſo.

Men'

105. *In udo.*] This is ſimilar to the phraſe before *in labris.* "And "yet this weak enervate ſtuff is upon every lip, the Mænas and "Attys on every tongue." Lun. The ſenſe, followed by B. ſeems not ſo appoſite.

106. *Nec pluteum.*] "Though they have no marks of care or labour."

107. *Sed quid opus.*] Here the firſt monitor reſumes his part, and diſſuades the poet by motives of prudence.

109. *Canina litera.*] The letter R, which dogs expreſs in ſnarling; put here for "cenſure."

111. *Euge, omnes benè miræ eritis res.*] The awkward flow of this verſe is admirably contrived to ſhow, that the poet is not ſerious in his encomium.

113. *Pinge duos angues.*] Sacred places were ſo marked.

117. *Admiſſus ludit.*] Hypallage; for *ludendo admittitur circum præcordia:* "gains admiſſion, while he ſeems to be in ſport."

Hold, I miſtake; 'tis in the mouth they grow:
Mænas and Attys, like our ſpittle flow.
Their author thump'd no deſk; no finger bit:
His only toil and trouble, was—to ſpit.

VII. *M.* Pſhaw, be their poems, good, bad—What you will—
Nay, Sir, admit them deſpicably ill:
Muſt therefore you your venom'd verſe employ?
Your biting truths the courtly ear annoy?
What end will this, this ſnappiſh ſatire ſerve?
What can'ſt thou purpoſe, friend!—unleſs to ſtarve?
With cold and hunger ſhivering, wilt thou wait,
And barr'd for ever, find the great man's gate.
How can'ſt thou leſs expect, in whoſe harſh page
The curriſh letter ſnarls perpetual rage?

P. Adieu then, honeſt muſe! Write they, who care:
For me, let all that's black, at once be fair.
Me it concerns not. Henceforth every line,
Gods, how prodigious! bleſs us, how divine!
" Sure the reſolve (ſay you) is moſt diſcreet:
" Know, while you live, your diſtance with the great;
" Their doors are ſacred. Satiriſt, come not near,
" Lay not your excremental libels here!"
Paint then (ſay I) with due inſcription round,
Paint then two ſnakes: this, boys, is hallow'd ground,
Urine not here! Naught further need be done;
Inſtant, I vaniſh; in a trice, am gone.
Yet cou'd Lucilius laſh a vitious age;
Mutius and Lupus felt his grinding rage.
Yet cou'd ſhrewd Horace, with diſportive wit,
Rally his friend, and tickle while he bit:
Winning acceſs, he play'd around the heart;
And, gently touching, prick'd the tainted part.
The crowd he ſneer'd; but ſneer'd with ſuch a grace,
It paſs'd for down-right innocence of face.

May

Men' mutire nefas, nec clàm, nec cum ſcrobe? Nuſquam.
Hîc tamen infodiam: Vidi, vidi ipſe, libelle.
Auriculas aſini quis non habet? Hoc ego opertum,
Hoc ridere meum, tam nil, nullâ tibi vendo
Iliade. Audaci quicumque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum ſene palles,
Aſpice & hæc, ſi fortè aliquid decoctius audis.
Inde vaporatâ lector mihi ferveat aure:
Non hic qui in crepidas Grajorum ludere geſtit
Sordidus, & luſco qui poſcit dicere, luſce,
Seſe aliquem credens; Italo quòd honore ſupinus,
Fregerit heminas Aretî Ædilis iniquas:
Nec qui abaco numeros, & ſecto in pulvere metas
Scit riſiſſe vafer: multùm gaudere paratus,

Si

120. *Hîc infodiam.*] In my book. He alludes to Midas's barber.

122. *Nullâ tibi vendo Iliade.*] He reflects here not only on Labeo's Iliad, but the *Troicon* of Nero, mentioned Juv. VIII. 221. SCHOL.

123. *Audaci Cratino.*] This is the concluſion of his ſatire. Ariſtophanes is called *ſenex* upon account of the gravity of his ſatire.

126. *Vaporata ferveat aure.*] *Ferveat* like *fervet opus.* Virg. "To come with zeal." *Vaporata* is a metaphor from medical fomentations, "with a purged ear."

127. *Non hic qui.*] He tells us now, whom he does NOT wiſh for hearers. They are of two ſorts. The firſt are they, who deſpiſe all Grecian elegance, characterized by *crepidas Graiorum.* The ſecond are they, who deſpiſe philoſophy, and make a joke of its profeſſors, *qui abaco numeros*, &c.

The folly of their conduct he marks by *ſordidus.* They affected a neglect of perſon, which was particularly the caſe of the ſoldiery in that age: and *luſco, qui*, &c. ſignifies this was as great an abſurdity in life, as it would be to reproach natural blemiſhes. *Abacus* is put for arithmetic, *pulvere* for geometry; both for philoſophy in general.

May not I whiſper then?—Not any where?
No, not in private?—to a ditch?—*M.* Not there.
P. Then here I'll bury, hide it here I muſt:
Take thou, my book! the ſecret to thy truſt.
I ſaw it, I myſelf—*"king Midas wears
"A goodly royal pair of aſſes ears."
This ſecret ſneer, this one conceit of mine,
So mere a nothing—wou'd not I reſign,
For all your tomes, replete with courtly wit;
For all the Iliads, that were ever writ.
VIII. Thou then, whom bold Cratinus' zeal inſpires,
And his free line with generous ardour fires!
Thou, who grow'ſt pale o'er Eupolis's rage;
Pale, o'er the mighty† maſter's drolling page;
Come hither too!—If aught more mellow'd here,
If, haply, aught more-finiſh'd, ſtrike your ear,
Let the rare beauties win you to proceed;
O, let your boſom kindle, as you read!
But as for him, and ſuch like things as he,
Who plumes, and takes himſelf for ſome-body,
(Becauſe his worſhip's honour late is grown
Clerk of the market, in ſome corporate town;
Impower'd, forſooth, in that exalted ſtate,
To break ſmall pints, and cenſure ſcanty weight!)
Him, who with ſcoffings (dull, and brutal too)
Can flout the Græcian's philoſophic ſhoe;
Can mock the blind; and has the wit to cry
(Prodigious wit!) "why friend, you want an eye!"
From reading what I write, let him refrain!
Be naught his portion—but my juſt diſdain.
The ſame to thee, whoſe thick unfurniſh'd ſkull
Contemns all ſcience, faſhionably dull;

Derides

* See Dryd. Fab. The wife of Bath. † Ariſtophanes.

Si Cynico barbam petulans Nonaria vellat.
His manè edictum, poſt prandia Callirhoën do.

133. *Nonaria.*] *Meretrix, quæ proſtat ab horâ nonâ.*

134. *His mane edictum.*] "I leave ſuch ſordid people to the "purſuit of gain as their morning employment, and looſe pleaſures "for their evening amuſements." *Edictum* is for law; *Callirhoe*, ſome noted bad woman, for vitious pleaſures. B. however takes another ſenſe.

SATIRA II.

HUNC, Macrine, diem numera meliore lapillo,
Qui tibi labentes apponit candidus annos.
Funde merum Genio. Non tu prece poſcis emaci,
Quæ niſi ſeductis nequeas committere Divis.
At bona pars procerum tacitâ libabit acerrâ. 5

Haud

This ſatire is an admirable comment upon Plato's ſecond Alcibiades; and exceeds even that great man's treatiſe in the juſtneſs of its plan and the grandeur of its conceptions. It conſiſts of ſix parts. 1. A ſhort addreſs to his friend. 2. The impiety of aſking unlawful things. 3. The folly of aſking unneceſſary things. 4. the folly of neglecting the natural means of ſelf-proviſion in concurrence with our prayers. 5. The cauſe of our error are miſapprehenſions about the Divine Being. 6. The juſt theory of prayer.

1. *Meliore lapillo.*] Lucky days were marked with chalk, unlucky days with charcoal; *cretâ an carbone notandi?* Hor. Sat. II. 246.

3. *Genio.*] The ancients ſacrificed to their *genius* on their birthdays.

Derides the ſage geometrician's pains,
With all the lines his learned duſt contains:
And then, O then, is moſt ſupremely bleſt,
When ſome wiſe beard becomes a ſtrumpet's jeſt:
Then moſt tranſporting raptures feels within,
When the pert wanton tugs the reverend chin.
No, no; let ſuch mind this, and nothing more:
Let them, all morning, conn the play-bills o'er;
Then dine: from dinner, to rehearſals run,
There, with Callirhoe, waſte their after-noon.

SATIRE II.

I. AGAIN, Macrinus, comes the genial day,
(O note, with whiter ſtone, its fairer ray!)
Which, often as revolves the circling ſphere,
Adds to the paſt account another year.
Go then, obſervant of thy natal hour,
Go, to thy genius a libation pour:
A plain libation: for thou know'ſt to join
No bribe unhallow'd to a prayer of thine.
Thine, which can every ear's full teſt abide;
Nor need be mutter'd to the gods, aſide!
No, thou aloud may'ſt thy petitions truſt:
Thou need'ſt not whiſper; other great-ones muſt.

II. For

5. *At bona pars.*] He begins to treat of unlawful ſubjects of prayer. *Libabit* is uſed for *libare ſolet*, an elegant latiniſm, of which Caſaubon gives many examples.

Haud cuivis promptum eſt, murmurque humileſque
ſuſurros
Tollere de templis; & aperto vivere voto.
Mens bona, fama, fides; hæc clarè, & ut audiat hoſpes.
Illa ſibi introrſùm, & ſub lingua immurmurat: ô ſi
Ebullit patrui præclarum funus! Et ô ſi
Sub raſtro crepet argenti mihi ſeria, dextro
Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus hæres
Impello, expungam! Namque eſt ſçabioſus, & acri
Bile tumet: Nerio jam tertia ducitur uxor.
Hæc ſanctè ut poſcas, Tiberino in gurgite mergis
Mane caput bis terque, & noctem flumine purgas.
Heus age, reſponde: minimum eſt quod ſcire laboro.
De Jove quid ſentis? Eſtne, ut præponere cures
Hunc — cuinam? cuinam! Vis Statio? An ſcilicet
hæres,

Quis

6. *Haud cuivis.*] "It is no eaſy taſk for a man to keep his "affections under ſuch juſt controul, as to wiſh nothing and aſk "nothing of the gods, but what right reaſon approves, and what "he dares avow in the face of the world."

10. *Ebullit.*] For *ebullierit.* This is the reading of all the MSS. not *ebullet*, which ſome abſurdly read.

Præclarum.] Wicked people generally preſerve ſome ſort of decorum in their unlawful prayers. The ſuppliant here promiſes a pompous funeral: below he ſays, the poor youth is ſickly, and death will be a happy releaſe; and the huſband, who ſecretly wiſhes his wife's death, only ſays, that Nerius is happy in having buried a third wife. What modeſt creatures are theſe wicked men! Why can they not learn from hence, that man is really formed for virtue?

13. *Hæres impello.*] A metaphor from people in a crowd. CAS. Rather, from the waves of the ſea, his favourite Horace's thought.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *et hæres*
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam.
Ep. II. 2. 175.

13. *Expungam.*] A metaphor from war: "to take the place of another." The recruit's name was put in the place of the ſoldier who died or quitted the ſervice. SCHOL.

14. *Ducitur*

II. For few, my friend! few dare, like thee, be plain,
And prayer's low artifice, at ſhrines, diſdain:
Few from their pious mumblings dare depart,
And make profeſſion of their inmoſt heart.
"Keep me, indulgent heaven! thro' life, ſincere!
"Keep my mind ſound! my reputation clear!"
—Theſe wiſhes, they can ſpeak, and we may hear.
Thus far their wants, are audibly expreſt;
Then ſinks the voice, and mutterings groan the reſt:
"Hear, hear at length, good Hercules! my vow:
"O chink ſome pot of gold beneath my plow!
"Could I, O could I, to my raviſh'd eyes,
"See my rich uncle's pompous funeral riſe!
"Or could I, once, my wards cold corpſe attend!
"Then all were mine—this Autumn ſtand my friend!
"Poor ſcrophulous youth, his life is pain at beſt:
"Kind death, releaſe him! and we both are bleſt."
"One everlaſting wife ſticks cloſe by me,
"While neighbour Nerius has diſpos'd of three!"
But that, with due ſolemnity preferr'd,
Theſe righteous ſighs may fail not to be heard;
Each riſing morn, with lifted eye and hand,
At Tyber's purifying ſtream you ſtand.
Twice, thrice, you plunge the head, with ſolemn care,
Leſt night's remaining ſtains ſhould ſpoil the pray'r.
Hark now, reſolve me, Friend! (no mighty taſk)
This one ſhort queſtion—This is all I aſk:
What are thy thoughts of Jove?—nay ſpeak—be free,
Would'ſt thou prefer him—"ah! to whom?—let's ſee,
Would'ſt thou to Staius!—Bleſs me, why ſo mute?
Yes, yes, thou would'ſt to Staius, paſt diſpute.

Quis

14. *Ducitur uxor.*] For *educitur*, or *effertur ad funus.* CAS. *ex Servio.* This phraſe is generally miſtaken.

19. *Hunc—cuinam?*] Caſaubon tells us that he wiſhed once to read *cuiquam*, but adhered to *cuinam* as the reading of all the MSS.

and

Quis potior judex, pueriſve quis aptior orbis?
Hoc igitur, quo tu Jovis aurem impellere tentas,
Dic agedum Statio. Proh Jupiter! O bone, clamet,
Jupiter! At ſeſe non clamet Jupiter ipſe?
Ignoviſſe putas, quia cùm tonat, ocyùs ilex,
Sulphure diſcutitur ſacro, quàm tuque domuſque?
An quia non fibris ovium, Ergennâq; jubente,
Triſte jaces lucis, evitandumque bidental,
Idcircò ſtolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam
Jupiter? Aut quidnam eſt, quâ tu mercede Deorum
Emeris auriculas? Pulmone, & lactibus unctis?
Ecce avia aut metuens Divûm matertera, cunis
Exemit puerum, frontemque atque uda labella
Infami digito, & luſtralibus antè ſalivis
Expiat, urentes oculos inhibere perita;

Tunc

and gives it that excellent explanation, which we ſee ſo happily preſerved by Brewſter. It it not amazing, after this, that *cuiquam* ſhould be ſuffered to ſtand in moſt editions ſince?

ib. Staius.] A wicked judge, mentioned by Cicero in his pleadings againſt Verres. Never was there a happier conception than this of the poet's, to ſhow the folly of mankind. "If you dare "not avow at the high croſs, what you aſk of God, depend upon "it, your wiſh is wrong!

26. *Ergennâ.*] An aruſpex of the age: *fibris* is for *extis victimarum:* for the word *bidental.* See Kennet, V. 10.

30. *Pulmone et lactibus.*] Ariſtotle in his rhetoric gives us an admirable precept. "To diſparage a thing, you muſt ſelect one "of the moſt grovelling circumſtances out of a claſs, and ſubſti-"tute it for the whole; and, on the contrary, the moſt brilliant "and honourable circumſtances only, when you mean to praiſe." Perſius well illuſtrates this rule; for *pulmo* and *lactes* are put here for the whole victim.

31. *Ecce avia.*] The third part begins here. *Infamis digitus* is the middle finger, uſually held out by way of contempt.

33. *Luſtralibus ſalivis.*] Spittle applied upon the *dies luſtricus*, i. e. the day of giving a name; the ninth day for boys, the eighth for girls.

Why, can'ſt thou queſtion which is to be ſtyl'd
The truſtier guardian, to the friendleſs child?
Which for a judge, thou ſooner would'ſt approve
Abandon'd Staius, or all-perfect Jove?
Well, what you urg'd to Jove before, impart
To Staius now. E'en Staius' ſelf would ſtart;
O Jove, O gracious Jove! would he exclaim:
And muſt not Jove himſelf, then, do the ſame?
What, becauſe thunder ſtrikes the harmleſs tree,
Shatters the neighbouring oak, and paſſes thee;
Argueſt thou thence, the thunderer appeas'd?
If he be patient, muſt he needs be pleas'd?
Fool! if no grove behold thy carcaſs lie
An object, horrible to human eye;
If yet no expiating ſheep has bled
On the ſad ſpot, where lightnings riv'd thy head;
Conclud'ſt thou, Jove lies lolling at his reſt,
And leaves his fooliſh beard, thy wicked jeſt?
Or have thy offerings bought, forſooth! their ear,
And brib'd the gods, thus patiently to hear?
'Tis ſo; thy victims have their anger check'd:
For blood of ſheep, beſure, has ſtrange effect!
III. Behold the aunt, or reverend *grannum* there;
From cradle, ſee, ſhe takes her infant care!
In every rite of ſuperſtition verſt,
The ſacred ſpittle, lo, ſhe mingles firſt!
The finger, deſtin'd to luſtration, dips;
Then 'noints his forehead, and his driveling lips.
This conſecration guards from every charm:
Now, Eyes malignant know no more to harm.
She dandles, next, and dancing it on high,
Preſents her puling Precious to the ſky;
Humbly beſeeching each immortal there,
To make the hopeful urchin all their care;

Tunc manibus quatit, & ſpem macram ſupplice voto
Nunc Licinì in campos, nunc Craſſi mittit in ædes:
Hunc optent generum Rex & Regina: puellæ
Hunc rapiant: quicquid calcaverit hic, roſa fiat.
Aſt ego nutrici non mando vota; negato,
Jupiter, hæc illi, quamvis te albata rogârit.
Poſcis opem nervis, corpuſque fidele ſenectæ:
Eſto; age. Sed grandes patinæ, tucetaque craſſa
Annuere his Superos vetuêre: Jovemq; morantur.
Rem ſtruere exoptas, cæſo bove; Mercuriumq;
Arceſſis fibrâ. Da fortunare Penates,
Da pecus, & gregibus fœtum. Quo, peſſime, pacto,
Tot tibi cum in flammis junicum omenta liqueſcant?
Et tamen hic extis, & opimo vincere ferto
Intendit: jam creſcit ager, jam creſcit ovile:
Jam dabitur, jamjam; donec deceptus, & exſpes
Nequicquam fundo ſuſpiret nummus in imo.

Si

35. *Spem macram.*] "The little infant." *Nec ſpes jam reſtat Juli.* Virg.

36. *Nunc Licini campos.*] The greateſt part of the houſes of Rome once belonged to Craſſus; Licinius, a freedman, was as remarkable for the number of eſtates which he purchaſed. BREWST.

39. *Negato, Jupiter.*] This is only what Juvenal expreſſes more fully. *Evertêre domos totas optantibus ipſis Dî faciles.* Sat. X. 7.

41. *Poſcis opem nervis.*] Another error with reſpect to prayer; the neglect of the natural means of ſelf-proviſion. "'Tis ridiculous "to pray for health, while you deſtroy it by your vices; or for an "increaſe of your flock, when you waſte it by your extravagant "ſacrifices."

48. *Ferto.*] *Fertum* is the reading of all the MSS. and means any offering. CAS. ex Cato. I. 34.

49. *Jam creſcit ager.*] Theſe are the words, or rather the fond hopes of the deluded votary, There is great ſpirit in the picture.

To give him, partial to her fond demands,
Now Craſſus' houſes, now Licinius' lands.
" May kings and queens aſpire to call him ſon!
" May to his arms their eager daughters run!
" May every weed, where-e'er the charmer goes,
" Touch'd by his ſudden foot, become a roſe!"
To pray aright, ſure, aſks a prudent heart:
No nurſe truſt I with this important part.
Be gracious, Jove! and hear no nurſe of mine,
Tho' rob'd in white, and proſtrate at thy ſhrine.
IV. Nerves firm, and faithful thro' a length of years;
This votary aſks—well, Jove inclining hears;
But hears, in vain: in vain, hears every god:
—Fool, thy looſe life with-holds th' aſſenting nod:
Diſeaſe lurks latent, in each loaded diſh,
And every rich ragouſt defeats thy wiſh.
Another lo!—He wealth alone purſues:
To get this wealth, what methods will he uſe?
A fatter heifer, firſt, forſooth! He ſlays;
Then, to the god of gain, the ſuppliant prays.
'Kind Hermes, come; on me thy influence ſhow'r!
'Propitiate to my houſe each houſhold pow'r!
'But chief, thyſelf ſmile gracious on my ſtock!
'Increaſe my lowing herds, and fleecy flock!'
Thou dolt abſurd! do'ſt thou increaſe deſire,
While daily heifers feed thy altar's fire?
'Yes (thinks he) yes; ſuch offerings cannot fail:
'They muſt, nay do, already do, prevail.
'I ſee, I ſee, luxuriant harveſts riſe;
'See teeming ewes drop twins before my eyes.
'O large amends for diſappointments paſt!
'Ay, now 'tis coming, now it comes at laſt.'
Thus while he hopes and ſacrifices on,
Lo! every ſheep, and almoſt ſhilling, gone!

Si tibi crateras argenti, incuſaque pingui
Auro dona feram, ſudes; & pectore lævo
Excutias guttas: lætari prætrepidum cor:
Hinc illud ſubiit, auro ſacras quòd ovato
Perducis facies. Nam fratres inter ahenos,
Somnia pituitâ qui purgatiſſima mittunt,
Præcipui ſunto: ſitque illis aurea barba.
Aurum vaſa Numæ, Saturniaq; impulit æra,
Veſtaleſq; urnas, & Tuſcum fictile mutat.
O curvæ in terris animæ, & cœleſtium inanes!
Quid juvat hoc, templis noſtros immittere mores,
Et bona Diis ex hac ſceleratâ ducere pulpâ?
Hæc ſibi corrupto caſiam diſſolvit olivo,

Et

52. *Si tibi crateras.*] Here the poet opens the great ſource of all errors; wrong conceptions about the divine attributes.

53. *Pectore lævo.*] Some ſay, becauſe the heart lies on the left ſide; but it is better to take *lævus* in the ſenſe of fooliſh, or infatuated: as *ſi mens non læva fuiſſet.* Virg.

55. *Ovato auro.*] "The fineſt gold, once led in triumph." *Ovatio* was the ſmaller triumph. Kennet, IV. 16.

56. *Fratres ahenos.*] The fifty ſons of Egyptus in the portico of Apollo Palatinus. At this time the Egyptian ſuperſtition prevailed much at Rome. SCHOL. and CAS. It may be well underſtood of the heathen gods, whoſe ſtatues were generally of braſs.

61. *O curvæ in terris.*] The common reading is *in terras.* But the former is the beſt MS. reading, and moſt emphatical; *Non ſolùm terram ſpectant, ſed in illâ totæ hærent.* CAS.

One melancholy piece remains alone,
And for its fellows ſighs with fruitleſs moan.
V. Whence now proceed theſe errors?—doubtleſs, hence:
Man fancies gods have man's corrupted ſenſe.
Yes, while my ſide-board groans beneath the weight
Of graven gold, and maſſy ſilver plate;
Should I but ſay, 'Take here, Friend! take the whole;
'Each labour'd goblet, and each burniſh'd bowl:'
Strait, o'er thy breaſt a ſweat of joy would riſe;
Thy throbbing heart ſtrait own a glad ſurpriſe.
Thy natural eaſy inference is then,
'Why ſhould not gods love gold as well as men?'
Hence, to engage their mercenary hearts,
Thou gild'ſt their ſtatues with the coſtlieſt arts:
Hence, from among the brazen brothers, they
Who apteſt cures in pureſt dreams convey,
Above their fellows claim thy choice regard,
And beards of gold their gracious pains reward.
Gold in our temples has aſſum'd a right,
And Numa's frugal veſſels put to flight:
The humble braſs of old Saturnian years
Owns its prevailing power, and diſappears;
The veſtal urns, ſee now are gilded o'er;
Plain honeſt Tuſcan ware will down no more.
O abject ſouls, ſunk, ever, deep in clay!
Souls, unenlightned by celeſtial ray!
Elſe, could we, thus, affront each ſacred ſhrine?
Could we, to gods, mere human wants aſſign?
Conclude them pleas'd with preſents of expence,
Like us, poor things of fleſh, and groveling ſenſe?
To pleaſe, forſooth, this groveling ſenſe of ours,
To the preſt olive Caſia joins its powers.
This taught the pearl to draw th' admiring eye;
This taught the fleece to drink the Tyrian dye:

Et Calabrum coxit vitiato murice vellus ;
Hæc baccam conchæ raſiſſe, & ſtringere venas
Ferventis maſſæ crudo de pulvere juſſit.
Peccat & hæc, peccat: vitio tamen utitur. At vos,
Dicite, Pontifices, in ſancto quid facit aurum?
Nempè hoc quod Veneri donatæ à virgine pupæ!
Quin damus id Superis, de magnâ quod dare lance
Non poſſit magni Meſſalæ lippa propago:
Compoſitum jus, faſque animo; ſanctoſq; receſſus
Mentis, & incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto:
Hæc cedò, ut admoveam templis, & farre litabo.

68. *Vitio tamen utitur.*] The word *utitur* admits of two ſenſes. Either, "corrupt fleſh enjoys ſome good from its vices; or, does ſome good to ſociety by its vices." The former ſeems the better of the two. CAS.

70. *Pupæ.*] Images offered up by virgins to Venus, as the *bullæ* were by boys, when they came to age.

72. *Lippa.*] Meſſala is put here for any rich man: *lippus* is applied to the mind both here and in the fifth.

73. *Compoſitum.*] Some MSS. read *animi* not *animo:* the latter is more grammatical, by an hypallage for *animum ad jus compoſitum. Componere* is to regulate by a ſtandard. The meaning is, *animum bene compoſitum ad omnia divina humanaque jura*, a mind formed to human and divine laws. *Animi*, however, is Caſaubon's choice.

74. *Incoctum.*] This expreſſion is uſed of things double-dyed, *de dibaphis & ſaturioribus coloribus*, i. e. *pectus non levitèr, ſed perfectè tinctum*; "a perfect and perſevering virtue."

This, the crude ore, to quit the mother mine;
While chymic arts the golden maſs refine,
Vain arts, 'tis true: but yet, however vain,
Some uſe, ſome uſe, theſe vanities attain.
But come, ye prieſts! ye pontiffs, come, unfold!
In temples, tell me, what avails your gold?
No more alas! than jointed babies, laid
At Venus' altar, by the nubile maid.
VI. But, to the gods, be ſuch the gift we bear,
Such, as the great Meſſala's daſtard heir,
From his capacious cenſer, pil'd on high,
Never, my friend! no, never can ſupply.
'A ſoul, where ſettled virtue reigns enſhrin'd:
'Where juſtice dwells, with ſanctity combin'd:
'Within whoſe inmoſt cloſe receſſes lie
'Tinctures of generous honour's deepeſt dye.'
Such is the ſacrifice the gods demand:
A cake ſuffices, from a ſpotleſs hand.

75. *Farre litabo.*] *Lito* is to perform an acceptable ſacrifice. *Far* is put for the *ſalſa mola*, the ſalted cake, commonly uſed in ſacrifice. It is taken from his favourite Horace *Farre pio et ſaliente micâ.* Od. III. 23. The poet does not, with Epicurean folly, deny the neceſſity of the outward ceremonial of religion; he only delivers a ſerious and important truth, that ſacrifice is uſeleſs without virtue.

SATIRA III.

NEMPE hoc aſſiduè? Jam clarum mane feneſtras
Intrat, & anguſtas extendit lumine rimas.
Stertimus, indomitum quod deſpumare Falernum
Sufficiat, quintâ dum linea tangitur umbrâ.
En quid agis? Siccas inſana Canicula meſſes
Jamdudum coquit: & patulâ pecus omne ſub ulmo eſt.
Unus ait comitum; Verumne? Itane? Ocyùs adſit
Huc aliquis: nemon'? Turgeſcit vitrea bilis:
Findor: ut Arcadiæ pecuaria rudere credas.

Jam

The ſubject of this ſatire is the folly of neglecting philoſophy, or moral culture. Its plan is as well contrived, as its ſubject is important. A maſter is ſuppoſed to have ſurprized his pupils in their beds, late in the morning; and, in this ſituation, his inſtruction takes a ſingular air of authority: conſcious ſhame fluſhes into their faces, and gives double force to every thing he urges.

The topics he uſes are ſix. 1. The difficulties, ariſing from diſinclination, are childiſh and frivolous. 2. It is equally vain to rely upon the pride of birth, rank, or fortune. 3. Though playfulneſs be excuſable in childhood; yet growing years require reflection and ſerious employment. 4. Man is born to ſome uſeful end; and this end is explained by philoſophy. 5. Other profeſſions may be more lucrative; but this is moſt becoming man. 6. This point is beautifully illuſtrated by a compariſon drawn from bodily maladies.

3. *Stertimus.*] The maſter ſpeaks this in the perſon of his pupils: *vos juvenes ſtertitis.*

Indomitum.] He does not accuſe them of drunkenneſs (for this in young men is an INCURABLE diſeaſe;) but he means that they lie as long as drunkards uſually do after a debauch.

4. *Quintâ jam linea.*] An hypallage; for *quinta linea tangitur umbrâ.*

5. *En! quid agis.*] Enallage, for *quid agitis?*

7. *Unus*

SATIRE III.

'SO! ſure as morning comes, the trade's the ſame!
'See, ſee! broad day-light (ſee, and bluſh with ſhame)
'Spight of thy bolted ſhutters, pierces through,
'And every chink enlarges to the view.
'Yet here dream we, and ſnore regardleſs on,
'Till Day's ſerene and precious half be gone.
'Sick of the bottle, here lie we in bed,
'To ſleep off drunken fumes and aking head.
'Come, don't you ſtir?—ſee, ſultry Sirius reigns,
'And long ago has parch'd the thirſty plains:
'O'erpower'd with heat, the panting flocks are laid
'Beneath the friendly elm's refreſhing ſhade.'
It can't be, ſure: replies my yawning youth:
But is it, then, ſo very late, in truth?
My cloaths, this inſtant!—Slaves, where are you all?
Waits there no varlet, to attend one's call?
Now boiling choler ſwells his ev'ry vein:
He raves, he roars, he rends my very brain.
Twice twenty aſſes, when they all begin
Their hideous concert, raiſe not ſuch a din.

7. *Unus ait comitum.*] "One of the fellow-ſtudents."

Ocyùs hîc adſit aliquis.] This is the genuine language of pride and rank. He calls no particular ſervant by name; he expects a hundred ſervants to be in waiting, and ready at command.

9. *Findor.*] So moſt MSS. Some *finditur*. Either will do; only in the firſt, the poet is ſuppoſed to ſpeak in the character of the pupil, as above in *Stertimus*.

Jam liber, & bicolor poſitis membrana capillis,
Inque manus chartæ, nodoſaque venit arundo.
Tum queritur craſſus calamo quòd pendeat humor:
Nigra quod infuſâ vaneſcat ſepia lymphâ:
Dilutas queritur geminet quòd fiſtula guttas.
O miſer! inq; dies ultrà miſer, huccine rerum
Venimus? At cur non potiùs teneroq; columbo
Et ſimilis Regum pueris, pappare minutum
Poſcis, & iratus mammæ lallare recuſas?
An tali ſtudeam calamo? Cui verba? Quid iſtas
Succinis ambages? Tibi luditur: effluis amens;
Contemnêre. Sonat vitium percuſſa, malignè
Reſpondet viridi non cocta fidelia limo. [acri
Udum & molle lutum es, nunc nunc properandus, &
Fingendus ſine fine rotâ. Sed rure paterno

Eſt

17. *Pappare*] and *lallare* are uſed here, as ſubſtantives. *Cibum ac potum buas ac papas dicunt; et matrem, mammam; patrem tatam.* VARRO.

19. *Cui verba.*] *Das*, is underſtood. A comic phraſe, ſignifying "to deceive."

20. *Effluis.*] A metaphor from a crackt veſſel. "You can hold no knowledge and will fall into contempt."

21. *Sonat vitium.*] The ſame metaphor is beautifully purſued. Caſaubon thinks, there is a tautology: but the ſtricteſt rules of compoſition allow us to explain a ſimilar phraſe by another, if it be fuller and ſtronger in ſenſe; as the caſe is in the preſent inſtance.

But lo! at length, his bed the drone forſakes:
At length, his book he ſpreads; his pen, he takes:
His papers here in learned order lays;
And there his Parchment's ſmoother ſide diſplays.
But oh! what croſſes wait on ſtudious Men!
Now, the black juice hangs clotted at our pen.
In all my life ſuch ink I never knew:
So gummy thick—dilute it, and 'twill do.
Nay, now 'tis water: and from black, turn'd white:
See, the pen doubles every ſtroke I write!
O wretch, and born more wretched to become!
Each day contributes to thy miſery's ſum.
Are theſe, at laſt, our philoſophic fruits?
Quit then (ſay I) quit virtue's high purſuits:
To ſofter life, to downy eaſe remove;
Be fed, be cocker'd, like a lady's dove.
Go, like a noble babe, once more to lap:
There, froward maſter! ſquawl for infant pap:
There, at the naughty breaſt, be ſure to roar;
And at the lulla-bie, ſcream ten times more.
How ſhould I ſtudy?—blame my pen, not me.
Handſome enough! Indeed a manly plea!
Such idle pretexts how canſt thou repeat?
Who is it, trifler! theſe excuſes cheat?
Know, 'tis thyſelf, thy-ſelf endures the wrong,
Whoſe ſtream of life unheeded glides along:
Whoſe follies, fatal to thy better fame,
Draw down contempt, and deſtine thee to ſhame.
The ill bak'd jar, if rung, will ſound its fault;
The finger's teſt proclaims the veſſel naught.
Such wilt thou be; as yet obedient clay,
Soft and impreſſive. Form, without delay,
Form it; ſubmit it to the potter's wheel
Now; let it now the plaſtic finger feel.
II. 'But why (ſaiſt thou) this preachment why to me?
'I want not learning; I have means you ſee.

Eſt tibi far modicum, purum & ſine labe ſalinum:
Quid metuas? Cultrixque foci ſecura patella eſt.
Hoc ſatis? An deceat pulmonem rumpere ventis,
Stemmate quòd Thuſco ramum milleſime ducis;
Cenſoremve tuum vel quòd trabeate ſalutas?
Ad populum phaleras. Ego te intus & in cute novi.
Non pudet ad morem diſcincti vivere Nattæ?
Sed ſtupet hic vitio, & fibris increvit opimum
Pingue: caret culpâ: neſcit quid perdat, & alto
Demerſus ſummâ rurſum non bullit in undâ.
Magne pater Divûm, ſævos punire Tyrannos
Haud aliâ ratione velis, cum dira libido
Moverit

24. *Sed rure paterno.*] The ſecond part commences here; the excuſes of youth from the pride of birth, rank and fortune.

25. *Purum.*] The youth mentions four happy circumſtances in his condition, to ſhow, that he wants not any learning. 1. He had an hereditary eſtate, *rure paterno.* 2. It was a competence, *modicum.* 3. It was honeſtly got, and therefore likely to laſt, *purum.* 4. He ſtill poſſeſſed it piouſly, *cultrixque foci ſecura patella:* What then have I to fear? (concludes he, in the true ſpirit of ſelf-adulation) *quid metuas?*

27. *Hoc ſatis?*] The poet anſwers. "If you had greater advantages of birth; your ſilly pride would be ridiculous."

29. *Trabeate.*] Knights, at the Cenſus, paſt in review, before the Cenſor on horſeback, dreſt in the *Trabea:* this was called *Tranſvectio.* Kennet, IV. 2. *Trabeate* and *milleſime* are uſed for the nominatives.

32. *Sed ſtupet.*] Here is an exquiſite picture of an abandoned man; much ſuperior to Horace's character of Volanerius, which is here imitated;

quanto conſtantior idem
In vitiis, tanto leviùs miſer. Sat. II. 7.

36. *Dira libido.*] *Dira* ſignifies the exceſs of the paſſion; *tincta veneno*, its tragical effects.

'Lands, once my father's, own me now their lord;
'Becoming plenty decks my modeſt board:
'And need I, can I, future wants ſuſpect,
'I, whom my Lares (guardian powers) protect?
'I, who devote of every meal a ſhare,
'And daily merit their continu'd care?'
Know thy deſires no worthier ſcope than this?
Is wealth, is grandeur, then, life's only bliſs?
Is it enough, that ſprung of Tuſcan race,
A long deſcent thro' pages thou canſt trace?
Purſue thy lineage thro' the herald's tree,
And boaſt the thouſandth branch begins with thee?
Add, that array'd in pomp of purple pride,
(When Roman knights in fair proceſſion ride)
With free accoſt, Rome's cenſor thou canſt greet,
And claim thy couſin, in the ſtaring ſtreet:
Suffices this? for this, then, plumes thy creſt?
For this, inflated ſwells thy ſcornful breaſt?
Go, prance to fools; bear, bear thy trappings hence:
The tawdry ſhow may ſtrike their dazzled ſenſe;
Affects not me. I know thy wants within:
The covering cheats not me, who know the ſkin.
How canſt thou ſee, without indignant ſhame,
Thine, and abandon'd Natta's life the ſame?
But he, to pardon pleads ſome poor pretence;
His want of virtue ſprings from want of ſenſe:
Groſs fat involves each fibre of his heart,
Grows o'er the whole, and deadens every part.
Guiltleſs he wretch! who blind to wiſdom's charms,
Knows not her beauties, while he flies her arms:
Immers'd ſo deeply in a ſea of vice,
No bubble ſpeaks an effort for his riſe.
O Jove, when cruel crimes of deepeſt dye,
The crimes of monſter kings, for juſtice cry;
And thou, great father of the Gods! ſhalt ſtand
Eager to ſtretch thy thunder-darting hand;

Moverit ingenium ferventi tincta veneno:
Virtutem videant, intabeſcantque relictâ.
Anne magis Siculi gemuerunt æra juvenci:
Et magis auratis pendens laquearibus enſis
Purpureas ſubter cervices terruit: imus,
Imus præcipites, quam ſi ſibi dicat; & intus
Palleat infelix quod proxima neſciat uxor?
Sæpè oculos memini tingebam parvus olivo,
Grandia ſi nollem morituri verba Catonis
Diſcere, ab inſano multùm laudanda magiſtro,
Quæ pater adductis ſudans audiret amicis.
Jure etenim id ſummum, quid dexter Senio ferret,
Scire erat in voto; damnoſa Canicula quantum
Raderet; anguſtæ collo non fallier orcæ:
Neu quis callidior buxum torquere flagello.

Haud

43. *Quod proxima neſciat uxor.*] The diſtreſs of an angry conſcience cannot be carried higher. A particular characteriſtic circumſtance of this kind beſpeaks the hand of a maſter; and exceeds a whole page of general declamation. It is in this, Shakeſpeare exceeds all mankind; and this for a good reaſon—becauſe he drew from nature.

44. *Sæpe oculos memini.*] This is the third part. The maſter ſtill ſpeaks; not Perſius, as ſome imagine. The greateſt ſecret of drawing mankind to virtue is to allow, (like the divine Socrates) that we too have had our natural infirmities, but that we have ſubdued them by ſelf-diſcipline.

48. *Quid dexter ſenio.*] Kennet, V. 1.

Yet ſtay—this vengeance let the wretches meet,
This vengeance rather, as the more complete:
'Let them behold that virtue they forſook,
'And pine away, repentant, while they look.'
The brazen bull, with flaming tortures ſtor'd,
How exquiſite a pain!—The pointed ſword
(From gilded cielings, by a ſingle thread,
Impending o'er the purpled flatterer's head)
How ſore a ſuffering! how immenſely ſore!
And yet there is, who ſuffers hourly more.
'Tis he, the wretch whom inward pangs controul,
And wring this ſad reflection from his ſoul:
I go, I go, alas! beyond recall,
Down, down the headlong ſteep of vice I fall!
Pale ſhews his cheek, while ſmothering in his breaſt
Lurks the dark ſecret, not to be expreſt:
There muſt it lurk, there gall his wretched life;
Nor be imparted to his boſom wife.
III. Whilſt yet a tender ſtripling, I, 'tis true,
Play'd then my ſilly pranks, as well as you.
Oft my poor eyes, with oil would I beſmear,
And thus contract an artificial blear.
Elſe, with big patriot words and ſolemn ſtate,
Muſt I have mimick'd dying Cato's fate.
A taſk, my pedant maſter's fuſtian ear
With huge applauſes had been ſure to hear.
Nor had my father fail'd his praiſe to join,
Thro' perfect rapture ſweating at each line:
His friends inviting to partake his joy,
And mark the hopeful progreſs of his boy.
For, fitting to my age, was then my bliſs,
And all my poor ambition, only this:
To know what ſtakes the lucky ſice would win,
And what th' unlucky ace would loſe agen;
To watch my fellows with obſervant eye,
While from the tapering box they troll'd the dye;

Haud tibi inexpertum curvos deprendere mores,
Quæque docet ſapiens braccatis illita Medis
Porticus; inſomnis quibus & detonſa juventus
Invigilat, ſiliquis & grandi paſta polentâ.
Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos,
Surgentem dextro monſtravit limite callem.
Stertis adhuc? laxumque caput compage ſolutâ
Oſcitat heſternum, diſſutis undique malis?
Eſt aliquid quò tendis, & in quod dirigis arcum?
An paſſim ſequeris corvos, teſtâve, lutove,
Securus quò pes ferat, atque ex tempore vivis?
Helleborum fruſtrà, cùm jam cutis ægra tumebit,
Poſcentes videas. Venienti occurrite morbo.
Et quid opus Cratero magnos promittere montes?
Diſcite, ô miſeri, & cauſas cognoſcite rerum,
Quid

54. *Porticus.*] The porch at Athens, painted with the battle of Marathon, whence the Stoics took their name.

55. *Grandi polentâ.*] This is meant to ſhow the healthineſs of the philoſophers; who lived on this frugal fare.

56. *Samios.*] Pythagoras uſed the letter Y, as a ſymbol of vice and virtue: the narrower ſtroke repreſented the arduous path of virtue; the broader line, the wide and eaſy road, which, as a greater than Pythagoras tells us, leadeth to deſtruction.

60. *Eſt aliquid, quò tendis?*] This is the fourth part, which propoſes a queſtion, which every rational creature ſhould put to himſelf: "What am I? to what purpoſe am I born?"

And ſee no lad more dextrous ſhould advance,
To teach the boxen top its circling dance.
But thy maturer, more inſtructed days,
Know to diſtinguiſh error's crooked ways:
Experienc'd know, what wiſe, what wholſome truths,
The porch delivers to the liſtening youths:
That learned porch, whoſe ſtoried walls expreſs
The Grecian's joy, the trowzer'd Mede's diſtreſs.
There, ſhorn diſciples ſtudious vigils keep;
And wiſdom's midnight page prefer to ſleep:
With humble huſks of peaſe and beans are fed,
And taſte no richer luxury, than bread.
There, has the Samian Y's inſtructive make,
Pointed the road thy doubtful foot ſhould take:
There, warn'd thy raw and yet unpractis'd youth,
To tread the riſing, right-hand path of truth.
IV. And art thou ſtill, as day ſucceeds to day,
Art thou ſtill, drinking, dreaming life away?
Regardleſs ſtill of reaſon's ſoberer law,
Nods thy looſe head, and gapes thy yawning jaw?
Say, haſt thou fix'd ſome certain mark in view?
This, do thy level'd ſhafts alone purſue?
Or vagrant follow'ſt thou, with pelting clay,
Each random crow that fortunes in thy way?
Does thy life one determin'd ſcope avow,
Or looks thy thought no farther than the *now?*
When dropſies, once, have fix'd their watery reign,
The ſwelling patients fruitleſly complain,
And call for help, and hellebore, in vain.
Warn'd hence, be wiſe: and, to the coming ill,
Oppoſe the doctor's nice preventive ſkill:
Elſe, may you late, too late, for health apply,
Which Craterus cannot give, nor millions buy.
Attend then, wretched youth! in time attend,
To every natural cauſe, and moral end.

Look

Quid ſumus, & quidnam victuri gignimur: ordo
Quis datus; aut metæ quàm mollis flexus, & unde:
Quis modus argento: quid fas optare: quid aſper
Utile nummus habet: patriæ, chariſque propinquis
Quantum elargiri deceat: quem te Deus eſſe
Juſſit, & humanâ quâ parte locatus es in re.
Diſce, nec invideas, quòd multa fidelia putet
In locuplete penu, defenſis pinguibus Umbris?
Et piper & pernæ, Marſi monumenta clientis;
Mænaque quòd primâ nondum defecerit orcâ.
Hic aliquis de gente hircoſâ Centurionum
Dicat: quod ſapio ſatis eſt mihi; non ego curo
Eſſe quod Arceſilas, ærumnoſique Solones,
Obſtipo capite, & figentes lumine terram,
Murmura cùm ſecum & rabioſa ſilentia rodunt,

Atque

68. *Metæ—unde.*] But *undæ* has crept into moſt of the modern editions; though it is unauthorized by any MS. and makes an incongruous mixture of metaphors. But *unde* has a plain and obvious ſenſe: "How it is eaſy to turn the goal of life, i. e. "to perform its true purpoſes, *quam mollis flexus*; and by what "rules, and at what period of life is this to be begun," *unde?*

72. *Humanâ in re.*] The Stoics had a fine idea, that the world was one great and harmonious ſyſtem; and that every man had his character to ſupport.

73. *Diſce.*] The two great lucrative profeſſions at Rome, were law and arms; and, as theſe ſtood principally in competition with philoſophy, the tutor very properly ſhows, in the next place, how contemptible they were upon an impartial compariſon. The profits of law were mean; *multa fidelia putet:* the attendant upon arms, groſs ignorance; *gente hircoſa centurionum.*

78. *Non ego curo.*] The poet is very honeſt. He puts as much wit into the mouth of his rough Roman centurion, as Swift gives his ſmart modern captain,

"Your *Noveds* and *Bluturks* and *Omurs* and ſtuff,
"By my faith! they don't ſignify this pinch of ſnuff."

Look into man, with philoſophic eye:
Conſider what we are, conſider why.
The race of life, contemplate: how to ſtart,
And how to turn the gaol, with niceſt art.
Learn, to what limits wealth ſhould be confin'd;
Learn, to what uſes 'twas by heav'n aſſign'd.
Reflect, what prayers with reaſon we may frame;
What debts our friends, our parents, country, claim.
Know, we are poſted here by power divine;
And think what poſt, that power has deſtin'd thine.
V. Theſe points learn thou, and once enrich'd with theſe,
Grudge the greas'd advocate, no more, his fees.
What tho' thou ſee'ſt his glutted larders fraught
With numerous bribes, by rich defendants brought?
See'ſt jars on jars ſo plentifully pil'd,
That ere one half are us'd, one half are ſpoil'd?
What tho' thou ſee, ſee likewiſe, plaintiff-throngs
Hire, with refreſhing fee, the venal lungs?
Envy not thou the knave his knavery's price:
Envy not thou, his gammons or his ſpice:
No, nor his cags of ſturgeon; ſent ſo faſt,
A freſh one comes, while unconſum'd the laſt.
But here methinks, ſome rammiſh captain cries;
'This very wiſdom, know Sir, I deſpiſe.
'My ſcull, unfurniſh'd with this trumpery ſtuff,
'Serves all my purpoſes—and that's enough.
'Who'd wear a *ſcholard*'s gloomy grievous face?
'A Solon-phyz?—not I—confound the race!
'Dull rogues, who hang the heavy head awry,
'And fix on earth the ſteady, ſtupid eye.
'Balancing words, mean-time, the ſtudents ſtand;
'The brow, contract; the critic lip, expand.

'The

Atque exporrecto trutinantur verba labello,
Ægroti veteris meditantes ſomnia: gigni
De nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil poſſe reverti.
Hoc eſt quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, hoc eſt?
His populus ridet: multumque toroſa juventus
Ingeminat tremulos naſo criſpante cachinnos.
Inſpice, neſcio quid trepidat mihi pectus, & ægris
Faucibus exſuperat gravis halitus: inſpice ſodes:
Qui dicit medico, juſſus requieſcere, poſtquam
Tertia compoſitas vidit nox currere venas,
De majore domo, modicè ſitiente lagenâ,
Lenia loturo ſibi Surrentina rogavit.
Heus, bone, tu palles. Nihil eſt. Videas tamen iſtud,
Quicquid id eſt: ſurgit tacitè tibi lutea pellis.
At tu deteriùs palles: ne ſis mihi tutor:
Jampridem

88. *Inſpice.*] The ſixth part. The poet gives now a general anſwer to theſe and all other objections. The only difficulty here is, that he puts the προτασις without the αποδοσις, (as the Greek Scholiaſts ſpeak) i. e. the example without the application. What he means to ſay, is this. "As certainly, as they, who neglect the "neceſſary rules of medicine, fall into incurable diſeaſes, ſo cer-"tainly they, who neglect philoſophy, will fall into the worſe and "more fatal diſeaſes of the mind." There are but few things in the nineteen lines relating to this ſubject which require explanation.

95. *Lutea pellis, dentes retecti, &c.*] Are the effects of the diſeaſe.

'Then with a growling, ruſty, rumbling note,
'Mutter, forſooth! mad gibberiſh in the throat.
'Some old ſick dotard's dark diſorder'd dream,
'Their conſtant ſubject, their eternal theme.
'Nothing (cry they) from nothing can ariſe:
'Nothing return to nothing,—wondrous wiſe!
'No marvel if, ſuch jewel-truths to find,
'They grow with faſting, pale; with reading, blind!'
He ends: the audience, all, approve the jeſt;
But tranſport ſwells each ſoldier's brawny breaſt.
On each bold noſe, a wrinkling ſneer is found;
And quavering laughter echoes loud around.
Let them laugh on: hear thou what I adviſe;
And let another's folly make thee wiſe.
VI. A patient once with malady oppreſs'd,
His honeſt, grave phyſician, thus addreſs'd:
'Doctor, with ſpeed, exert your healing art:
'I feel a ſtrange odd fluttering, here, at heart:
'My throat is parch'd; offenſive is my breath;
'And eructations—plague me quite to death.
'Pray, feel my pulſe, conſider well my face,
'And ſay what remedy befits my caſe.'
Your feveriſh caſe calls, inſtant, for repoſe.
Inſtant, to bed the feveriſh patient goes.
Well: the third day beheld, in every vein,
Life's troubled current once compos'd again.
But now, alas! he ſends a jolly jug,
(No ſickly noggin, but a mighty mug)
To ſome rich friend, with this attendant line;
'Pray, fill it with your beſt Surrentin wine.'
Then to the baths, with thoughtleſs ſpeed, repairs;
And thither too, this fatal potion bears.
Good ſir, go home: let my advice prevail:
What, you abroad! and look ſo wondrous pale?
'So wondrous pale!—pho, canting, quackery ſtuff:
'This, man! is nothing—I am well enough.'

Be

Jampridem hunc ſepelî: tu reſtas. Perge, tacebo.
Turgidus hic epulis, atque albo ventre lavatur:
Gutture fulfureas lentè exhalante Mephites.
Sed tremor inter vina ſubit, calidumque triental
Excutit è manibus: dentes crepuere retecti:
Uncta cadunt laxis tunc pulmentaria labris.
Hinc tuba, candelæ: tandemque beatulus alto
Compoſitus lecto, craſſoque lutatus amomo
In portam rigidos calces extendit. At illum
Heſterni capite induto ſubiere Quirites.
Tange, miſer, venas, & pone in pectore dextram:
Nil calet hîc: ſummoſq; pedes attinge, manuſq;
Non frigent. Viſa eſt ſi forte pecunia; ſive
Candida vicini ſubriſit molle puella,
Cor tibi ritè ſalit? poſitum eſt algente catino
Durum

102. *Hinc tuba, candelæ.*] The funeral proceſſion: but there is an inverted conſtruction here. The circumſtances mentioned after, were previous ceremonies. Kennet, V. 10.

104. *Porta.*] The gate of a town, properly; but here, and no where elſe (as Caſaubon ſays) it is put for *janua*, the door of the houſe.

105. *Heſterni Quirites.*] The ſlaves, who got their freedom by the dead maſter's will. Shaving the head was one neceſſary ceremony of manumiſſion.

106. *Tange, miſer, venas.*] Here is the proper place for the application. But, inſtead of this, the poet takes a livelier way. He ſuppoſes the vitious man to miſtake the philoſopher's meaning, and to cry out with triumph. "What ſtuff is all this, about "diſeaſes, and deaths, and funeral proceſſions? I am in no dan-"ger: I have no ſymptoms of diſeaſe about me." "Very true," ſays the ſage, "your body may be ſound, but is your mind equally ſound?" And he mentions five mental diſeaſes, avarice, luſt, luxury, unmanly fear, and anger; from which it is of more conſequence to a moral creature to be free, than from any diſorder incident to the poor periſhable fabric, which he wears for the purpoſes

Be rul'd, I beg; or elſe e'en this, I fear,
Nothing as 'tis, may chance to coſt you dear.
Why, don't I ſee, as now it heaves within,
A ſtealing dropſy bloat your ſallow ſkin?
'Talk'ſt thou of ſallow ſkins? go, mind thy own;
'And let my tutor's province, pray, alone:
'Him I laid, long ago, amongſt the dead;
'And ſhall lay thee.' Sir, uſe your mind—I've ſaid.
Behold then, undiſmay'd by threatned ill,
Spite of all ſaving counſel, bathe he will:
Tho' his pale belly pampering dainties bloat;
And noiſom fumes riſe lingering from his throat.
But, lo! the ſteaming draught compleats the caſe!
Lo, ſudden tremors every nerve unbrace!
Down from his hand the tumbling goblet goes:
Diſtended gums his chattering teeth diſcloſe:
From his lax lips, in iſſuing currents, join
The unctuous viand, and Surrentin wine!
See now the trumpets and the torches!—ſee
Our ſpark laid out in ſad ſolemnity!
Stretch'd on the bier, bedawb'd with unguents o'er,
While his ſtiff heels lie pointed to the door!
Romans of yeſterday, their ſhoulders lend;
Convey him to the pile—and there's an end.
'Well: how to me, pertains this tale ſo ſmart?
'Apply your finger to my pulſe or heart:
'Nor heart, nor pulſe, betray unwonted heat.
'—Here then, examine next, theſe hands, theſe feet.
'Miſtaken man! they too the ſame will tell:
'Both, feet and hands, confeſs that I am well.'
But, ſhould ſome miſer's glittering hoard of gold
Its ſudden beauties to thy ſight unfold;
Or, ſhould thy neighbour's lovelier fair advance,
Leering a ſoft, a melting, meaning, glance;

Then,

Durum olus, & populi cribro decuſſa farina:
Tentemus fauces: tenero latet ulcus in ore
Putre, quod haud deceat plebeiâ radere betâ.
Alges, cùm excuſſit membris timor albus ariſtas.
Nunc face ſuppoſitâ ferveſcit ſanguis, & irâ
Scintillant oculi: diciſque faciſque quod ipſe,
Non ſani eſſe hominis, non ſanus juret Oreſtes.

purpoſes of a temporary life. The world, indeed, was not ſufficiently enlightened, in the Perſius's time, to carry the reflection ſo far; but Juvenal, born in a later age, has taught us to make this noble concluſion;

Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
Et, propter vitam, vivendi perdere cauſas. Sat. VIII. 83.

110. *Cor tibi rite ſalit.*] Thus the phyſician found out the love of Antiochus the ſon of Seleucus by feeling his pulſe. See the curious ſtory at length. Val. Max. V. 7.

112. *Latet ulcus.*] "You have a delicacy of palate, which, as if it were ulcered, cannot bear the touch of coarſe food."

113. *Betâ.*] A common herb, called by Martial "the mechanics' food," *fabrorum prandium.* XIII. 13.

114. *Ariſtas.*] A metaphor for "the hairs of the head" from Homer's phraſe, ληϊον φριττειν ασταχυεσσι. The harſhneſs of the image is its beauty, and expreſſes the violent effects of fear, to this purpoſe: "You grow cold and pale, nay, your hairs ſtand "erect like briſtling ears of corn, when any fearful object preſents "itſelf." It reminds the Engliſh reader of Shakeſpeare's ſtrong phraſe;

And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine. HAMLET.

117. *Non ſanus juret Oreſtes.*] This concludes the ſatire with great force. How deſpicable a figure muſt the paſſionate man make, when a madman himſelf would declare him frantic!

SATIRA

Then, would thy pulſe beat regularly ſlow?
Then, would thy heart theſe equal meaſures know!
Make a freſh trial: lo! before you ſpread
Cold o'ergrown pot-herbs, and harſh branny bread!
—Well, Sir, how ſuits the diet!—gracious powers!
What, does it gall that lady-mouth of ours?
This minute, ſee! with pale affright you ſtare;
Shivering each limb, and briſtling every hair!
The next, how chang'd! now, boils your blood with ire;
Now, flaſh your eye-balls with inceſſant fire.
From every act you do, or word you add,
E'en mad Oreſtes' ſelf would ſwear you mad.

SATIRA IV.

REM populi tractas? (Barbatum hæc crede magiſtrum
Dicere, ſorbitio tollit quem dira cicutæ.)
Quo fretus? Dic hoc, magni pupille Pericli'.
Scilicet ingenium, & rerum prudentia velox
Ante pilos venit: dicenda tacendaque calles.
Ergo ubi commotâ fervet plebecula bile,
Fert animus calidæ feciſſe ſilentia turbæ
Majeſtate manûs: quid deinde loquêre? Quirites,
Hoc,

Nero found himſelf at the head of the Roman empire, at the age of ſeventeen. For a while, he behaved well; but this was all hypocriſy or reſtraint. The wiſe very ſoon diſcovered his vitious diſpoſitions, while the more ignorant were admiring his apparent virtues.

In this ambiguous ſtate, the poet ventured to inſtruct him: and, for this purpoſe, gives us almoſt a tranſlation of Plato's firſt Alcibiades. If he ſucceeded, he would have the comfort of doing good to a young emperor, upon whoſe character the welfare of a great empire depended: if he failed, he could give no offence; for his piece would be conſidered as a juvenile *jeau d'eſprit*, or a mere ſchool exerciſe.

It conſiſts of three parts. The firſt is the advice of Socrates to Alcibiades, i. e. of Perſius to Nero. The ſecond goes into an excellent common-place about our neglect of ſelf-knowledge, and our unhappy diſpoſition to cenſure others. The third tacitly applies this obſervation to Nero's caſe.

2. *Sorbitio tollit.*] He means Socrates, mentioned Juv. XIII. 185.

3. *Pericli.*] The Romans gave a new termination to Greek nouns in *es*, as *Achilleus—ei. So Pericli.*

Pupille.] Pericles was uncle and guardian to Alcibiades.

7. *Fert animus.*] It means not here, in its common ſenſe, mere intention, but a ſtrong impulſe or inclination.

SATIRE IV.

'TWAS thus, of old, the bearded awful ſage,
(He, the fam'd victim of Athenian rage,
Whom hemlock's fatal juice from life remov'd)
Addreſs'd th' aſpiring, forward youth he lov'd.
You, then, preſume to guide affairs of ſtate,
And load your ſhoulders with a nation's weight:
What bleſt attainments, I would humbly aſk,
Equal my ſtripling to this arduous taſk?
Reſolve me, you; you, born forſooth to ſhare
The mighty Pericles' inſtructive care!
No marks of manhood on your chin we find;
But, doubtleſs, many muſt adorn your mind.
Bleſs me, ſo young, and ſo experienc'd too!
What wonders meet, conſummate ſir, in you!
You know, beſure, on every various head,
What ſhould be ſunk in ſilence, what be ſaid!
Behold, ſedition thro' the people reigns;
Bile rolls impetuous thro' their burning veins!
Oh! for a man, their madneſs to aſſwage,
And, with mild reaſon, ſtill their clamorous rage!
Eager to ſpeak, and forward to command,
Lo! you ariſe, and wave the ſolemn hand.

Hoc, putà, non juſtum eſt; illud malè, rectius iſtud.
Scis etenim juſtum geminâ ſuſpendere lance
Ancipitis libræ. Rectum diſcernis, ubi inter
Curva ſubit, vel cùm fallit pede regula varo;
Et potis es nigrum vitio præfigere theta.
Quin tu igitur, ſummâ nequicquam pelle decorus,
Ante diem blando caudam jactare popello
Deſinis; Anticyras melior ſorbere meracas?
Quæ tibi ſumma boni eſt? Unctâ vixiſſe patellâ
Semper; & aſſiduo curata cuticula ſole?
Expecta. Haud aliud reſpondeat hæc anus. I nunc,
Dinomaches ego ſum: ſuffla, ſum candidus: Eſto,
Dum

9. *Hoc, putà.*] So the beſt MSS; not, *puto.*

11. *Rectum diſcernis inter curva.*] To diſtinguiſh what is right from the two extremes between which it lies.

12. *Cum fallit pede.*] To determine a point according to equity; when the rule of right, *regula*, is varied by circumſtances, *varo pede*, i. e. when the ſtrict letter of law becomes unjuſt, according to the Latin adage *ſummum jus, ſumma injuria.*

13. *Et potis es.*] Theta from θανατος was the mark of condemnation among the Greeks, as C was among the Romans.

16. *Anticyra.*] There were two iſlands of this name, famous for Hellebore, the proper medicine for madneſs; from Hor.

Expulit Helleboro morbum bilemque meraco.

20 *Dinomache.*] Was the mother of Alcibiades. He covertly means Agrippina; the mother of Nero.

Sum candidus.] Alcibiades was remarkable for a fine perſon: but Nero bore no reſemblance to him in this reſpect.

Silence ſucceeds—eaſe now that labouring breaſt:
Now ſay, what counſel ſwells to be expreſt?
'I think, my countrymen! I think, in this,
'Ye act unjuſtly; and in that, amiſs.
'Would ye behave as reaſon's rules require?
'Go to your proper homes, in peace retire.'
For, with nice hand, the balance you ſuſtain,
And weigh out juſtice, to a ſingle grain;
Perceive which ſide is deſtin'd to prevail,
While, as yet doubtful, nods the wavering ſcale!
You, if a line the leaſt from ſtraightneſs ſwerve,
See it, at once, deflecting to a curve!
Or, if the compaſs ſhould incline awry,
Soon you diſcern it, with ſagacious eye.
You trace the knave, thro' all his doubling tricks;
Then to his name the fatal letter fix!
Ah, leave, young ſtateſman! leave ſuch weighty cares,
Till judgment ripen with maturer years.
For what avails a varniſh'd outward ſkin,
If an untutor'd mind remains within?
Why to the crowd, why, then, this earneſt ſuit,
The fawning cringe, and popular ſalute?
Let each Anticyra firſt purge thy brain;
A taſk, one iſland would attempt in vain.
For tell me, pray, reſolve me only this;
What makes the ſum of ſublunary bliſs?
'Good cheer, no doubt; delicious daily treats;
'Soft pleaſures, ſuppling oils, and ſunny heats.'
That crippled Beldame, who comes hobbling by,
If aſk'd the like, would give the like reply;
The ſame her thoughts, her appetites the ſame:
Go now, go, wretch! thy uſual vaunts proclaim!
'I ſpring of noble race; ſee here, in me,
'The great Dinomache's deſcendant ſee!

Dum ne deterius ſapiat pannucia Baucis,
Cùm bene diſcincto cantaverit ocima vernæ.
Ut nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere: nemo:
Sed præcedenti ſpectatur mantica tergo!
Quæſieris; nôſtin' Vectidî prædia? Cujus?
Dives arat Curibus, quantum non milvus oberret.
Hunc, ais? Hunc, Diis iratis, Genioque ſiniſtro!
Qui, quandoque jugum pertuſa ad compita figit,
Seriolæ veteris metuens deradere limum,
Ingemit, hoc benè ſit: tunicatum cum ſale mordens
Cæpe,

22. *Cantare ocyma.*] The herb bazil, *ocymum*, was planted with curſes, as Pliny ſays, to make it grow the better. Hence *cantare ocyma* became proverbial, "to rail and ſquabble." But B. has choſen the literal meaning.

23. *Ut nemo in ſeſe.*] Here begins the ſecond part, a paſſage of great elegance, to expreſs the neglect of mankind in acquiring ſelf-knowledge.

24. *Sed præcedenti.*] This alludes to Æſop's fabled wallet, in which we carry the faults of other men before, our own behind.

25. *Quæſieris.*] Here is opened a higher error of human life. We not only ſee the faults of others, but we aggravate and magnify them beyond all meaſure. Perſius illuſtrates this obſervation by two very ſtrong examples.

Vectidius was rich, and perhaps an œconomiſt: and what ſays malicious exaggeration? It paints him forth in the darkeſt colours of avarice. Another is a man of eaſe and pleaſure, *at ſi unctus ceſſet*: and what ſays malice here again? It deſcribes him as the worſt of libertines.

28. *Qui quandoque.*] The feaſts, called *Compitalia*, were celebrated in the moſt frequented parts of the highways; hence *compita*, and *pertuſa*. We know no more of the reſt of the ceremonies, than what is mentioned here.

29. *Seriolæ.*] Never was the picture of a miſer drawn in ſtronger colours. It was a feſtival of the moſt public kind: yet his wine-

caſk

'I, too, have beauty.'—That we all confeſs,
But as for wiſdom, Baucis has not leſs,
Old goody Baucis, who, in tatter'd gown,
Screams out her herbs to every ſlave in town.
II. Into themſelves, how few, how few, deſcend;
And act, at home, the free impartial friend!
None ſee their own; but all, with ready eye,
The pendent wallet on a neighbour ſpy:
All too, with ready tongue, recount his ſhame,
And tack his every error to his name.
Should I but aſk (for inſtance) 'Have you ſeen
'The farms of one Vectidius?'—Whom d'you mean?
'Why, the rich Sabine, whoſe extent of ground
'Would tire the wheeling kite to meaſure round.
'Oh! mean you him! of heaven and earth the ſcorn,
'With angry gods, and adverſe genius born;
'Who (even then, when ſteers reſign the yoke,
'And ploughs hang uſeleſs on the croſs-way oak)
'O'er his poor mouldy jar a niggard ſtands,
'And opes its pitchy vent, with boggling hands?
'Ye gods (groans he) ye powers, propitious grant
'This day's profuſion may not end in want!
'Then on a ſalted onion makes his meal;
'Spares not a coat, but munches e'en the peel:

caſk was but ſmall; not *feria* but *feriola:* he opens it with fear, *metuens*, with very ſlow caution, *deradere*; he prays heaven to forgive his profuſion, *bene ſit*; and after all, the contents are not wine, but vinegar, *acetum*; and this but dregs *fæx*, vapid *moriens*, and mothery *pannoſa*. As to his food, he loſes not one coat of his onion, *tunicatum cæpe*, he has but barley pudding for bread *farrata olla*; and this was very uncommon cheer, *pueris plaudentibus*; and, *hôc benè ſit*, as Caſaubon underſtands the phraſe, "let us make merry with this." How, then, (ſays he) muſt they, both maſters and ſlaves, have fared, upon common days?

Cæpe, & farratam, pueris plaudentibus, ollam;
Pannoſam fæcem morientis ſorbet aceti!
At ſi unctus ceſſes, & figas in cute ſolem,
Eſt propè te ignotus, cubito qui tangat, & acre
Deſpuat in mores; te, lumbos more ſiniſtro
Runcantem, populo marcentes pandere vulvas.
Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura ſagittis.
Vivitur hoc pacto. Sic novimus. Ilia ſubter
Cæcum vulnus habes: ſed lato balteus auro
Prætegit: ut mavis, da verba, & decipe nervos,
Si potes. Egregium cùm me vicinia dicat,

Non

33. *At ſi unctus.*] The ſecond character follows. But the chaſte Perſius has uſed language here, which cannot be explained or tranſcribed.

34. *Acre Deſpuat*] *Acre* is for *acritèr*, and *deſpuat* for two verbs *abominetur tuos mores, & hæc dicat de te, quæ ſequuntur.*

37. *Cædimus, inque vicem.*] A metaphor taken from the gladiators; and here he intimates that human life is but a hoſtile ſcene of cenſure and recrimination. He had his friend Horace, as uſual, in his eye:

at tibi contrà
Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rurſus et illi. Sat. I. 3.
Cædimur, et totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem. Ep. II. 2.

38. *Vivitur hoc pacto.*] The poet, in the next place, ſhows the application of the preceding remarks. "If this be the actual, "ſettled courſe of human life, it is impoſſible but that your faults "ſhould come to light, however you may contrive for a time to "to hide them."

39. *Lato balteus auro.*] Metaphorically uſed: "No power or riches can conceal your faults."

41. *Egregium cum me.*] The poet proceeds farther. "Nay, "though the world ſhould be blind to your vices, and give you "the applauſe due to real virtue, yet conſcience, which you "cannot deceive, ſhould make you reject the idle adulation, and "reform yourſelf."

'Nay guzzles (to digeſt this luſcious cheer)
'Dead, acid, mothery lees, for wholeſome beer.
'His clowns, mean-time, a barley pudding treats,
'And makes each bumpkin chuckle as he eats.'
Thus on Vectidius' life, doſt thou enlarge;
There is, who thine ſhall full as freely charge.
Yes, if thou paſs effeminate away,
In oils and ſunſhine, all the ſlothful day,
Some one there is (unknown, unthought of) nigh,
Prompt to retort th' unwelcome harſh reply:
He then, indignant, ſhall thy crimes recite,
And drag each lewder action forth to light.
Tell with what pains you keep the member bare,
And from the cuſhion, root each manly hair:
That all the town, their pathic may approve,
Smooth'd and completed to the taſte of love.
Thus, in a circle, cenſure goes its round:
We give alternate, and receive the wound:
Eſtabliſh'd practice has ordain'd it thus,
We rail at others, others rail at us.
III. Say, tho' the curious world in vain ſhould pry,
Say, that thy faults eſcape the ſharpeſt eye;
Yet, can'ſt thou cheat the cenſor in thy breaſt?
No, conſcience calls each failure to the teſt.
Thy rich broad belt (it cries) may gild thy ſides,
But cannot cure the ſecret ſore it hides.
What tho' the blinded world pronounce thee ſound,
Will not thy nerves reclaim, that feel the wound?
'But lo! my neighbours with one voice agree,
'Perfection's ſelf is center'd ſole in me!
'What muſt I do? inſtruct me how to act:
'Say, can I queſtion, what they ſwear is fact?'

Non credam? Viſo ſi palles, improbe, nummo,
Si facis, in mentem quicquid tibi venit iniqui,
Si puteal multâ cautus vibice flagellas;
Necquicquam populo bibulas donaveris aures.
Reſpue quod non es: tollat ſua munera cerdo:
Tecum habita, & nôris quam ſit tibi curta ſupellex.

44. *Si puteal.*] It properly relates to Nero's nocturnal ſallies. See the Chronol. A. C. 55. *Cautus:* having been once roughly handled, he afterwards had a guard to follow him at a diſtance.

Yet this may be made a general maxim, for uſury; *puteal* being put for the forum where money was kept. Juv. X. 25. and *vibex* for the chains that ſecured the cheſt. Or it may alſo denote vexatious ſuits at law.

45. *Nequicquam.*] Popular fame is an idle purſuit; the wiſdom of man lies in ſelf-knowledge and ſelf-diſcipline.

SATIRA V.

VATIBUS hic mos eſt, centum ſibi poſcere voces,
Centum ora, & linguas optare in carmina centum;
Fabula ſeu mœſto ponatur hianda Tragœdo;
Vulnera

This ſatire, the poet's maſter-piece, treats of two of the capital principles of the Stoic ſchool; "that all wicked men are ſlaves," and "that the wiſe only are free." Theſe he treats of in an inverted order, and the other parts of the ſatire are but introductory to this great and noble ſubject. 1. He prepoſſeſſes his reader in favour of wiſdom by the eſteem and gratitude he profeſſes for his philoſophical friend and tutor, Cornutus. 2. He engages the reader's further attention by ſhowing, that happineſs is to be found only in philoſophy. 3. He removes the capital obſtacle of all improvement, Procraſtination. 4. He ſtates the idea of true liberty. 5. He ſhows, that this is the gift of philoſophy alone. And 6. that all vitious men are ſlaves; a doctrine illuſtrated at length

Wretch! if the glimpſe of gold alarm thy breaſt,
While on thy cheek pale avarice ſits confeſt;
If thou purſu'ſt each midnight lewd deſign
That luſt can dictate, luſt inflam'd with wine;
(Cautious a guard of bullies to provide,
Who back th' abuſe, and hector at thy ſide)
If with thy crimes each ſacred place be ſtain'd,
The Forum's ſelf with outrages profan'd:
If ſuch thy life, go, credit fame no more,
Tho' mobs applaud, tho' multitudes adore:
No more to flattering crowds thy ear incline,
Eager to drink the praiſe which is not thine.
Applauſe, unmerited, ſhould move diſdain;
Give it the cobling donors back again.
To know thyſelf, abroad no longer roam;
Compute thy worth from what thou find'ſt at home.

SATIRE V.

I. Perſius. 'O! FOR a hundred pair of brazen lungs!
'O! for a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues!'
'Tis thus our bards, whate'er high theme they chuſe,
By cuſtom taught, addreſs the favourite muſe:
Whether ſome boiſtrous, buſkin'd plot they form,
To rend the actor's throat with tragic ſtorm;
Or elſe, in epic, ſing the Parthian's ſmart,

length in FIVE ruling paſſions of life, i. e. avarice, pleaſure, love, ambition, and ſuperſtition.

3. *bianda.*] A forcible expreſſion, ſimilar to our Engliſh word, "to mouthe," to characterize the pompous inanity of bad tragedy.

Vulnera ſeu Parthi ducentis ab inguine ferrum.
Quorſum hæc? Aut quantas robuſti carminis offas
Ingeris, ut par ſit centeno gutture niti?
Grande locuturi nebulas Helicone legunto:
Si quibus aut Prognes, aut ſi quibus olla Thyeſtæ
Fervebit; ſæpe inſulſo cœnanda Glyconi.
Tu neque anhelanti, coquitur dum maſſa camino,
Folle premis ventos: nec clauſo murmure raucus
Neſcio quid tecum grave cornicaris ineptè;
Nec ſtloppo tumidas intendis rumpere buccas.
Verba togæ ſequeris, junctură callidus acri,
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores
Doctus, & ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.
Hinc trahe quæ dicas: menſaſque relinque Mycenis
um capite & pedibus; plebeiaq; prandia nôris.

Non

6. *Ingeris.*] i. e. *profers in publicum, & lectoribus tuis objicis.* Cas. But it is better, to ſuppoſe that he purſues the metaphor implied in *bio*, and to underſtand it of the poet himſelf, as Brewſter does.

10. *Tu neque anhelanti.*] Here are three characters of bad writers. Vain-glory as a motive, *folle premis ventos:* the affectation of a ſtudious air to catch the public eye, *cornicaris inepte*; for *cornicor* is to walk alone, as the crow: and inflated expreſſion, *rumpere buccas.* Cas.

But as the following ſentence relates to the beauties of ſtile, it is ſubmitted to the reader's judgment, whether this too relates not to the errors of ſtile, viz. verboſity, obſcurity, and bombaſt.

Certainly, the paſſage of Horace, which Perſius imitates in the firſt line, deſcribes a verboſe writer; *neſcio quid grave—ineptè* may mean ſolemn nonſenſe; and *rumpere buccas* inflated language.

13. *Stloppus.*] A word coined from ſound, uſed only here. See Ainſworth.

14. *Verba togæ.*] Here are four characteriſtics of a good ſatiriſt. 1. The language of common life, *verba togæ.* 2. Harmony and force of diſpoſition *acris junctura.* 3. Proper elocution, neither grovelling nor inflated, *modico ore, teres.* 4. Proper reprehenſion

of

Extracting from his groin the Roman dart.
The ſame my wiſh——
Cornutus.——Thine too, my Perſius! thine?
With all theſe voices, what canſt thou deſign?
What huge heroics, in thy boſom pent,
Demand a hundred throats, to give them vent?
To bards alone of fuſtian race belong
Theſe fogs of Helicon, theſe flights of ſong:
Bards! who, to frighted theatres, reveal
The tragic horrors of Thyeſtes' meal;
Or know to cook fam'd Progne's bloody treat;
Where witleſs Glycon, oft and oft, muſt eat.
Their labouring lungs, like heaving bellows, ſtrain,
To ply that ever-working forge, their brain:
* With inward murmurs croak their ſolemn throats,
Hoarſe as the boding raven's ruſty notes:
Their very cheeks, apt emblems of their mind,
Still big with tempeſts of impriſon'd wind.
But no bombaſt deforms thy natural line;
Mild and familiar is each word of thine.
A juſt connexion ſmooths thy nervous page;
No madneſs there, no mouthing empty rage.
With happy ſkill, knows thy ſatiric hand
The pale offender's guilty front to brand:
Thy well-bred raillery gives wholeſome ſmart;
And mends the morals, while it ſhames the heart.
Thy talent this: this ſtill do thou profeſs;
The bloody tragic feaſt let others dreſs:
Thee the plain follies of a common board
Much better ſuit, much fitter theme afford.

of vices, which has two parts, addreſs in correcting guilt *pallentes radere mores doctus*, and raillery of folly *culpam defigere ludo.*

17. *Mycenis.*] This alludes to the ſtory of Atreus and Thyeſtes.

* See Sat. III. V. 197.

Non equidem hoc ſtudeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgeſcat, dare pondus idonea fumo.
Secreti loquimur. Tibi nunc, hortante Camœnâ,
Excutienda damus præcordia: quantaque noſtræ
Pars tua ſit, Cornute, animæ, tibi, dulcis amice,
Oſtendiſſe juvat. Pulſa, dignoſcere cautus
Quid ſolidum crepet, & pictæ tectoria linguæ.
His ego centenas auſim depoſcere voces,
Ut, quantùm mihi te ſinuoſo in pectore fixi,
Voce traham purâ; totumque hoc verba reſignent
Quod latet arcanâ, non enarrabile, fibrâ.
Cum primùm pavido cuſtos mihi purpura ceſſit,
Bullaque ſuccinctis Laribus donata pependit;
Cùm blandi comites, totâque impunè Suburrâ
Permiſit ſparſiſſe oculos jam candidus umbo;
Cùmque iter ambiguum eſt, & vitæ neſcius error
Diducit trepidas ramoſa in compita mentes:
Me tibi ſuppoſui: teneros tu ſuſcipis annos
Socratico,

20. *Fumo.*] i. e. *leviſſima: cujus pondus non ſit majus quam fumi pondus.* Cas. *Quæ fumum*, i. e. *res leves & vanas extollat.* Lub. Or, more ſimply, *digna, quæ in fumum abeat, vel, digna incendio:* which Juvenal expreſſes more fully *Dona Veneris, Teleſine, marito.* VIII. 25.

28. *Trabam.*] For the compound *extrabam, eruam.*

30. *Cuſtos purpura.*] Youths of family wore the *prætexta* till they came to manhood, when they put on the *toga virilis.* Kennet. V. 8.

31. *Bulla.*] See Sat. II. 70.

33. *Candidus umbo.*] A plait in the *toga virilis*, and put for the whole: not, as many critics ſtill ſay, "a ſhield." It is ſo well explained by Lipſius, Clavier, and Caſaubon, that it admits no longer of a doubt.

35. *Ramoſa in compita.*] He alludes to the Pythagoric letter Y, mentioned Sat. III. 56.

Perſ. With pompous traſh to ſwell the frothy line,
Is not indeed, my friend! what I deſign.
No noiſy nothings ſtudious to indite,
To thee, Cornutus, thee alone I write.
Fain would the muſe lay open to thy teſt
Each latent thought, each winding of my breaſt:
There to thy ſtricteſt view diſcloſe my heart,
And there ſhew thee; its dearer, better part.
O prove me thou! attentive ring the ware;
And, from the ſound, the veſſel's worth declare.
Thou! ſkill'd to ſeparate truth, from baſe pretence;
And flattery's guile, from friendſhip's honeſt ſenſe!
For this alone, this dear delightful taſk,
A hundred voices, I, preſumptuous, aſk:
To pour out all my ſoul, and thus expreſs
Thee deeply rooted in its laſt receſs.
Lock'd in my breaſt, muſt elſe the truth remain;
A truth, one tongue can ne'er enough explain.
Scarce had I quitted (free from infant fears)
The purple, guardian of my tenderer years;
Scarce, to my patron image, had I bore
The bulla; pendent on myſelf, before;
(Privileg'd now, by uſe of manly gown,
To ranſack each lewd corner of the town;
Crowds of aſſociates pointing out the way,
Prompt to ſeduce me, pleaſure's eaſy prey)
Scarce, had I reach'd the ſlippery point of life,
Where vice and virtue wage a doubtful ſtrife;
Where inexperience flexile youth betrays,
And leads it devious thro' her mazy ways;
But lo! Cornutus, thy directing hand
Sudden I ſought, I ſtoop'd to thy command:
On thy Socratic boſom lay reclin'd;
While wholeſome precepts form'd the liſtening mind!

Thy

Socratico, Cornute, ſinu. Tunc fallere ſolers
Appoſita intortos extendit regula mores;
Et premitur ratione animus; vinciq; laborat,
Artificiſq; tuo ducit ſub pollice vultum.
Tecum etenim longos memini conſumere ſoles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes.
Unum opus, & requiem paritèr diſponimus ambo:
At verecundâ laxamus ſeria menſâ.
Non equidem hoc dubites, amborum fœdere certo
Conſentire dies, & ab uno ſidere duci.
Noſtra vel æquali ſuſpendit tempora librâ
Parca tenax veri: ſeu nata fidelibus hora
Dividit in geminos concordia fata duorum:
Saturnumque gravem noſtro Jove frangimus unà.
Neſcio quod certè eſt, quod me tibi temperat, aſtrum.
MILLE hominum ſpecies & rerum diſcolor uſus.
Velle

37. *Fallere ſolers.*] Of all the different interpretations this ſeems to be the beſt. "The application of your precepts, like the "mechanic's line, corrected *(extendit)* my depravities with pleaſ-"ing guile or imperceptible happy influence."

39. *Animus.*] The paſſions. *Vincique laborat*; another compliment to his maſter's ſkill, and a bold figure. "The very rebel paſſions ſtrove to be controulēd," i. e. in plainer language, ſubmitted with eaſe to your wiſe inſtruction.

40. *Artificiſque tuo.*] This is Caſaubon's conjectural emendation, which muſt be admitted. *Artificem* was the error of tranſcribers ignorant of the purity and elegance of the above phraſe.

42. *Primas epulis decerpere noctes.*] Hypallage, for *decerpere epulas primis noctibus.* There is an elegance to be obſerved here: *decerpere* means the ſhortneſs of the repaſt; *noctibus* the lateneſs of it, the whole day being devoted to ſtudy.

48. *Nata fidelibus.*] Hypallage, for *hora, quâ naſcuntur fideles amici.*

50. *Saturnum.*] This is explained by the paſſage in Horace, to which it alludes. *Te Jovis impio Tutela Saturno refulgens Eripuit.* Od. II. 17. "The kind influence of Jupiter, a propitious planet "*(tutela)*

Thy ſtandard rule, with nice addreſs apply'd,
Corrected every thought, that warp'd aſide.
My ſoul, by reaſon's force convicted ſtood,
Its errors ſaw, and ſtrove to be ſubdu'd.
Thy abler ſkill, ſubmiſſive, it obey'd;
It took the ſtamp thy forming finger made.
With thee I, frequent, paſs'd the pleaſing day,
* 'While ſummer-ſuns roll unperceiv'd away:'
With thee, while frugal feaſts prolong'd delight,
Its earlier hours I borrow'd from the night.
One were our ſtudies, and (thoſe ſtudies done)
As one our labour, was our leiſure one.
Whilſt, inoffenſive, modeſt mirth's allay,
Softened the rigour of the ſerious day.
Doubtleſs, at both our births, one planet roſe;
Such ſtrange agreement both our lives diſcloſe.
Haply, fate bade the balance then prevail;
Fate, weigh'd our moments in that equal ſcale.
Haply, the twins our kindred hearts incline;
The faithful twins, an ever-friendly ſign!
Perchance, ſtern Saturn might th' aſcendant ſway;
Stern Saturn, temper'd by Jove's milder ray.
At leaſt, ſome ſtar unknown, our minds controuls;
Some ſtar, 'tis ſure, in union knits our ſouls.
II. Thro' all the kind, thro' nature's numerous ſons,
Look; and you ſee no general impulſe runs:
A different

"*(tutela)* ſhining in direct oppoſition *(refulgens)* protected you "from the ill effects of Saturn a malignant planet."

52. *Mille ſpecies.*] The ſame thing is expreſſed in both clauſes; for *ſpecies* and *uſus rerum* mean *artes & ſcientiæ, quas homines profitentur, et circa res exercent.* "The various occupations and purſuits of life." Theſe he throws into two general claſſes, BUSINESS *(mercibus hic Italis)* and PLEASURE, *hic ſatur irriguo.*

* Mr. Pope's Epiſtle to Mr. Jervas.

Velle ſuum cuique eſt, nec voto vivitur uno.
Mercibus hic Italis mutat ſub ſole recenti
Rugoſum piper, & pallentis grana cumini;
Hic ſatur irriguo mavult turgeſcere ſomno;
Hic campo indulget: hunc alea decoquit: ille
In Venerem eſt putris: ſed cum lapidoſa chiragra
Fregerit articulos, veteris ramalia fagi;
Tum craſſos transîſſe dies, lucemque paluſtrem,
Et ſibi jam ſeri vitam ingemuere relictam.
At te nocturnis juvat impalleſcere chartis:
Cultor enim juvenum, purgatas inſeris aures
Fruge Cleantheâ. Petite hinc, juveneſque, ſeneſque,
Finem animo certum, miſeriſque viatica canis.
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? Quaſi magnum,
Nempe diem donas? Sed cùm lux altera venit,

Jam

59. *Fregerit articulos.*] Here he ſhows the natural effect of all criminal purſuit, the ſorrow and regret of A TOO LATE REPENTANCE.

64. *Cleantheâ.*] Cleanthes, a Stoic philoſopher.

65. *Finem animo certum.*] Here he ſhows the merit of philoſophy. It reſtrains the paſſions that lead to miſery, *animo*; it provides comforts for the very infirmities of old age, *viatica canis*. This ſtands in oppoſition to what he ſaid before of vice.

66. *Cras hoc fiet.*] Here he ſhows the folly of procraſtination.

A different biaſs in each breaſt you trace;
You find the brain as various as the face,
One the prevailing luſt of wealth obeys;
He, Roman wares to eaſtern climes conveys:
From eaſtern climes, wafts wrinkled pepper home;
And cummin's ſpicy ſeeds imports to Rome.
Cummin! that gives, more frequently than Greek,
A learned paleneſs to the ſtudent's cheek.
Luxurious eaſe behold another chuſe!
Batt'ning lies he, in ſlumber's balmy dews.
The Campus' active feats a third employ:
The race, the chariot, his ſupremeſt joy.
This ſpark, the frail conſuming die devours;
While that diſſolves away in looſe amours.
But ah! when jovial health, at length, is flown,
And the gout's chalky knots cramp every bone;
In every limb, when crippling tortures meet, [feet)
(Limbs! more like withered boughs, than hands and
How do the wretches, then, too late lament
A life in darkneſs and in error ſpent!
What dire remorſe excruciates, then, the mind,
Then, when they view that virtue they declin'd!
Thou, other far: thee wiſer joys engage:
Thy faded cheek hangs o'er the midnight page:
'Tis thine, the ſoil of youthful minds to weed:
Firſt clear the ground, then ſow the Stoic ſeed.
To this, ye young! to this, ye old, attend;
From hence, be drawn ſome fix'd determin'd end.
Hence, for your voyage, needful ſtores prepare;
So ſhall ye ſail thro' life, unknown to care.
III. 'This we deſign; but till to-morrow ſtay.'
You'll act to-morrow, as you act to-day.
'May not we, then, ſo ſhort a truce procure?
'One day can make no mighty difference, ſure.'

Much

Jam cras heſternum conſumpſimus; ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, & ſemper paulùm erit ultrà.
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone ſub uno,
Vertentem ſeſe fruſtrà ſectabere canthum,
Cùm rota poſterior curras, & in axe ſecundo.
Libertate opus eſt, non hâc, ut quiſque Velinâ
Publius emeruit, ſcabioſum teſſerulâ far
Poſſidet. Heu ſteriles veri, quibus una Quiritem
Vertigo facit! Hic Dama eſt, non treſſis agaſo,
Vappa, & lippus, & in tenui farragine mendax:
Verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis, exit
Marcus Dama. Papæ! Marco ſpondente, recuſas
Credere tu nummos? Marco ſub Judice palles.
Marcus dixit, ita eſt: aſſigna, Marce, tabellas.
Hæc mera libertas: hanc nobis pilea donant.

An

69. *Egerit.*] From *egero* not from *ago*, i. e. *paulatim conſumere, ut qui condita in penu per partes promunt.* A metaphor from a ſtore houſe.

73. *Non hâc, ut quiſque Velinâ.*] There are ſeveral difficulties in this ſentence. *Quâ* is underſtood; a harſh conſtruction, uſed once by Virgil, but not to be imitated,

Eſt locus, Italiam Graii cognomine dicunt.

Emeruit is a phraſe taken from the diſcharge of gladiators and ſoldiers, who were thence called *emeriti:* here then it means a ſlave's manumiſſion. *Publius* means the new name he received; *Velina* the tribe in which he was inrolled. *Scabioſum far* expreſſes the privilege of his freedom, a title to ſome damaged corn from the public granaries. Juvenal, Sat. VII. 175. But this is ſpoken in ridicule.

77. *Lippus.*] See Sat. II. 72. *In tenui farragine mendax,* "a cheat in the ſmalleſt matter" the ſtrongeſt mark of baſeneſs.

Much you miſtake: this day, ſome hours ago,
Was ſtyl'd to-morrow; now no longer ſo.
A freſh to-morrow, every day will riſe;
Till, in to-morrows, your exiſtence flies.
Mark there, thoſe chariot wheels: how near they roll,
How near each other, on the ſelf-ſame pole!
Yet join, they cannot—For, with even ſpeed,
The wheels before, and wheels behind, proceed.
The fooliſh follower, thus, to-morrows fly;
Ne'er to be over-taken, ever nigh.
IV. Snatch, then, the *now*; incline the liſtening ear
To Stoic leſſons, while to-day is here.
Be freedom thence, be thence true freedom got:
That, which your tribes beſtow, avails you not.
The freedom, they confer, each Publius too
(Each upſtart Publius) boaſts as well as you;
His talley's influence gives him to obtain,
As well as you, his dole of ſcurvy grain.
Oh! with what madneſs muſt their minds abound,
Who think a Roman made by turning round!
See there that Dama! now, a worthleſs ſlave,
Of knaviſh muletiers the verieſt knave!
Let but his maſter one ſmall twirl beſtow,
Plain Dama, ſtrait, ſhall MARCUS Dama grow.
'Thou ſcrupulous fool! afraid to lend thy pelf!
'Lo! the ſecurity is Marcus' ſelf!
'Marcus ſits judge: what turn'ſt thou pale with fears
'Of wrong, when Marcus on the bench appears?
'Did Marcus ſay 'twas fact? then fact it is:
'No proof ſo valid, as a word of his.
'A legal witneſs, lo! theſe wills demand!
'MARCUS, be pleas'd to ſet your worſhip's hand.'
A ſample here, of perfect freedom, ſee:
Thanks to our *caps*, they make us charming free!

Dama.

An quiſquam eſt alius liber, niſi ducere vitam
Cui licet ut voluit? Licet ut volo vivere: non ſim
Liberior Bruto? Mendosè colligis, inquit
Stoicus hîc, aurem mordaci lotus aceto.
Hæc reliqua accipio; licet illud, &, ut volo, tolle.
Vindictâ poſtquam meus à Prætore receſſi,
Cur mihi non liceat, juſſit quodcumque voluntas,
Excepto ſi quid Maſurî rubrica vetavit?
Diſce; ſed ira cadat naſo, rugoſaque ſanna,
Cùm veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.
Non Prætoris erat ſtultis dare tenuia rerum
Officia, atque uſum rapidæ permittere vitæ.
Sambucam citiùs caloni aptaveris alto.
Stat contrà ratio, & ſecretam garrit in aurem,
Ne liceat facere id, quod quis vitiabit agendo.

Publica

83. *An quiſquam.*] An objection of the adverſary, drawn up, almoſt, in ſyllogiſtic form. "He that lives as he pleaſes, is free: I live as I pleaſe: therefore I am free."

85. *Mendoſè colligis.*] What the poet denies here is the minor (as the logicians ſpeak) that is, the ſecond propoſition.

86. *Acetum.*] "A ſound judgment, or juſt diſcernment." It ſeems to be a metaphor taken from ſome medical fomentation in which vinegar was a principal ingredient.

90. *Maſurius.*] Was a diſtinguiſhed lawyer, in the reign of Tiberius.

93. *Tenua rerum officia.*] The emphaſis lies in *tenuia*. The laws of the land teach right and wrong only in general, not in their finer diſcriminations, or in the nicer intercourſes of life.

Dama. 'Nay Sir, who elſe ſhould freedom ſtyle his own,
'But he who leads a life controul'd by none?
'That life lead I—your judgment, now, declare;
'Now ſay, can Brutus' ſelf with me compare?'
Perſ. Hear, my good friends! the Stoic's ſage reply:
The Stoic ſage (whoſe ſharpen'd mental eye
Diſcerns each object in the cleareſt light)
Thus plainly proves thy reaſoning is not right:
'Who leads (ſays he) a life controul'd by none,
'That man, we grant, may freedom ſtyle his own:
'But that thou lead'ſt a life by none controul'd,
'That we deny, that logic will not hold.'
Da. 'Not hold! pray tell, what meant the prætor's wand?
'Why felt my head his authorizing hand?
'Was not I, thence, enabled to fulfil
'Each varying dictate of my ſovereign will?
'Provided, always, that a decent awe
'Keeps me within the bounds preſcrib'd by law.'
V. *Per.* Friend, to thy error liſten: but compoſe
Thy temper, firſt; ſmooth, firſt, thy ſneering noſe:
Theſe old wives tenets will I ſoon refute,
And from thy breaſt the ancient *grannum* root.
Say, then, this freedom how didſt thou receive?
The prætor give it! has he it to give?
Can he make fools life's nicer duties know?
Can he the freedom of the mind beſtow?
Should he (ſuppoſe) to ſome rough ſoldier ſay,
'Lo! there the harp! 'tis I ordain it, play:
'With dextrous ſkill, each ſweeteſt note explore.'
Would not the dolt ſtand artleſs as before?
Reaſon reclaims; her warning accent hear:
'Tis thus ſhe whiſpers to the ſecret ear;
'Decline, fond fools! your enterprize decline,
'Unleſs your talents ſecond your deſign,

The

Publica lex hominum naturaque continet hoc fas,
Ut teneat vetitos inſcitia debilis actus.
Diluis helleborum, certo compeſcere puncto
Neſcius examen? vetat hoc natura medendi.
Navim ſi poſcat ſibi peronatus arator,
Luciferi rudis; exclamet Melicerta, perîſſe
Frontem de rebus. Tibi recto vivere talo
Ars dedit? Et veri ſpeciem dignoſcere calles,
Ne qua ſubærato mendoſùm tinniat auro?
Quæque ſequenda forent, & quæ vitanda viciſſim;
Illa priùs cretâ, mox hæc carbone notâſti?
Es modicus voti, preſſus lare, dulcis amicis;
Jam nunc aſtringas; jam nunc granaria laxes;
Inque luto fixum poſſis tranſcendere nummum;
Nec glutto ſorbere ſalivam Mercurialem?
Hæc mea ſunt, teneo cùm verè dixeris; Eſto
Liberque

99. *Ut teneat vetitos.*] *Ut inſcitia eos actus pro vetitis habeat, quibus impar eſt.* This laſt phraſe is implied in *debilis*.

100. *Puncto.*] This is a metaphor from the ſtill-yard, not the balance.

111. *In luto—nec glutto.*] Theſe mean two different things. The firſt is "to do any *ſordid* action for gain;" the ſecond ſignifies the thirſt of gain *in general*. This latter is a ſtrong but unuſual phraſe anſwering to ours in Engliſh, "to view a thing with watering teeth."

The laws of man, and nature too, command,
That, what we practiſe, firſt we underſtand.
Should'ſt thou, or I, who never have been taught
To weigh the powder, or to mix the draught,
Preſcribe, at random, hellebore infus'd;
Would not phyſicians deem their art abus'd?
Or ſhould ſome thick-ſhod clumſy clown (who knows
No ſingle ſtar of all the hoſt that glows)
His ploughman's province wantonly diſdain,
And ruſh an artleſs pilot o'er the main;
Would not the ſea-gods with ſurprize exclaim,
And think the race of mortals dead to ſhame?
Impartial, next, thy own dear ſelf ſurvey;
By the ſame rules, thy claim to freedom weigh.
Thee, has philoſophy, ſage miſtreſs! taught
The mighty work, of living as we ought?
Know'ſt thou from truth its ſemblance to disjoin?
The gilded counter, from the ſterling coin.
Canſt thou diſcern, by reaſon's piercing eye,
What things to follow, and what things to fly?
Haſt thou to theſe, the marks of ſcorn aſſign'd?
To thoſe, the fairer ſtamp of honour join'd?
Exceed not thy deſires their juſt degree?
Holds the ſame humble roof content and thee?
Do'ſt thou to life's each ſocial law attend?
Art thou a faithful, a well-natur'd friend?
Liv'ſt thou, as varying ſeaſons may demand,
Now with a cloſe, and now an open hand?
Fixt on the ground, the glittering money lies!
Canſt thou, untempted, paſs th' enſnaring prize?
Canſt thou behold the bait, yet not admire,
Nor with a watering lip betray deſire?
If thine, theſe virtues thou canſt truly call,
Canſt fairly ſay, 'lo! I poſſeſs them all;'

To

Liberque ac ſapiens, Prætoribus ac Jove dextro.
Sin tu, cùm fueris noſtræ paulò antè farinæ,
Pelliculam veterem retines, &, fronte politus,
Aſtutam vapido ſervas ſub pectore vulpem;
Quæ dederam ſuprà, repeto, funemque reduco.
Nil tibi conceſſit ratio: digitum exere, peccas:
Et quid tam parvum eſt? Sed nullo thure litabis,
Hæreat in ſtultis brevis ut ſemuncia recti.
Hæc miſcere nefas; nec, cùm ſis cætera foſſor,
Tres tantùm ad numeros Satyri moveare Bathylli.
Liber ego! Undè datum hoc ſumis, tot ſubdite rebus?
An dominum ignoras, niſi quem vindicta relaxat?
I, puer, & ſtrigiles Criſpini ad balnea defer,
Si increpuit, ceſſas, nugator? Servitium acre
Te nihil impellit, nec quicquam extrinſecùs intrat,
Quod nervos agitet? Sed ſi intùs & in jecore ægro
Naſcantur domini; quî tu impunitior exis

Atque

117. *Aſtutam vapido.*] Some MSS. read *vafro:* but Perſius is fond of this metaphor from bad wine. "If you, fair only without, have nothing but the artificial diſguiſes of ſly hypocriſy "*(aſtutam vulpem)* to hide a corrupt heart," *vapido pectore.*

118. *Funemque reduco.*] This is beſt conſidered as a metaphor from any chained animal, though Caſaubon has recourſe to ſome childiſh play among the Greeks for its explanation.

119. *Digitum exere, peccas.*] The Stoics required abſolute perfection in their ſcholars. To AIM AT perfection, indeed, is certainly a moral duty; but that perfection is ACTUALLY attainable in this life, is an idle pretence.

124. *Liber ego.*] He enters here upon his ſixth and laſt part, the purport of which (as was mentioned before) is to prove, that EVERY WICKED MAN IS A SLAVE. In this part we ſhould hear him with attention at leaſt, if not with reverence: for the ſcripture itſelf requires us to conſider ſinners in the ſame deſpicable view.

127. *Servitium acre.*] This is read in ſome editions without an interrogation. It muſt then be underſtood ironically.

To grant thy claim, ſhall prætors, then, agree;
Nay Jove himſelf allow thee wiſe and free.
But if thy manners, yet, no change have known,
(Thine, which were, late, no better than my own)
If the ſame outſide, if the ſame old ſkin
Conceal the ſame old vices, ſtill, within;
And while thy face is gloſs'd with ſpecious art,
The wily fox lies lurking at thy heart:
Then, back I draw the length of chain I gave,
And once again pronounce thee fool and ſlave.
Go, ſot! the ſmalleſt action, go, eſſay;
The ſmalleſt action ſhall thy wants betray.
Yes, unleſs reaſon be thy conſtant rule,
Wag but a finger, we deſcry the fool.
Wiſdom and folly, nature's laws divide:
Ne'er can a grain of this with that reſide.
Eternal variance right and wrong maintain;
To blend them, all thy ſacrifice were vain.
Can the rough clown aſſume the dancer's grace?
Not in a ſingle ſtep—The ſame thy caſe.
Dama. No, I am free. *Per.* Whence, whence does it appear?
Thou free, o'er whom ſo many domineer!
For Lords there are, there are, miſtaken friend,
Whoſe power no manumitting rod can end.
'Boy! (cries a maſter) to the baths repair:
'Away—begone—and leave theſe ſcrapers there:
'Fly, loiterer, fly!—(adds he, in threatning ſounds)
'Fly, ere the quickning ſcourge thy ſides ſurrounds.'
Ay, this (ſay you) is ſervitude indeed;
I own this wretch a ſlave; ſo far agreed.
But as to me, me no ſuch motives urge;
I dread no maſter's threat or maſter's ſcourge.
True; but thy ſoul, thy ſubject ſoul ſurvey:
There, there, alas! if inmate tyrants ſway,

Atque hic, quem ad ſtrigiles ſcutica & metus egit herilis?
Manè piger ſtertis: ſurge, inquit avaritia; eja
Surge. Negas. Inſtat, Surge, inquit. Non queo. Surge.
Et quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponto,
Caſtoreum, ſtuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.
Tolle recens primus piper è ſitiente camelo.
Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter audiet. Eheu!
Baro, reguſtatum digito terebrare ſalinum
Contentus perages, ſi vivere cum Jove tendis.
Jam pueris pellem ſuccinctus & cœnophorum aptas;
Ocyùs ad navem. Nihil obſtat quin trabe vaſtâ
Ægæum rapias, niſi ſolers luxuria ante
Seductum moneat; quò deinde, inſane, ruis? Quò? Quid

132. *Manè piger ſtertis.*] This dialogue, though at firſt view it appears tedious, is very juſt, and truly expreſſive of the reluctances of indolence. Juvenal very well obſerves, Sat. XIV. 109.

Sponte tamen juvenes imitantur cætera: ſolam
Inviti quoque avaritiam exercere jubentur.

138. *Terebrare ſalinum.*] Every word is emphatical here; a beauty, admirably preſerved in the tranſlation.

142. *Solers luxuria.*] *Ingenioſa in corrumpendis hominum mentibus.* CAS. *Illa enim prædulce malum.* LUB.

Art not thou, then, a ſlave as arrant yet,
As he who dreads a maſter's ſcourge and threat?
* As late thou lieſt, and ſnor'ſt the morn away,
Lo! Avarice comes!—'Up, ſluggard, up I ſay.'
I can't; I'm ſleepy. 'That's a ſorry plea;
'Wake, for ſhame, wake.' No, wake who will for me.
'Once again, riſe.' Why? wherefore? ſay, what taſk
Awaits me riſen?—Ideot, canſt thou aſk?
'Go, croſs the ſeas; ſweet Intereſt's call obey:
'To diſtant regions ſpeed thy gainful way.
'Thy bark with fiſh, flax, caſtor, incenſe, ſtow;
'Fetch Indias's ebon, fetch rich wines from Co.
'To eaſe the camel's back be thou the firſt;
'And cull his ſpices, while he pants with thirſt.
'To make thy markets, pawn thy word, thy oath:
'Then, to thy profits, ſacrifice them both.'
But Jove o'erhears the perjuries of men—
'Thou conſcientious, ſnivelling knave! what then?
'If thou canſt dream of keeping Jove thy friend,
'Thy fate I read—in beggary 'twill end.
'Thy oft-lick'd platter ſoon th' event will rue,
'Bor'd by thy hungry finger, thro' and thro'.
Well: to thy haſty call each ſlave repairs,
Each ſlave on board the needful baggage bears:
While winds and waves ſwell eager to convey
The bulky veſſel o'er the watery way.
In that nice moment, who ſhould intervene,
But Luxury? ſeducive, ſubtle queen!
'Madman! (ſays ſhe) where headlong wouldſt thou run?
'What do'ſt thou ſeek? What is it thou wouldſt ſhun?

* This paſſage of Perſius is imitated by Monſieur Boileau in his eighth ſatire; and recommended by Mr. Addiſon in his fifty-fifth Spectator.

Quid tibi vis? Calido ſub pectore maſcula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ.
'Tun' mare tranſilias? Tibi tortâ cannabe fulto
Cœna ſit in tranſtro? Vejentanumque rubellum
Exhalet vapidâ læſum pice ſeſſilis obba?
Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hîc quincunce modeſto
Nutrieras, pergant avidos ſudare deunces?
Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; noſtrum eſt,
Quod vivis: cinis, & manes, & fabula fies.
Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, inde eſt.
En quid agis? Duplici in diverſum ſcinderis hamo.
Hunccine, an hunc ſequeris? Subeas alternus oportet
Ancipiti obſequio dominos; alternus oberres:
Nec tu, cùm obſtiteris ſemel, inſtantique negâris
Parere imperio, rupi jam vincula, dicas.
Nam & luctata canis nodum arripit: attamen illi,
Cùm fugit, à collo trahitur pars longa catenæ.
Dave, citò, hoc credas jubeo, finire dolores
Præteritos

144. *Maſcula.*] *Copioſa et valida*, according to Lubin. But Caſaubon gives it a more refined ſenſe: "That reſolution of "yours *(maſcula)* diſcovers ſuch a heated phrenſy *(bilis, intumuit, "calido)* as no quantity of hemlock can cool."

Luxury ſpeaks but in character, when ſhe conſiders induſtry as a vice: eaſe and effeminacy are the higheſt virtues in her ſchool.

147. *Veientanum.*] The worſt ſort of wine. Hor. Sat. II. 3. 143.

161. *Dave, citò.*] He takes this from Menander himſelf; but Horace took the ſame character from Terence's imitation.

'To calm thy breaſt and cool thy frantic brain
'All hemlock's juices might eſſay in vain.
'Bleſs me! ſhalt thou, ſo tender, ſo refin'd,
'Shalt thou go tempt the warring wave and wind?
'Shalt thou go dine on ſailors' filthy fare?
'A twiſted cable be they eaſieſt chair?
'From cans, where pitch its nauſeous ſavour joins,
'Befits it thee to guzzle beaſtly wines?
'Say, what's thy aim? What motive bids thee roam?
'Thy money bears fair intereſt here at home,
'A modeſt five per cent. thou haſt at eaſe:
'To make it ten, ſhalt thou go combat ſeas?
'No, ſafe on land, indulge thy genial power:
'The ſweets of life for us, boy!—hang the ſour.
'Long as it flows with my bland influence bleſt,
'Tis life indeed: bare breathing all the reſt.
'Soon wilt thou glide a ghoſt for goſſip's chat;
'Be duſt, vile duſt—think, mortal! think on that.
'E'en while I ſpeak, and this ſhort counſel give,
'Grim death advances—think on that, and live.'
Thus thwarting tyrants rend thee different ways:
Well, what reſolv'ſt thou? ſpeak, which is it ſways?
A doubtful homage thou to each muſt pay;
Now this now that alternately obey.
Nay, tho' thou ſhould'ſt their haughty threats withſtand,
And bravely, once, oppoſe their high command,
Yet triumph not: ſay not, 'my bands are broke,
'And I, no more, go ſubject to the yoke.'
Alas! the ſtruggling dog breaks looſe in vain,
Whoſe neck ſtill drags along a trailing length of chain.
While to the quick he bites his harmleſs nails,
The cully-lover thus reſolves, and rails.
'Davus, I will! (yes, deem me not in jeſt)
'I will this inſtant, tear her from my breaſt.

Præteritos meditor. Crudum Chæreſtratus unguem
Abrodens ait hæc. An ſiccis dedecus obſtem
Cognatis? An rem patriam, rumore ſiniſtro,
Limen ad obſcœnum frangam, dum Chryſidis ûdas
Ebrius ante fores, extinctâ cum face, canto?
Euge, puer, ſapias: Diis depellentibus agnam
Percute. Sed cenſen' plorabit, Dave, relicta?
Nugaris. Soleâ, puer, objurgabere rubrâ;
Ne trepidare velis, atque arctos rodere caſſes,
Nunc ferus & violens. At ſi vocet, haud mora, dicas:
Quidnam igitur faciam? Ne nunc, cùm accerſat, & ultrò
Supplicet, accedam? Si totus & integer illinc
Exieras, nec nunc Hic hic, quem quærimus, hic eſt:
Non in feſtucâ, Lictor quam jactat ineptus.
Jus

165. *Udas.*] Moiſt either with his tears, or libations, or both.

'Long have I ſuffer'd reſtleſs cares to rend
'This fooliſh, love-ſick heart—but here they end.
'Gods! on a ſtrumpet ſhall I waſte my wealth?
'Ruin, at once, my fortune, credit, health?
'On my relations too derive a ſhame,
'And call down ſcandal on their fairer fame?
'No, Chryſis, no! no more at midnight hours
'Reel I, to ſerenade your bawdy bowers.
'No more whine I ſtarv'd ditties in the dark:
'No, Chryſis, no! you much miſtake your ſpark.'
That's my brave maſter! be yourſelf, be wiſe,
And thank the gods, that open'd thus your eyes.
Acknowledge ſtraight their influencing grace;
Bleed, bleed a lamb this inſtant on the place.
'But when ſhe finds me gone, for ever gone,
'Won't the fond creature take moſt forely on?
'What think'ſt thou, Davus?'
Think I?—to be plain,
I think you trifling, and your purpoſe vain.
Fear not her *takings on*, but rather dread
Her angry ſlipper levell'd at your head.
I warrant, ſir, ſhe'll teach you to beware
Gnawing the net, and ſtruggling in the ſnare.
Now, big you bluſter, in heroic ſtrain;
Come one kind line, you melt a ſlave again.
'Well, 'tis a puzzling circumſtance, you cry;
'Shall I, my heart! or ſhall I not comply?
'But for one parting look, no more, ſhe ſues:
'And muſt I this, this laſt requeſt refuſe?'
Yes, of full freedom, if you'd reign poſſeſt,
You muſt refuſe, refuſe this laſt requeſt.
Perſ. Right, Davus! there's the man, that happy he,
Whom, and whom only, I acknowledge free.
Who perſevere not, ſtill are actual ſlaves;
Spite of the wand an idle lictor waves.

Jus habet ille ſui palpo, quem ducit hiantem
Cretata ambitio? Vigila: & cicer ingere largè
Rixanti populo, noſtra ut Floralia poſſint
Aprici meminiſſe ſenes.—Quid pulchrius! At cùm
Herodis venêre dies, unctâque feneſtrâ,
Diſpoſitæ pinguem nebulam vomuere lucernæ,
Portantes violas; rubrumq; amplexa catinum
Cauda natat thynni; tumet alba fidelia vino:
Labra moves tacitus, recutitaque ſabbata palles.
Tunc

176. *Jus habet ille ſui palpo.*] He proceeds now to the ſlavery of ambition, which he expreſſes in few but very ſtrong terms. On one hand we have its anxieties, *hiantem, ducit, vigila, cicer ingere*; on the other its wretched rewards, *rixanti populo, aprici meminiſſe ſenes floralia noſtra, quid pulchrius!*

177. *Cretata.*] The candidates for honours wore a dreſs of peculiar whiteneſs, and from thence had their name. *Vigila*, the labour of riſing early to canvas. *Cicer*, the largeſſes and feaſts uſually given to the people by the ambitious to court their favour.

180. *Herodis venêre dies.*] We muſt take our idea of ſuperſtition from the opinion of the ancients, to render this place intelligible. True religion, they thought, lay in worſhipping the eſtabliſhed deities according to the eſtabliſhed forms: ſuperſtition, therefore, as its contrary, lay in worſhipping any foreign deities, or worſhipping the eſtabliſhed deities with forms of foreign growth.

Here, then, is the firſt mark of ſlavery the poet notes in the ſuperſtitious Roman, that he embraced the Jewiſh, Phrygian, or Egyptian rites. The two latter were indeed tolerated by a decree of the ſenate, but were deſpiſed by the wiſer part of the people; the Jewiſh was not ſo much as authorized by any ſuch decree.

The ſecond mark of ſlavery he notes, is, that theſe ſuperſtitions were really deſpicable in themſelves, expreſſed in the contemptuous terms he uſes.

The third mark is, that the deluded man plunges deeper and deeper in abſurdity, when the ſuperſtitious folly has once taken poſſeſſion of his mind.

180. *Herodis.*] Caſaubon, agreeing with the Scholiaſt, underſtands this of Herod the Great, and thoſe Jews, called in the New Teſtament Herodians, who acknowledged him as the Meſſiah.

Uncta

Next of the tyrant train, to ſeize thee waits
Ambition; and diſplays her gilded baits.
Enjoys he freedom, who obeys her laws?
Who follows eager, where ſhe tempting draws?
Go, ſlave! (for ſuch thou art) quit ſleep and eaſe!
Deal to the brangling mob, thy bribe of peaſe!
With liberal hand, thy largeſſes beſtow,
Rich be the feaſt, and ſumptuous be the ſhow:
So (while they creep, and baſk in noon-tide heat)
Shall ſunny ſeniors thy applauſe repeat:
Give thee, for ſleepleſs nights, and anxious days,
(O rare amends!) a dotard's chatty praiſe.
But Herod's feaſt returns!—How chang'd thou art?
Now ſuperſtition lords it o'er thy heart.
Now lamps with violets deck'd in rows depend;
And from each window greaſy clouds aſcend:
Now the red diſh, within its circling rim,
Beholds the tail of ſome poor tunny ſwim.
Now the white earthen veſſel ſwells with wine;
And thou in folly ſtand'ſt prepar'd to join,
Strictly obſervant of the curtail'd race,
Poor thou, with anguiſh brooding on thy face.

Unctа—pinguem.] This deſcription is deſignedly coarſe to ridicule the Jews.

182. *Rubrum.*] Common earthen ware coloured with vermilion.

183. *Thynnus.*] A common fiſh of remarkably large ſize: *amplexa* therefore means that it extended from ſide to ſide in the diſh of ſoop, in which it was ſerved.

Alba.] White earthen ware, for a wine caſk: *tumet* means more than *plena eſt*; it ſignifies the wine was new, almoſt in a ſtate of fermentation.

184. *labra moves.*] This is the ſecond ſtep in the ſuperſtitious man's fooliſh procedure. He firſt joined the carouſing Herodians, he here proceeds farther, and joins the other Jews in all their religious follies.

Recutita ſabbata.] The epithet is applied to the ſabbath which belonged to the people. *Recutitus, verpa, Apella,* were words of contempt for a Jew upon account of the rite of circumciſion.

Tunc nigri lemures, ovoque pericula rupto:
Hinc grandes Galli; & cum fiſtro luſca Sacerdos
Incuſſere Deos inflantes corpora, ſi non
Prædictum ter manè caput guſtaveris allî.
Dixeris hæc inter varicoſos Centuriones,
Continuò craſſùm ridet Vulfenius ingens:
Et centum Græcos curto centuſſe licetur.

185. *Tunc nigri Lemures.*] The third ſtep in the ſuperſtitious proceſs. *Tunc* "in the next place." *Timentur* is underſtood.

186. *Hinc grandes Galli.*] The fourth ſtep. Galli were the prieſts of the goddeſs Cybele. *Grandes* muſt be applied to the mind; ſtupid, heavy, illiterate.

Cum fiſtro luſca ſacerdos.] The fifth ſtep. The ſuperſtitious fool laſtly becomes a worſhipper of Iſis; and the poet expreſſes his contempt for the deity and her worſhippers by the word *luſcus*, which, like *ingens*, relates to the mind, and denotes folly.

187. *Incuſſêre deos.*] i. e. *incuſſêre timorem eorum deorum, qui inflant corpora; morbis vel ulceribus impetunt.*

189. *Dixeris.*] The concluſion is lively, and has this meaning; "I know theſe maxims will be ridiculed in the world: but by whom? why, by the ſtupid and illiterate." The military, it has been obſerved before, valued themſelves upon their ſtrength and neglect of perſon, and deſpiſed all elegance and letters in general. This accounts for *varicoſus, craſſùm ridet, ingens.*

Pale turns thy cheek, with idle empty frights;
While thy lips move, and mutter Jewiſh rites.
Next the black ghoſt thy mind with horrors fills;
And the crackt egg-ſhell bodes a thouſand ills.
The blinkard prieſteſs awes, with timbrell'd hand;
Fat gelding-prieſts thy ſervile ſoul command.
Dire ills, it ſeems! their gods denounce in rage;
And garlick, only, can their gods aſſwage.
Thrice then, each morn, (for thrice the powers direct)
Garlick thou nibbleſt, with devout reſpect.
But here I end: for, dictate as I will,
Blockheads there are, who muſt be blockheads ſtill.
Yes, ſhou'd I vent in camps theſe moral ſtrains,
How wou'd the hero-tribe applaud my pains!
Each brawny back with laughter ſtraight wou'd ſhake;
Each noble captain this reply wou'd make:
'Jabber not, friend! thy learned jargon here:
'Do muſty morals ſuit the martial ear?
'We prize not, we, with all their ſenſeleſs ſenſe,
'A hundred Stoics at a hundred pence.'

SATIRA VI.

ADmovit jam bruma foco te, Baſſe, Sabino?
Jamne lyra, & tetrico vivunt tibi pectine chordæ?
Mire opifex numeris veterum primordia vocum,
Atque marem ſtrepitum fidis intendiſſe Latinæ,
Mox juvenes agitare jocos, & pollice honeſto
Egregios luſiſſe ſenes. Mihi nunc Ligus ora
Intepet, hybernatque meum mare, quà latus ingens
Dant ſcopuli, & multâ littus ſe valle receptat.
Lunaï portum eſt operæ cognoſcere, cives.
Cor jubet hoc Ennî, poſtquam deſtertuit eſſe
Mœonides

This ſatire is obſcure. But it has ſome beauties of ſentiment and expreſſion; and treats of a very important ſubject, the value and uſe of riches.

It conſiſts of four parts. 1. The poet inſcribes it to his friend, who was, it ſeems, a man of letters and a poet, as well as himſelf. 2. He ſhows, in his own example, what was the proper uſe of riches. 3. He removes the objections againſt liberality. 4. He ſhows, that the thirſt of gain, if once indulged, will grow inſatiable, and become a curſe.

2. *Tetrico—chordæ.*] *Tetrico* denotes the gravity of his ſubject; *vivunt*, the vigour of his fancy; *chordæ*, the ſpecies of poetry, which he cultivated, the Lyric.

3. *Primordia rerum.*] The common editions have *vocum*. But the origin of words or etymology is the grovelling buſineſs of a grammarian; the origin of things, the beauties of creation, is a ſubject truly becoming a poet.

4. *Marem*

SATIRE VI.

I. HAS winter drawn thee, ſay, poetic friend,
To ſeek that warmth thy Sabine chimnies lend?
Wakes, to thy ſolemn quill, th' obedient lyre,
And vibrates into life each warbling wire?
Say, mighty maſter! thou, whoſe heart alone
Could teach the Roman ſtring a manlier tone!
Majeſtic, now, thy towering numbers ſoar,
And all creation's wondrous works explore:
Next, the gay theme thy ſprightlier notes employs,
And ſportive lyrics paint our youthful joys:
Strait, hoary chiefs thy honouring hand engage,
And the chang'd ſong recounts the praiſe of age.
Mean-time, I winter on the ſhelter'd ſhores,
Where my Liguria's ſea, tempeſtous, roars:
Where riſing cliffs on either ſide are ſeen,
While ſands extend their level vales, between.
O Luna, lovely port! thy fame remains
Recorded, erſt, in Ennius' deathleſs ſtrains,
Strains! in the mould of ſober reaſon caſt,
When all his tranſmigrating dreams were paſt.

II. Whether

4. *Marem—juvenes.*] Are both uſed as adjectives, after the Greek idiom.

9. *Lunaï portus.*] A line from Ennius.

10. *Cor Enni.*] *Cordatus vel ſapiens Ennius:* like *Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis ſapientia Lælî.* Hor.

Mœonides Quintus pavone ex Pythagoreo.
Hîc ego ſecurus vulgi; & quid præparet Auſter
Infelix pecori; ſecurus, & angulus ille
Vicini noſtro quia pinguior: & ſi adeò omnes
Diteſcant orti pejoribus: uſque recuſem
Curvus ob id minui ſenio, aut cœnare ſine uncto,
Et ſignum in vapidâ naſo tetigiſſe lagenâ.
Diſcrepet his alius. Geminos, Horoſcope, varo
Producis genio. Solis natalibus eſt qui
Tingat olus ſiccum muriâ vafer in calice emptâ,
Ipſe ſacrum irrorans patinæ piper. Hic bona dente
Grandia magnanimus peragit puer. Utar ego, utar:
Nec rhombos ideò libertis ponere lautus,
Nec tenuem ſolers turdarum noſſe ſalivam.
Meſſe tenus propriâ vive: & granaria (fas eſt,)
Emole.

11. *Deſtertuit eſſe Mœonides.*] A Græciſm, like *in medios ſenſit delapſus Achivos.* Virg.

Mœonides Quintus.] "A Roman Homer:" for Quintus is a Roman name.

Pavone.] He here ridicules Pythagoras's metempſychoſis or tranſmigration of ſouls. A peacock's body, it ſeems, according to this fanciful hypotheſis, was one of the intermediate ſtages of Homer's ſoul.

16. *Senio.*] i. e. *curâ* vel *dolore. Curvus* expreſſes the attitude of ſorrow: *aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit.* Hor.

17. *Vapida.*] Every word has its emphaſis. The miſer ſtores up the ſorrieſt wine, *vapida lagena*; yet he ſeals it carefully, *ſignum*; he examines the ſeal too with prying eyes, leſt the ſlaves ſhould cheat him, *naſo tangit.*

20. *Tingat.*] This paſſage, too, is equally remarkable for its emphaſis, which is well preſerved in the tranſlation.

23. *Nec rhombos.*] The three following verſes mark out the proper line of conduct between two common abuſes of wealth, idle profuſion, and ſelfiſh luxury.

II. Whether the mob applaud me, or decry,
In this retreat, alike regardleſs I:
Regardleſs I, though Auſter's ſultry breath,
To thin my folds, prepare infectious death:
Though my next neighbour boaſt a richer ſpot,
Regardleſs I behold his luckier lot.
Nay, and though others too, as well as he,
Exchange, for fortune's heights, their low degree;
Yet will not I breathe one repining wiſh,
Nor baulk my table of a ſingle diſh:
Nor to my noſe one dreggy flaggon thruſt,
To ſee the ſeal ſtand faithful to its truſt.
No, no, not I—I will not health impair,
Nor haſten ſhrivelling age, by carking care.
My notion this, but, doubtleſs, you may find
Another man with quite another mind.
Twins, themſelves, differ; on whoſe natal hour
The ſame aſcendant ſhed its equal power.
One, (an exceſs, to common days unknown;
Such, as his birth-day juſtifies alone)
In a ſmall cup, a paltry pickle buys,
And dips each wither'd herb with anxious eyes:
His ſacred pepper-box none elſe may touch;
A graceleſs cook might uſe a grain too much.
Not ſo his brother: HE, a jovial ſoul,
HE guttles down luxurioufly his whole.
I, I will uſe, will uſe my fortune too;
But with reſtriction, not as ſpendthrifts do.
Ne'er ſhall my board ſee ſumptuous turbots dreſt,
And ſpread profuſely, to the freedman gueſt:
Ne'er ſhall my tongue be taught by coſtly uſe,
To tell the female thruſh's ſubtler juice.
Who ſquander, or who hoard, alike miſtake:
Mark thou thy income; that, thy meaſure make.
Live to thine utmoſt ſheaf; grind, never ſpare;
Drain every barn—for, why ſhould'ſt thou forbear?

'Tis

Emole. Quid metuas? Occa. Et ſeges altera in herbâ eſt.
Aſt vocat officium. Trabe ruptâ, Bruttia ſaxa
Prendit amicus inops: remque omnem, ſurdaque vota
Condidit: Ionio jacet ipſe in littore, & unà
Ingentes de puppe Dei: jamq; obvia mergis
Coſta ratis laceræ. Nunc & de ceſpite vivo
Frange aliquid: largire inopi, ne pictus oberret
Cæruleâ in tabulâ.—Sed cœnam funeris hæres
Negliget iratus, quòd rem curtaveris: urnæ
Oſſa inodora dabit; ſeu ſpirent cinnama ſurdùm,
Seu ceraſo peccent caſiæ, neſcire paratus.
Tune bona incolumis minuas? Et Beſtius urget
Doctores Graios: ita fit, poſtquam ſapere urbi
Cum

26. *Et ſeges altera in herbâ eſt.*] An admirable maxim, as Caſaubon obſerves, breathing the very ſpirit of the goſpel! The earth, annually, brings forth her tributary ſtores for the uſe of man: they ſpring, as faſt as he uſes them, with unexhauſted fecundity. Hence it is his obvious duty to receive and uſe them with gratitude.

27. *Aſt vocat officium.*] This is the ſecond uſe of riches; the relief of diſtreſs. The following deſcription of a ſhipwreck is eminently beautiful for its judicious ſelection of pathetic circumſtances.

31. *De ceſpite vivo.*] "In caſes of ſuch diſtinguiſhed diſtreſs, "ſays the poet, rather exceed in your liberality, though you break "in upon your principal and leſſen your patrimony."

33. *Sed cœnam funeris.*] This is the firſt objection againſt a liberal uſe of riches. The Romans were very curious about their funeral ſolemnities. They, who never wore a *toga* in their lifetime, wiſhed to be dreſt in one upon the funeral pile. Juv. III. 156.

37. *Beſtius.*] A name from Horace, for any greedy legacy hunter. He conſiders every thing, as wrong, which tends to waſte the wealth he expects. He hates philoſophy, becauſe it teaches a liberal taſte; and conſiders common decency of living as downright luxury. He wants to ſee the Romans reduced to their old ruſtic rudeneſs (*fæniſecæ*) in order to get a larger inheritance himſelf.

'Tis but to plough, to harrow, as before;
Up comes another crop, as much or more.
'But if I, thus, each annual income ſpend,
'How ſhall I, then, relieve the ſhipwreck'd friend?
'See there, his ſhip receives the fatal ſhock!
"Himſelf, ſee, crawling up the ugged rock!
'No friendly god comes piteous to his call,
'No timely hand to ſave his ſinking all.
'Now, on the ſhore, that echoes with his cries,
'On the cold dreary ſhore—outſtretch'd he lies.
'Round him, each tutelary figure ſee,
'Torn from the veſſel, and diſtreſs'd as he!
'The ſhatter'd veſſel; on whoſe ſever'd ſides
'The cormorant ſports, the mew triumphant rides.'
Thou then in time, leſt pennyleſs he go
* Bearing his pictur'd ſhip, relieve his woe.
Is money wanting, for the generous end?—
Sell, ſell ſome land; and ſo ſupport thy friend.
III. 'O but my heir—if I curtail the leaſt,
'That rogue deducts it in my funeral feaſt:
'Conſigns my bones, perfumeleſs, to their urn;
'At beſt, makes muſty ſpices ſerve the turn.
'With deadning gums th' adulterate Caſſia join'd,
'Each aromatic atom has reſign'd;
'Its every ſweet the cinnamon has loſt,
'Refuſe of ſhops—thinks he, the leſs the coſt.
'You, who ſold land, expect you drugs of price?
'No, no, your carcaſe muſt not be ſo nice.
'Next, Beſtius rails—'Ay, this has been the trade,
'Since firſt thoſe *ſcholard* Greeks their entrance made,
'Pack'd up with dates and pepper, here they throng,
'And ſhip their damn'd philoſophy, along.

* See verſe 195 of the firſt Satire.

'When

Cum pipere & palmis venit noſtrum hoc maris expers,
Fœniſecæ craſſo vitiârunt unguine pultes.
Hæc cinere ulterior metuas? At tu meus hæres
Quiſquis eris, paulùm à turbâ ſeductior, audi.
O bone, num ignoras? Miſſa eſt à Cæſare laurus
Inſignem ob cladem Germanæ pubis, & aris
Frigidus excutitur cinis: ac jam poſtibus arma,
Jam chlamydas Regum, jam lutea gauſapa captis,
Eſſedaque, ingenteſque locat Cæſonia Rhenos.
Diis igitur, Genioque Ducis centum paria, ob res
Egregiè

39. *Hoc maris expers.*] This phraſe is from Horace. Sat. II. 8. *Chium maris expers*, "Chian wine which never croſt the ſea." But it is here taken in a different ſenſe: for *maris* here is from *mas*. *Poſtquam hoc noſtrum ſapere maris expers.* "Since this ſoft enervating "philoſophy," *venit urbi cum pipere & palmis* "has been imported "into the city with other incentives to luxury and expenſive "living." Pepper and dates were of foreign growth. Caſaubon gives us alſo another interpretation, which the curious reader may conſult at his leiſure.

40. *Vitiârunt unguine pultes.*] This muſt be explained by the character of the ſpeaker: he conſiders the uſe of a little fat with herbs as downright luxury.

41. *Hæc cinere ulterior metuas!*] This is commonly read interrogatively; but it is better conſidered as an irony. "Theſe are "things, greatly to be dreaded, to be ſure, when you are inſenſate "duſt and aſhes!" *cinere ulterior*, a græciſm for *fato functus*, περαιτερω κονεως.

43. *Miſſa eſt a Cæſare laurus.*] i. e. *laureatæ epiſtolæ.* Caligula, after his mock-expedition againſt the Germans, wrote to his miniſters to provide as magnificent a triumph, and at as little an expence, as poſſible. Caſaubon ſuppoſes that they uſed this order as a pretext for the moſt cruel exactions upon the opulent at Rome; and therefore gives the paſſage this ſenſe. "Should ſuch "a time return, as we once ſaw, that a mad emperor and his baſe "miniſters ſhould exact from me the moſt extravagant expences; "what right have you, my heir, to complain, if I conſult my own "ſafety, and reſign my wealth to ſave my life? And what real "value

'When once this foreign foppery got to town,
'Old Roman plainneſs would no longer down.
'Then ploughmen, truly! could no longer eat
'Without rich oils to ſpoil their wholeſome meat.'
Friend, let him rail: when thou art turn'd to clay,
Matters it what ſurviving blockheads ſay?
Then, for thy heir—admit, he proves unjuſt;
Grudges due honours, and defrauds thy duſt:
On this poor pretext, ſhalt thou, living, dread
The want of funeral frippery, when dead?
Were the caſe mine, I honeſtly declare,
Thus flat and plain, would I addeſs my heir:
'You (Jove knows whom) that gape for my deceaſe,
'Draw near: a word in private, if you pleaſe.
'Here's glorious news, it ſeems, arriv'd to-day:
'Have not you heard, ſir, what th' expreſſes ſay?
'The laurel'd letter ſpeaks our chieftain great:
'Speaks Cæſar's conqueſt, Germany's defeat.
'Our altars, lo! their duſtleſs hearths diſplay!
'Lo! their cold aſhes all are ſwept away!
'Our empreſs has declar'd her royal will;
'Our ready marſhals her beheſts fulfil.
'E'en now they bid triumphal pillars riſe,
'And glad with regal ſpoils our wondering eyes:
'E'en now they change the hapleſs captive's dreſs,
'And make dark frize his humbled ſtate expreſs.
'Here, they rank hoſtile chariots; there, ordain
'Huge German ſlaves to drag th' unwilling chain.
'Then, to find fencers, I myſelf engage;
'A hundred pair, I bring upon the ſtage.
'A large

"value has accumulated wealth, when it is ſo often thus expoſed "to the ravages of lawleſs power?" See the Chronology. A. D. 37.

47. *Ingentes Rhenos.*] For *Rhenanos*, the Germans or Gauls, who inhabited near the Rhine. Caligula choſe ſome Gauls who were of remarkable ſtature to grace his mock-triumph.

Egregiè geſtas, induco: quis vetat? Aude.
Væ, niſi connives. Oleum artocreaſque popello
Largior; an prohibes? Dic clarè. Non adeò, inquis.
Exoſſatus ager juxta eſt. Age, ſi mihi nulla
Jam reliqua ex amitis, patruelis nulla, proneptis
Nulla manet: patrui ſterilis matertera vixit,
Deque aviâ nihilum ſupereſt: accedo Bovillas
Clivumque ad Virbî. Præſtò eſt mihi Manius hæres.
Progenies Terræ? Quære ex me, quis mihi quartus
Sit pater, haud promptè, dicam tamen. Adde etiam unum,
Unum etiam: Terræ eſt jam filius: & mihi ritu
Manius hic generis propè major avunculus exit.
Qui prior es, cur me in decurſu lampada poſcis?

Sum

50. *Oleum artocreaſque popello.*] This, too, is an alluſion to the ſame act of Caligula. Triumphant conquerors were uſed to give Largeſſes, Suet. Jul. Cæſ. XXXVIII. Caſaubon, therefore, ſuppoſes, that Caligula's miniſters ordered the richer perſons to diſtribute ſuch donations in their reſpective tribes.

51. *Non adeo.*] All the MSS. have *audeo*, an abſurd reading; a plain proof that copies are not invariably to be adhered to. The conjectural emendation is the excellent Turnebus's.

52. *Exoſſatus eſt juxta.*] Whether *exoſſatus* means "clear of ſtones" (which, as Ovid ſays, are the bones of the earth, Met. I. 394.) or "quite exhauſted;" it makes no difference. The only difficulty is, to determine whoſe words they are. Make them the words of Perſius, and the ſenſe becomes as clear, as a very dark phraſe well admits. "Suppoſe (ſays he) all my eſtate were gone, "and nothing remained but this well-cultivated or exhauſted little "farm near the city, *Juxta*; ſuppoſe all, I ſay, but this, gone;— "I can find, after all, a ready and thankful heir: if I have no "relations, I can adopt a beggar."

56. *Clivus Virbii.*] At Aricia, a ſtand famous for beggars. Juv. IV. 116. Virg. Æn. VII. 762.

61. *Qui*

'A large expence; but how, for ſuch ſucceſs,
'How can I give the gods, or Cæſar's genius leſs?
'What I decree, who dares oppoſe?—dare you?
'Look to't—'tis at your peril, if you do.
'Nay, fuller yet my raptures to declare,
'A dole, beſide, the populace ſhall ſhare.
'To this object you?—come, ſpeak out—be free'—
Object! no ſure, ſir, it becomes not me.
'Extremely civil this! good reaſon why;
'How fair thoſe fields! how tempting do they lie!'
But as for heirs, ſuppoſe I had not one;
Aunts, uncles, nephews, nieces, dead and gone.
Of each dear relative thus quite bereft,
(Not e'en my grannum's couſin's couſin left)
Away walk I; it may be, to Bovill,
Or where Aricia tops the neighbouring hill;
Lo Manius, at the ſtand of beggars, there!—
For one word's ſpeaking, he will be my heir.
'An upſtart wretch!—a ſon of earth! you cry:
'Make him your heir?'—Why not, ſir, tell me why?
'His race, his ſire, is utterly unknown.'
Four generations backward, ſo's my own.
No, who was mine, I could inform you too:
But 'twere, in troth, as much as I could do.
One degree more, trac'd upwards from my birth,
Makes my fore-father too, a ſon of earth.
To him related, may this Manius be;
To him related, and of courſe to me.
'But you, it ſeems, plead ſtill the nearer merit—'
However let me die, e're you inherit.

Wave

61. *Qui prior es, cur me.*] Alludes to an Athenian ceremony, called λαμπαδηδρομια. Potter, vol. I. 399. *Qui prior* means not *qui prior es curſu* (for that is contrary to the ceremony) but *qui prior es Manio*, "thou, who haſt a prior right to my inheritance."

Sum tibi Mercurius: venio Deus huc ego, ut ille
Pingitur; an renuis? Vîn' tu gaudere relictis?
Deeſt aliquid ſummæ: minui mihi; ſed tibi totum eſt,
Quicquid id eſt. Ubi ſit fuge quærere, quod mihi quondam
Legârat Tadius, neu dicta repone paterna:
Fœnoris accedat merces; hinc exime ſumptus.
Quid reliquum eſt? Reliquum? Nunc nunc impenſiùs unge,
Unge, puer, caules. Mihi feſtâ luce coquatur
Urtica, & fiſsâ fumoſum ſinciput aure,
Ut tuus iſte nepos olim ſatur anſeris extis,
Patriciam uxorem ducat? Mihi trama figuræ
Sit reliqua: aſt illi tremat omento popa venter?
Vende

69. *Mibi feſtâ luce coquatur.*] The ſecond plea againſt liberality—is proviſion for a family; which is excellently, though but briefly, ridiculed here. The miſer provides, in fact, but for the extravagances of his heir.

Wave your pretenſions, till the courſe be done;
Who claims the torch, e're yet the race is run?
Here, like the god of gain, behold I ſtand;
As he's deſcrib'd in picture, bag in hand!
Refuſe you, ſay, or deign you to receive,
The fortune I was left, and I can leave?
'Tis ſomewhat ſunk, you ſurely muſt allow;
'Here can't be all,—Here's all remaining now:'
The reſt, I us'd—But, what thou ſee'ſt is thine;
Then thankful take it, and ne'er once repine.
Let me no murmurings hear; nor idle prate
Of this, or that, or t'other, ſpent eſtate.
Say not one word of Tadius, and the ſum
By him bequeath'd; but prudently be dumb.
Call me to no account; nor dare to teach
Me ſaving leſſons, ſuch as fathers preach:
Son! put your fortune out to uſe, be-ſure:
The product ſpend, the principal ſecure.
'Well, on that head, I ſpare my fruitleſs pains;
'How much remains tho', let me aſk,'—Remains!
Oil, oil, my ſlave! no longer boggling ſtand:
Oil, oil my herbs with liberal, laviſh hand.
What! ſhall a ſwine's inſipid, leathery ear,
And ſmoak-dry'd ſnout compoſe my conſtant cheer?
Nay, with boil'd nettles garniſh'd round, complete
My genial holy-day's moſt jovial treat?
Gods! ſhall I ſtarve, on ſuch poor pinch-gut fare,
I ſtarve myſelf, to pamper up my heir?
To make a rake-hell rogue in dainties deal,
And cram with gooſe's liver, every meal?
Then have his high-born whore, at once to drain
His ſwelling pockets, and his throbbing vein?
Shall I, forſooth, become meer bones and ſkin,
A creeping ſkeleton, ſo weak, ſo thin!
That he, in ſtate, triumphantly may ſtrut,
Behind a prieſtly paunch, and ſwaggy gut?

Vende animam lucro: mercare; atq; excute ſolers
Omne latus mundi, ne ſit præſtantior alter
Cappadocas rigidâ pingues plauſiſſe cataſtâ.
Rem duplica. Feci; jam triplex, jam mihi quartò,
Jam decies redit in rugam. Depunge, ubi ſiſtram,
Inventus, Chryſippe, tui finitor acervi.

74. *Vende animam.*] The fourth and laſt part of the ſatire begins here. Avarice always increaſes, in proportion as it is indulged.

79. *Inventus, Chryſippe.*] Generally miſtaken, though ſufficiently explained by Caſaubon. The addreſs is not to Chryſippus, but to the heir. *Chryſippe, tui finitor acervi* is but that common proſopopœia of the poets, the ſecond perſon for the third (like *Et vos, O lauri, carpam, et te, proxima myrte.* Virg.) for *finitor acervi, quem excogitavit Chryſippus nec finere potuit.*

"Tell me, O my heir, where I ſhall end, if I once give a looſe "to avarice; and then you may be conſidered as capable *(inventus)* "of ſolving the Sorites of Chryſippus *finitor acervi Chryſippæi*; an "arrant impoſſibility."

END OF PERSIUS.

IV. Yes ſure, thy riches let no bounds reſtrain;
Sell, my friend, ſell thy very ſoul for gain.
Yes, that thy heir may grand poſſeſſions boaſt,
Sail thou the world around; ſift every coaſt,
Cull every mart: nay, practiſe every guile,
Each lucrative deceit, and wholeſome wile.
Thy very fellow-creatures buy and ſell;
Cage the convenient knaves, and ſtuff them well.
Let none ſurpaſs thee in the vending knack:
Let thy palm learn the recommending thwack,
To clap the ſide, and praiſe the brawny back.
Then count thy gains; and double then thy ſtore.
—'Tis done; 'tis three—'tis five—'tis ten-times more.
Where muſt I ſtop?—Fix, fix the point of reſt,
Chryſippus, thou, with art peculiar bleſt!
Thou, who could'ſt, once, ſo happily aſſign
Bounds to thy HEAP, now limit this of mine!

END OF PERSIUS.

APPENDIX.

N°. I.

A SHORT

CHRONOLOGY

ADAPTED TO THE WRITINGS OF

JUVENAL and PERSIUS, beginning with the Year of ROME 767, and of the CHRISTIAN ÆRA 14.

A. R. 767. } AUGUSTUS dies at Nola, a town
A. C. 14. } of Campania; and Tiberius ſucceeds him: and here begins, what is commonly called THE SILVER AGE of Rome.

A. C. 17. Livy and Ovid die; the two ſurviving authors of THE GOLDEN AGE.

26. Tiberius retreats to the iſland of Capreæ; and commits the management of public affairs to L. Ælius Sejanus, mentioned Sat. X. 56.

31. Sejanus diſgraced and executed. ib.

32. Perſius born, of equeſtrian family.

33. Our bleſſed Lord ſuffered for the ſins of the world.

A. C. 37. Tiberius dies at Capreæ, and Caligula ſucceeds.

His mock-expedition againſt the Germans and Britains, alluded to Perſ. VI. 47.

Cæſonia, his wife, gives him a love-potion, which is ſuppoſed to have increaſed his madneſs and extravagances. Juv. VI. 520.

41. Caligula ſlain, and Claudius Druſus Cæſar ſucceeds; a ſleepy ſtupid prince. ib.

A. R. 800. A. C. 47. } The ſeventh year of Claudius.

48. Meſſalina, his wife, publicly marries the beautiful C. Silius, and both executed. Sat. X. 305.

At this time Pallas, mentioned Sat. I. 101. and Narciſſus, Sat. XIV. 329. both his freedmen, in high favour, and exceedingly rich.

Perſius put himſelf, this year, under the care and inſtruction of Cornutus the Stoic philoſopher.

52. Claudius marries Agrippina the mother of Nero. She was the daughter of the great Germanicus, and widow of Domitius, mentioned Sat. VIII. 228.

53. Claudius poiſoned by Agrippina in his favourite diſh of muſhrooms, mentioned Sat. V. 147. She procured the poiſon from one Locuſta, a bad woman, mentioned Sat. I. 63.

55. Britannicus, the ſon of Claudius, poiſoned by Nero himſelf, by the aſſiſtance of the ſame bad woman. Sat. VIII. 219.

In the ſame year Nero uſed to ſtroll about the ſtreets of Rome in the night, abuſing all he met, in the manner alluded to Sat. III. 262. and Perſ. Sat. IV.

☞ 59. C. Fonteius Capito was conſul, when Calvinus, to whom Juvenal addreſſes his thirteenth ſatire,

A. C. satire, was born; an event, by which the
59. chronology of Juvenal's life and writings is partly ascertained.

In this year, Nero began to break out into open excesses, and put his mother to death. Sat. VIII. 213.

60. Corbulo, a man of singular strength and courage, performed great exploits in Armenia against the Parthians, but was afterwards basely put to death, mentioned Sat. III. 235.

☞62. Juvenal supposed to be born, three years after Calvinus mentioned just before, A. C. 59.

Persius dies this year, at the age of thirty years.

Tigellinus in great favour with Nero, mentioned Sat. I. 147.

65. Nero burnt Rome, and laid the blame upon the Christians, whom he afterwards punished upon this false pretence, as Tacitus tells us, Annal. XV. 44. by dressing them in the skins of wild beasts, and then tearing them to death with dogs in this unhappy disguise. 2. By crucifixion. 3. By dressing them in a pitched tunic and fixing them in different parts of the town to give light by night, alluded to Sat. I. 155. This instrument of torture is called *tunica molesta*. Sat. VIII. 235.

66. Nero goes into Greece, to contend in music. Sat. VIII. 225.

Thrasea, Seneca, Lucan, and many others put to the death.

67. Galba, Vindex, and Virginius, three of his generals, revolt. Sat. VIII. 221.

68. Nero forced to put an end to his life, and Galba succeeds. Sat. II. 90.

A. C. 69. Otho, Vitellius, and Veſpaſian, ſucceſſively choſen Emperors. Locuſta, Tigellinus, and the other inſtruments of Nero's cruelties periſhed, during theſe revolutions, according to their deſerts.

Otho kills himſelf at Bedriacum, to ſave the further effuſion of blood; though Juvenal ridicules the act. Sat. II. 92.

Vitellius, a gluttonous worthleſs wretch, diſgracefully put to death, and Veſpaſian ſucceeds and reigns ten years.

70. Jeruſalem taken and deſtroyed by Titus, and the Jews diſperſed and obliged to pay the διδραχμον to the capitol, which they uſed to pay to their own temple: alluded to Sat. III. 15.

79. Titus ſucceeds his father in the empire, called for his virtues the delight of mankind.

81. Domitian ſucceeds his brother; an execrable wretch, the juſt ſubject of Juvenal's keeneſt invectives.

☞ 82. Juvenal may be ſuppoſed about this time to take to the bar, being now twenty years of age. Pliny junior began to plead in his nineteenth year; and this ſhows, that this field was open to any competent age and talents.

84. Agricola completes the conqueſt of Britain; and ſends a fleet round the North and conquers the Orcades: alluded to Sat. II. 147.

87. Cornelius Fuſcus ſlain by the Darians. Sat. IV. 111.

91. Julia, the daughter of Titus, dies by a potion, which the monſter Domitian obliged her to take, to occaſion abortion. Sat. II. 20.

93. The informers, Carus, Maſſa, &c. mentioned Sat. I. encouraged by Domitian. Latinus

A. C. nus the player in high favour with him. Paris
93. alſo the Pantomime in high favour; at whoſe inſtigation, according to a tradition by no means improbable, Juvenal was ſent into Egypt in ſome lower military command; under the pretence of honour, but in fact to puniſh him for this line, Sat. VII. 90. *Quod non dant Proceres, dabit hiſtrio.*

95. T. Flavius Clemens, the Conſul, and Emperor's couſin, embraced Chriſtianity, and was put to death by the tyrant.

96. The tyrant himſelf ſlain at laſt for his cruelties. Sat. IV. 153. and the virtuous Nerva ſucceeds.

97. Juvenal is ſuppoſed to have returned from Egypt. It is certain from Sat. XV. 45. that he was once in that country. What has brought the above-mentioned tradition into diſcredit, is one circumſtance manifeſtly falſe, viz. that Juvenal was baniſhed into Egypt in his old age, and that he died there. But it is plain from many internal proofs, that all his ſatires (except the ſeventh, and perhaps the ſixteenth) were written at home under Trajan, and Adrian.

98. Trajan ſucceeds to the empire.

102. Marius, the proconſul of Africa, condemned of extortion, but he ſaved his treaſures: alluded to Sat. I. 41. and Sat. VIII. 120. Pliny was his accuſer, as he ſays himſelf. Epiſt. II. 11.

103. Trajan reduces Dacia into the form of a Roman province.

104. Martial, the poet, dies at Bilbilis in Spain, his native city. Sometime before he addreſſed an epigram from thence to his friend Juvenal, *Dum tu forſitan inquietus erras*, &c. XII. 18. which

A. C. plainly proves, that Juvenal did not die under
104. Domitian.

114. Trajan builds his famous column at Rome, to which Juvenal probably alludes. Sat. X. 136.

115. A great earthquake at Antioch, and Trajan reſcued out of the ruins with great difficulty. And as this is probably alluded to Sat. VI. 318. the date of that ſatire muſt be brought down at leaſt ſomewhat lower.

117. Adrian ſucceeds and reigns twenty-one years.

119. Q. Junius Ruſticus was conſul with Adrian: the perſon, whom Salmaſius (Plin. Exercit. p. 320.) ſuppoſes to be the Junius mentioned Sat. XV. 27.

There was another Junius, conſul in the year of Chriſt 84, viz. Ap. Junius Sabinus, nine years before Juvenal was baniſhed into Egypt, and the ſubject of the fifteenth ſatire might indeed have happened then; but, as he ſays NUPER *conſule Junio* GESTA, it is moſt probable that the tranſaction falls under the conſul of this year.

120. Calvinus, the poet's friend, mentioned Sat. XIII. was now turned ſixty; being born, as we ſaw before, when Fronteius was conſul; and this year therefore muſt be the date of that ſatire.

127. Juvenal is ſuppoſed to have died this year at the age of ſixty-four; but probably he died later, ſince he ſpeaks of himſelf Sat. XI. 203. as an old man; *Noſtra bibat vernum contracta cuticula ſolem.*

138. Adrian died, and was ſucceeded by Antoninus Pius.

Was

900. A. R. } Was the tenth year of that Emperor's
147. A. C. } reign.

N. B. This period is called the SILVER AGE of the Roman language; and in it flouriſhed Celſus, V. Maximus, Paterculus, Columella, Mela, Q. Curtius, Perſius, Seneca, Lucan, Petronius Arbiter, the two Plinys, Silius Italicus, V. Flaccus, Martial, Statius, Tacitus, Quintilian, Suetonius, and ſome others.

Alſo Juſtin Martyr wrote his apology for the Chriſtians in Greek, in the ſecond year of Antoninus Pius, A. C. 139.

N°. II.

Some ADDITIONAL NOTES on JUVENAL, for the Uſe of LEARNERS.

SATIRE I.

25. *Quo tondente.*] The perſon meant here and in Sat. X. 213. is ſaid to be one *Cinnamus* mentioned by Martial, VII. 63. who acquired a greater eſtate than any nobleman in Rome, and was at laſt condemned to the *equeſtrial cenſus*, and was baniſhed into Sicily. ARBUTHOT, p. 119.

28. *Æſtivum aurum.*] It does not appear, that the Roman knights in general wore winter and ſummer rings. This act is mentioned rather as a peculiar mark of effeminacy in Criſpinus. SALM.

41. *Ab octavâ bibit.*] As the ancient and modern manners differ in this particular, it will be neceſſary to mention; that the ancient votaries of pleaſure, among their other exceſſes, vied with each other in the earlineſs of their revels. Hence *partem ſolido demere de die.* HOR. *Tempeſtiva convivia.* Cic. pro. Arch.

Martial gives us the various occupations of the day at Rome in an epigram, which will explain this and ſeveral other places in our author:

Prima

Prima ſalutantes, atque altera continet hora:
Exercet raucos tertia cauſidicos.
In quintam varios extendit Roma labores:
Sexta quies laſſis, ſeptima finis erit.
Sufficit in nonam nitidis octava palæſtris;
Imperat exſtructos frangere nona toros. IV. 8.

Viro ſitiente.] Not the dative for *ſitiente*, but the ablative abſolute, *ei* being underſtood after *miſcet*.

65. *Gyarus.*] One of the Cyclades, ſmall iſlands in the Ægæan ſea, to which criminals were uſually baniſhed; often alluded to in this author, Sat. VI. 467. XIII. 246.

66. *Si vis eſſe aliquis.*] *Aliquis*, is like τις often in Greek "a perſon of conſequence." So Perſius: *ſeſe aliquem credens*, Sat. I. 129.

67. *Prætorium.*] The general's tent in the camp, afterwards it came to ſignify a palace.

78. *Diſcurſus.*] The various occupations of life.

92. *Trojugenas.*] The nobleſt Roman families valued themſelves upon a Trojan extraction.

Sacro honori.] He means the tribunes of the people, who, in the times of the republic, had the title of *ſacro ſanctus* annexed to their office.

120. *Juriſque peritus Apollo.*] The *forum Auguſti* upon the Palatine hill. There was an ivory ſtatue of Apollo in the court were pleas where held, hence this phraſe of Juvenal, and that of Horace, *ſic me ſervavit Apollo.* Sat. I. 9. There was alſo a ſtatue of Marſyas there, alluded to, Juv. IX. 2. Hor. Sat. I. 6.

121. *Triumphales.*] There were two porticos in the ſame forum; in one of which Auguſtus erected ſtatues of all the Latin kings from Æneas; and in the other, ſtatues of the Roman kings, and of the great men who flouriſhed in the days of the republic.

Theſe porticos are expreſsly mentioned. Suet. Aug. XXXI.

130. *Unâ menſâ.*] This may mean, not, "one meal," as in the tranſlation, but "one table only," in oppoſition to *tot pulchris, antiquis orbibus.* The Romans went to an extravagant price for citron tables, even in the later times of the republic. Pliny mentions a table of the great Cicero himſelf, remaining in his time, for which the Orator gave, *decies centena millia*, i. e. £8072 : 18 : 4. Pliny in the ſame place mentions higher extravagances. XIII. 15.

SATIRE II.

3. *Bacchanalia vivunt.*] A Greciſm. The ſacrifices of Bacchus were celebrated with rites of the utmoſt impurity.

22. *Vitia ultima.*] Like *ſcelus* in Terence; *ubi ille ſcelus, qui me perdidit.* The abſtract for the concrete.

23. *Scaurus.*] M. Æmilius Scaurus, deſcribed in Salluſt, as *vitia ſua callidè occultans* Bell. Juguth.

51. *Stoicidæ.*] A word coined by way of ridicule; like the heroic names *Æacidæ, Priamidæ, Scipiadæ.*

78 *Laſſare.* Cotytto herſelf, though the goddeſs of impurity, was tired with their exceſſes. GRANG.

94. *Orbe Aſſyrio.*] Like *Romanus orbis*, for the empire.

105. *Ingens cæna ſedet.*] For *complures convivæ*; as *convivia* for *convivæ*, in the 5th, *quâ deſpiciat convivia caudâ.* V. 82.

128. *Palmas præbere Luperco.*] This ſuperſtition is deſcribed in Kennet, II. 2.

132. *Paulique minoribus.*] This a neceſſary correction of Lipſius's, meaning the deſcendants of that Paulus

Paulus Æmilius who fell at Cannæ. The common reading is *Pauliſque minoribus*, "the younger Pauli" which has no meaning. GRANG.

138. *Qui nondum ære lavantur.*] *Infantes; quia pueri non dant balneaticum vel quadrantem.* SCHOL. *Quadrante lavari.* Sat. VI. 353.

139. *Curius quid ſentit.*] The poet contraſts the degenerate nobles of his own days with two claſſes of heroes of former times: thoſe who advanced the Roman empire by their victories, and thoſe who honoured it by their ſufferings.

SATIRE III.

11. *Capena.*] The gate, that led to the Appian road; called alſo *Fontinalis* becauſe of the aquæducts, which ſupplied the city with water; and *Triumphalis*, becauſe it was the gate, by which generals entered in triumph. It is now called *Porta de S. Sebaſtiano.*

12. *Numa conſtituebat amicæ.*] An elegant phraſe for an aſſignation, *horam locumque ſeſe viſendi* being underſtood; as *Sanè vellem non conſtituiſſem in Tuſculanum me hodiè venturum eſſe Lælio.* Cic. de Or. I. 62. Where Lipſius wiſhes to leave out *me venturum eſſe* as an idle gloſs. GRANG.

18. *Præſtantius.*] The better reading would be *præſentius*, as *præſentia numina.* Virg. Every fountain was ſuppoſed to have its divinity. Id.

23. *Herè quam ſit.*] The old word; uſed alſo in Propertius, *Scis herè mî multas paritèr placuiſſe puellas.* II. 22. and Horace,

Nam mihi convivam quærenti dictus herè illîc
De medio potare die. Sat. II. 8.

95. *Rides?*

95. *Rides? majore cachinno.*] He had Terence's Paraſite Gnatho in his eye. *Negat quis? nego: aiit? aii: poſtremò imperavi egomet mihi omnia aſſentari.* Eun.

108. *Delapſa eſt pinna.*] We muſt ſuppoſe (as it is expreſſed in the tranſlation) that the poet facetiouſly played upon the parity of the two facts; that of an ungrateful tutor's ſubverting his patron, and of a Pegaſus's throwing down his rider; otherwiſe, the above ſeems to be an idle circumſtance. It is not certain, who this philoſopher was.

143. *Otho.*] A tribune of the commons, who ordered that the knights ſhould have a diſtinct place in the theatre.

152. *Negavit.*] Read *negabit.* GRANG.

162. *Orcheſtra.*] See Ruæus. Virg. Geo. II. 381.

163. *Albæ.*] In oppoſition to the purple, worn at Rome.

Sic labentibus.] The better reading is *ſi.*

195. *Juvabit.*] The poet's lively imagination views things in different attitudes; and hence he often changes his perſons and tenſes.

238. *Scinduntur tunicæ ſartæ modò: longa coruſcat.*] Ill pointed in the common editions *ſartæ modò: longa,* &c. The poorer ſort went about in their *tunica,* hence Horace's *tunicato ſcruta popello.* Ep. I. 5. The words *ſartæ modo* ſtill heightens the picture of their poverty.

248. *Effundere.*] Another good reading is *defundere.* TURN.

264. *Peleidæ.*] An alluſion to Homer. Il. XXIV. 10.

Ego vapulo tantùm.] The idea is from Terence: *Nunquam vidi iniquiùs certationem comparatam, quàm hæc hodiè inter nos fuit: ego vapulando, ille verberando, uſque ambo defeſſi ſumus.* Adelp. II. 2.

280. *Proſeucha.*

280. *Proſeucha.*] A lodge properly belonging to the beggarly Jews. Here is, then, a greater indignity, put upon the free-born Roman, in affecting to conſider him as a beggarly Jew. HENN.

306. *veniam caligatus.*] Dryden tranſlates this forcibly, but loſes the metaphor,

" And add new venom, when you write of Rome."

SATIRE IV.

18. *Præcipuam ceram.*] i. e. *præcipuam in cereis tabulis hereditatis partem. Præcipua cera* means the ſecond line in the beginning of the page, where the heir was always mentioned

- - - - - - - Quid prima ſecundo
Cera velit verſu. Hor. Sat. II. 5.

45. *Pontifici ſummo.*] Satirically expreſſed. The emperor was high prieſt, and *pontificiæ cænæ, Saliares dapes,* and the like, are proverbial.

48. *Ageret cum.*] A law-term; hence *actiones,* " law-proceedings."

153. *Lamiarum cæde.*] He means Ælius Lamia, whom Domitian ſlew for a few harmleſs witticiſms. Suet. X.

SATIRE V.

20. *Ligulas.*] The bands both of the ſhoes and clothes.

24. *Succida lana.*] This has two ſenſes, expreſſed in the tranſlation. BRIT. GRANG.

44. *Vaginæ in fronte.*] Alluſion to Virg. Æn. IV. 261.

Stellatus iaſpide fulvâ Enſis erat.

104. *Lupus Tiberinus.*] The pikes were more valuable in proportion to the diſtance at which they were caught from the common ſewers of Rome. Hor. Sat. II. 2.

116. *Tradentur.*] Many of the common editions have *raduntur*; a word belonging to the cookery, not the entertainment.

125. *Ictus ab Hercule Cacus.*] See Virg. Æn. VIII. 264.

138. *Parvulus aulâ Luſerit Æneas.*] A parody on Virg. Æn. IV. 328.

164. *Etruſcum puero.*] See Kennet, V. 8.

SATIRE VI.

18. *Sed aperto viveret horto.*] *Quiſque* is underſtood, implied in *nemo*, as Hor. Sat. I. 1. *Quî fit Mecænas*, &c.

106. *Pulvinar.*] Was a ſacred cuſhion, on which the gods were laid in the *lectiſternium*; but ſarcaſtically uſed here, in ridicule of the emperors who affected to be deified.

132. *Agrippa.*] This is the Agrippa, mentioned Acts xxv. great grandſon to Herod the Great. See Brotier's *Stemma Herodum*, Tac. vol. II. p. 368.

203. *Arceſſitus.*] The common reading *et ſecretus* makes a diſagreeable tautology, being the ſame with *abditus*. The above reading has MS. authority.

214. *Implet numeros.*] *Accedit, ferit, recedit*, &c. Delph.

291. *Criſpo.*] Uſed actively, for *criſpante, percutiente chordas.*

296. *Capitolinam quercum.*] The Capitolian games inſtituted by Domitian. Suet. IV.

322. *Exorata.*

322. *Exorata.*] This verb has here too its proper ſignification, "to prevail by entreaties." "*Quamvis ſe ſatis expurgent, & exorare debeant.*"

335. *Aurata.*] The common reading is *aut lata*, which gives a groſſneſs to the conduct, beyond the caricature even of our ſevere author. The above is the reading of Henninius, and deſcribes the ſame action in its different ſtages.

345. *Verborum tanta cadit vis.*] As emphatical, as Virgil's *cumulo inſequitur præruptus aquæ mons.* Æn. I. 109.

348. *Succurrere lunæ.*] The ancients ſuppoſed, that the eclipſes of the moon were owing to magic, and that loud noiſes broke the charm.

403 *Emeritâ acu.*] A metaphor from war, like *emeritus miles*, or *emeritis ſtipendiis.*

436. *Animam et mentem.*] It means all the faculties of the ſoul; the firſt, the animal; the ſecond, the intellectual part, as *cui mentem animumque Delius inſpirat.* Virg. Æn. VI. 11.

463. *Magnus civis.*] One Seleucus encouraged Otho to hope for the empire by foretelling the death of Galba. Suet. Galb. XIX.

467. *Cyclada—Seriphum.*] Are the ſame; the firſt the general name, the ſecond the proper name. *Seriphus* was one of the *Cyclades*, to which criminals were often baniſhed. See Sat. I. 65.

470. *Tanaquil tua.*] The wife of Tarquinius Priſcus: ſkilled in augury. Here put for a common name, as Sat. IV. 132.

508. *Pontifices Salios.*] Improperly diſtinguiſhed from each other in the common editions. One and the ſame fact is alluded to in this paſſage.

SATIRE VII.

8. *Pieria umbra.*] This beautifully anticipates what is expreſſed more fully below, *ut dignus venias hederis et imagine macrâ*; "that poets got nothing "but hungry wreaths of ivy or bay."

23. *Croceæ.*] This writing book is ſuppoſed to have been of parchment, which is always yellow on the ſide, where the hair grew: hence Perſius, *biolor liber.*

25. *Veneris marito.*] A burleſque phraſe for fire, better adapted to the poet's purpoſe than the plain term.

35. *Facunda et nuda.*] A happy antitheſis: "Poor "amidſt all its literary treaſures."

62. *Euhoe.*] Hor. Od. III. 19.

69. *Puer.*] We need not have recourſe to the ridiculous ſtory told us by Donatus about Alexis, for the explanation of this paſſage. We may well underſtand this word in general of attendants.

68. *Rutulum confundat Erynnys.*] He alludes to that animated paſſage in the Æneid.

Talibus Alecto dictis exarſit in iras. VII. 445.

82. *Vocem jucundam.*] There are two excellencies noted here. Statius was as remarkable for the ſweetneſs of his voice as the melody of his verſification.

103. *Apertæ.*] The ſame metaphor as before, *litus ſterili verſamus aratro* 49.

115. *Conſedêre duces.*] A parody upon Ovid.

Conſedêre duces; et, vulgi ſtante coronâ,
Surgit ad hos dominus clypei ſeptemplicis Ajax.
Met. XIII.

154. *Crambe repetita.*] The Greek proverb, δὶς κραμβη, θανατος.

177. *Scindens,*

177. *Scindens.*] A metaphor from carving. Theodorus was an eminent rhetorician in the reign of Tiberius.

SATIRE VIII.

26. *Getulicus.*] He means the Coſſus mentioned before; of whom Florus gives us this account: *Auguſtus Cæſar Getulos, accolas Syrtium, Coſſo duce, compeſcuit, unde illi Getulici nomen.* IV. 12.

Silanus.] The father-in-law of the Emperor Claudius. Suet. XXVII.

38. *Creticus.*] Q. Metellus, who had that ſurname from his conqueſt of the iſland, Crete. P. Salp. Camerinus was one of the perſons who fetched the laws of Solon to Rome.

43. *Agger.*] The *agger Tarquinii*, the reſort of the common people. Sat. V. 153.

53. *Hermæ.*] Certain ſquare rude blocks of marble, adorned with a carved head, were erected in the ſtreets of Athens and held in great veneration.

67. *Nepotis.*] A proper name, the name of ſome noted baker. The word, *nepotes*, in the common editions makes a diſagreeable tautology.

116. *Axis.*] Beſides the ſenſe given in the note upon this paſſage, it may mean "the climate" for ſo *axis* is uſed. Sat. VI. 375. and Sat. XIV. 42.

168. *Inſcripta lintea.*] The ſigns of taverns, for the taverns themſelves.

170. *Præſtare Neronem.*] The ſtory of that Marius, who plundered the Africans, ſhows that this ſatire was written under Trajan at leaſt. The paſſage, therefore, before us, under the appearance of looking back to the times of Nero, relates in fact to ſome flagitious nobleman of his own times.

199. *Niſi*

199. *Niſi ludus.*] A ſchool for gladiators, put for the profeſſion itſelf.

228. *Domitius.*] Nero was the grandſon of Domitius Ænobarbus who commanded Antony's fleet at Actium. Going over to the ſide of Octavius, he roſe to great honours under him and Tiberius. His ſon, Nero's father, married Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus.

252. *Majora cadavera.*] The Germans were remarkable for their ſtature among other things. *Truces et cærulei oculi, rutilæ comæ, magna corpora, et tantùm ad impetum valida.* Tacitus. Germ. IV.

SATIRE IX.

63. *Caducum.*] A contingent legacy, depending upon the condition of having children.

Si tres implevero.] He means the *jus trium liberorum.* Kennet, III. 39.

It was ſometimes made honorary like the *ſemeſtris tribunatus*, mentioned Sat. VII. 89. For Domitian gave it to the poet Martial, which he acknowledges in theſe words,

Natorum mihi jus trium roganti,
Muſarum pretium dedit mearum,
Solus qui poterat: valebis, uxor. II. 92.

Subrepti potare Falerni.] He is ſtill ſpeaking of the maſter's ſlaves. There is an humour adapted to the caſt of the ſatire, in ſaying that they love to blab more than to pilfer wine; for this was a proverbial fault of theirs.

Pro populo faciens.] Uſed in its ſacrifical ſenſe: as *Cum facies vitulâ pro frugibus.* Vir. Ecl. III. 77.

Qui digito ſcalpunt uno caput.] A phraſe for an effeminate perſon.

SAT.

SATIRE X.

25. *Noſtra ſit arca foro.*] Rich men kept their money in the *forum Trajani.* SCHOL. Or this may ſignify, "who has moſt money at intereſt; for the forum was the reſort of uſurers." GRANG. But if we compare Sat. XIV. 260. it will appear, that the firſt is the better interpretation.

32. *Ille oculis ſuffecerit humor.*] The common editions read *illis oculis,* &c. breaking poor Priſcian's head by falſe metre.

74. *Nurſcia.*] Was a goddeſs worſhipped at *Volſinii,* a town of Tuſcany, where Sejanus was born. This Tuſcan goddeſs is mentioned in Livy, and, in the beſt copies, called Nortia. VII. 3.

78. *Effudit*] Others read *effugit*; at the expence of a beautiful metaphor

116. *Uno partam colit aſſe Minervam.*] The tranſlation is not accurate. The maſter's pay, properly ſpeaking, was not given weekly, but at the *Quinquatria* of Minerva in the month of March, and thence called *Minerval.* But the tranſlation is adapted to our ideas, and the poet is ſpeaking of the meaneſt of maſters.

163. *Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.*] He means Pruſias king of Bithynia, with whom Annibal took refuge. The word *libeat* marks the haughty inſolence, with which this petty monarch received the illuſtrious fugitive

182. *Ennoſigæum.*] An epithet of Neptune, often uſed in Homer. It has a happy effect here, to ſhow the folly of Xerxes; for it comes from ενοω, and γαια "to ſhake the earth." To fix with fetters that power,

power, which ſhakes the globe itſelf, beſpeaks the madman in the very terms.

189. *Hoc recto vultu.*] Lubin, Dr. Johnſon, and ſeveral others, take *recto vultu* for health, and *pallidus* for ſickneſs. The following ſenſe, however, ſeems as good: *recto vultu* deliberately and openly; *ſolum* as your higheſt wiſh; *pallidus*, aſked even with anxiety. The tranſlation has taken in both ſenſes.

204. *Nam quæ cantante voluptas.*] There is an incongruity in putting *cantante* without a ſubſtantive; which Henninius has avoided by reading the paſſage thus:

Nam quæ cantante voluptas,
Sit licèt eximius, citharædo, ſive Seleuco,
Et quibus, &c.

But he mentions no authority, for ſo great a change.

224. *Ore volat pleno mater jejuna.*] There is a pretty image of maternal affection in this paſſage; which the tranſlation could not preſerve without prolixity. It marks the aſſiduity, with which that ſecond infancy of man, old age, muſt be attended.

259. *Tunc miles tremulus.*] This epithet is expreſſive; but reaches not the force of Virgil's exquiſite paſſage which the poet had in his eye,

Arma diu ſenior deſueta trementibus ævo
Circumdat nequicquam humeris et inutile ferrum
Cingitur. Æn. II. 509.

277. *Igitur fortuna ipſius.*] There is ſome impropriety in this ſentence, which either wants correction or further explanation.

286. *Rutila.*] A deformed old woman mentioned by Pliny. VII. 48.

339. *Nullum*

339. *Nullum numen habes.*] Some copies have *Nullum numen abeſt*, i. e. *Sapienti viro adſunt omnes Dii*; which is a reading that will ſuit this place, but not Sat. XIV. 315. where the ſame two lines occur.

SATIRE XI.

6. *Dumque ardet ſanguine.*] The common reading *ardens* is wrong; read *ardent*. RUTGERS.

13. *Et cito caſurus, jam perlucente ruinâ.*] An expreſſive metaphor from a ruinous building.

18. *Lancibus oppoſitis.*] i. e. *oppigneratis*. So Ter. *Ager oppoſitus eſt pignori ob decem minas.*

31. *In quâ ſe traducebat Ulyſſes Ancipitem.*] Grangæus gives this a ſtronger ſenſe than what the tranſlation expreſſes: *ſe riſui exponebat; nec enim arma Achillis Ulyſſem decebant.*

35. *Noſcenda eſt menſura ſui.*] *Homini* is underſtood. As *non eſſe emacem, vectigal eſt.* Cic.

44. *Funus acerbum*] There are three kinds of death, *mors acerba, immatura, naturalis*: the firſt of infants, the ſecond of youths, the third of old age. GRANG.

57. *Vitâ nec moribus et re.*] Henninius's reading is clearer, *vita vel moribus, et re.*

92. *Cenſoris mores etiam collega timeret.*] This alludes to the hiſtory of Fabritius and Publius Decius.

106. *Fulgentis.*] Several copies read *venientis*, i. e. *ad liberos ſuos.*

184. *Similiſque triumpho.*] i. e. *Similis triumphantï.*

185. *Prædo caballorum.*] Grangæus and Henninius read *præda*, a conjectural emendation of Lipſius; *quia magna ſcilicet pecuniæ vis effundenda prætori in aurigas, et equos, iiſque ipſe quaſi præda.* But it is very obvious that *Prædo* is a ſtronger word, and in the ſpirit of this author; like *Piratæ Cilicum.* Sat. VIII. 94.

SAT.

SATIRE XII.

7. *Templis maturus et aræ.*] Hendyadis, for *aris templorum.*

54. *Recidit.*] One MS. reads *decidit,* which is preferable. GRANG.

59. *Tæda.*] Probably pine, of which ſhips were generally made. ID.

76. *Porrectaq, brachia rurſum.*] An artificial harbour begun by Julius Cæſar, completed by Claudius, and repaired by Trajan. It is a low and trivial ſenſe to ſuppoſe, as ſome do, that *rurſum* means this laſt reparation. The poet means to deſcribe the harbour in its juſt magnificence; but does it in an inverted order: *poſitas incluſa per æquora moles* means the inmoſt baſon, *Pharos* the tower in the center to command or defend the place; *brachia* the arms that projected into the main-ſea to defend the tower and harbour into which the veſſel firſt entered. *Rurſum* expreſſes this continued extenſion. GRANG.

98. *Sentire calorem.*] This means "the ſlighteſt feveriſh heat," an elegance not ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed in the tranſlation.

SATIRE XIII.

32. *Vocalis ſportula.*] "The vocal dole" for the mercenary applauſes of clients is a great beauty; but too bold an expreſſion, to be hazarded in this tranſlation; though Philips has very happily adopted it in his burleſque poem, the Splendid Shilling:

"With

" With looks demure and ſilent pace, a dun,
" Horrible monſter! hated by gods and men,
" To my aërial citadel aſcends,
" With VOCAL HEEL thrice thund'ring at my gate."

97. *Ladas.*] A footman of Alexander the Great, of moſt remarkable ſwiftneſs.

98. *Archigenes.*] A phyſician born at Apamæa, in Syria, who practiſed phyſic at Rome in the reign of Trajan. Sat. VI. 202. XIV. 252.

113. *Gradivus Homericus.*] He ridicules Homer. Iliad V. 859.

164. *Germani lumina.*] See note, Sat. VIII. 252. in this Appendix.

189. *Prima docens.*] Henninius reads *docet*; but for no good reaſon that appears. *Prima* is the ſame as *prima vel optima rerum.*

199. *Spartano cuidam.*] This is an hiſtorical anecdote; or, rather, a traditionary ſtory, taken from Herodotus VI. 86.

210. *cedo, ſi conata peregit.*] This throws ſome light on that obſcure paſſage. Sat. VI. 409.

226. *Vindicet.*] *Judicet.* Henn.

236. *Mobilis et varia.*] The tranſlator is not clear, he has taken the juſt ſenſe of this paſſage. But Creech has certainly miſtaken it in the following lines;

He that once ſins, like him that ſlides on ice,
Goes ſwiftly down the ſlippery paths of vice;
Tho' conſcience checks him, yet, thoſe rubs gone o'er,
He ſlides on ſmoothly, and looks back no more.
What ſinners finiſh where they firſt begin?
And with one crime content their luſt to ſin?
Nature, that rude, and, in her firſt eſſay,
Stood boggling at the roughneſs of the way,
Us'd to the road, unknowing to return,
Goes boldly on, and loves the path when worn.

The only word, which countenances the metaphor *of ſliding upon ice*, is *mobilis*. But the conſtruction clearly requires its natural ſignification. The metaphor too is incongruous, amidſt all its magnificence of glare and ſound; for a confined ſheet of ice bears no reſemblance to the indeterminate increaſe of ſin. Nay, the metaphor itſelf is diſtorted; for this ice is changed into a road in the concluſion; a road or path of ice, a phænomenon, to be found only in the frigid zone! Nay, (what is ſtill more) this path of ice has a miraculous quality; for it is both a *new path*, "at which nature boggles at firſt," and a *worn path* at the ſame time; a ſtrange kind of road indeed!

It is indeed but a poor triumph to build one's credit upon the ruins of another man's character: but the preſent tranſlation makes ſuch a contemptible figure, in compariſon with Creech's ill-judged paraphraſe, of this place, that ſelf-defence obliges the tranſlator to ſtrip him of his falſe glitter.

SATIRE XIV.

4. *Hæres bullatus.*] For the *bulla* worn by the Roman boys, ſee Kennet, V. 8.

10. *Canâ gulâ.*] Another beautiful inſtance of ſtrong perſonification, for *guloſo ſene.*

11. *Dente renato.*] Pliny obſerves, *Editis infantibus, primores dentes ſeptimo gigni menſe: eoſdem anno ſeptimo decidere; alioſque ſuffici.* VII. 16.

36. *Et monſtrata diu.*] Dryden tranſlates this beautifully, but changes the metaphor:

Children, like tender oſiers, take the bow,
And as they firſt are faſhion'd, always grow.

91. *Poſides*

91. *Poſides.*] A favourite of the emperor Claudius. Suet. XXVIII.

99. *Mox et præputia ponunt.*] What *mox* can mean, unleſs it be to ſignify the earlineſs of circumciſion (which was always on the eighth day after the birth of the child) is hard to ſay; and yet in this ſenſe the expreſſion is certainly faulty.

121. *Eidem incumbere ſectæ.*] A beautiful alluſion to the ſects of the philoſophers. The ill judging father conſiders the example of a thriving miſer as a thing much ſuperior to all the lectures of philoſophy, which teaches a contempt of riches.

133. *Sectivi porri.*] *Sectile porrum* was the cheaper ſort of leeks. See Sat. III. 277.

192. *Rubras leges.*] The heads or leading principles of the civil law were painted with vermilion. Hence *rubrica*, Perſ. V. 90.

197. *Ut locupletem aquilam.*] This does not mean, that ſoldiers attained not a firſt centurion's place, till they really reached the age of ſixty, for the military age ended at fifty, but the poet makes the eager father ſpeak the ſtrongeſt language of a monitor. "Think yourſelf happy in this line of life, "though you attain not that noble, enriching com-"miſſion, till you are old."

257. *Prætoris pulpita.*] The prætor's chariot was remarkably high. Sat. X. 36.

271. *municipes Jovis lagenas.*] So *municipes Criſpini Siluros*, by way of contempt. Sat. IV. 33.

293. *Coemptor.*] Henninius reads *coempti.* The corn was brought from Egypt, and the pepper was brought too from thence; but, being firſt imported there from the eaſt, it gives propriety to the word *coempti* or *coemptor.*

SATIRE XV.

20. *Cyaneas.*] The word *Cyanes*, by a groſs error againſt ſyntax and proſody, runs through the common editions. *Cyaneæ* (κυανεαι) has *inſulæ* underſtood. The poet means here to ridicule Homer's marvellous fables in the Odyſſey.

65. *Quales et Turnus et Ajax.*] The common reading is *quali ſe Turnus et Ajax*, and ſuppoſes *defenderunt* to be underſtood: an ellipſis, ſcarce allowable by any rules of conſtruction.

84. *Hîc.*] The common reading *hinc*, is wrong.

224. *Brittones.*] Said to be a people of Germany. But the learned Markland ſeems to be right, who wiſhes to read *Teutones*. The Cimbri and Teutones were neighbours, and invaded Rome together in the time of Marius.

SATIRE XVI.

6. *Et Samia genitrix.*] Juno, who was born in Samos.

8. *Togatus.*] A townſman or citizen in oppoſition to *miles*. *Domi togam, militiæ ſagum gerebant.* DELPH.

Coranus.] A fictitious name for any perſon, from Hor. Sat. II. 5.

N°. III.

PERSIUS's IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

PERSIUS. HORACE.

SATIRE I.

12. *Quid faciam?*
Quid faciam, præſcribe. Sat. II. 1.

13. *Scribimus incluſi.*
Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.
Ep. II. 1.

20. *Ingentes Titos.*] Celſi prætereunt auſtera poemata
Rhamnes. Art. Poet.

21. *Tremulo.*] Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
Lentum Solicitas. Od. IV. 13.

23. *Quibus et dicas perditus ohe.*
Importunus amat laudari? donec ohe jam,
Ad cœlum manibus ſublatis, dixerit, urge, et
Creſcentem tumidis infla ſermonibus utrem.

26. *En pallor ſeniumque.* II. 5.
Inhumanæ ſenium depone Camœnæ. Ep. I. 18.

28. *At pulchrum eſt.*
At ſuave eſt magno tollere acervo. Sat. I. 1.

PERSIUS. HORACE.

SATIRE I.

29. *Ten' cirratorum.*

- - - - - - - - an tua demens
Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis.
Sat. I. 10.

30. *Ecce inter pocula.*

- - - - - - - - pueri patresque severi
Fronte comas vincti cænant et carmina dicunt. Ep. II. 1.

35. *Tenero supplantat.*] Balba feris annoso verba palato,
the metaphor only changed Sat. II. 3.

40. *Rides, ait.*] Rides, ait, et Jovis auribus. Ep. I. 19.

42. *Et cedro.*] - - - - speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro. Art. poet.

53. *Calidum scis ponere sumen.*

Unctum qui rectè ponere possit. ib.

54. *Scis comitem.*

Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor
Impensis cœnarum et tritæ munere vestis.

61. *Vos, O patricius sanguis.* Ep. I. 19.

- - - - - - - - Vos, O
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite.
Art. Poet.

64. *Ut per leve.*

Nequid valeat per leve morari,
but used in a different sense Sat. II. 7.

65. *Tendere versum.*

Ultra legem tendere opus. Sat. II. 1.

67. *Prandia regum.*] Epulas regum. Sat. II. 2.

70. *Ponere lucum.*] Solers nunc hominem ponere,
Nunc deum. Od. IV. 8.
- - - Cum lucus et ara Dianæ
- - - describitur - - Art. Poet.

85. *Ait Pedio.*] Cum Pedius causas exsudet. Sat. I. 10.

86. *Doctus*

PERSIUS. HORACE.

SATIRE I.

86. *Doctus poſuiſſe figuras.*] Doctus cantare Catullum.

88. *Cum fracta.* Sat. I. 10.

- - - - - ſi fractis enatet exſpes
Navibus ære dato qui pingitur. Art. Poet.

89. *Men' moveat quippe.*

Men' moveat cimex Pantilius. Sat. I. 10.

91. *Incurvâſſe querelâ.*

- - - - ſi vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primùm ipſi tibi. Art. Poet.
Nec vir Pieriâ pellice ſaucius (te) curvet.

106. *Nec pluteum.* Od. III. 10.

- - - - - - - in verſu faciendo
Sæpe caput ſcaberet, vivos et roderet ungues.
Sat. I. 10.

108. *Frigeſcant.*] - - - metuo majorum nequis amicus
Frigore te feriat. Sat. II. 1.

114. *Secuit Lucilius.*

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim. Sat. II. 1.

116. *Ridenti Flaccus amico.*] Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? Sat. I. 1.

118. *Suſpendere naſo.*] Naſo ſuſpendis adunco. Sat. I. 6.
Suſpendens omnia naſo. Sat. II. 8.

123. *Cratino.*] Eupolis atque Cratinus Ariſtophaneſq; poëtæ. Sat. I. 4.

133. *Cynico barbam.*] Vellunt tibi barbam
Laſcivi pueri. Sat. I. 3.

134. *Callirhoen do.*

Forum Putealq; Libonis Mandabo ſiccis.
Ep. I. 19.

SATIRE II.

1. *Meliore lapillo.*

Creſſâ ne careat pulchra dies. Od. I. 36.

PERSIUS. HORACE.

SATIRE II.

3. *Prece—emaci.*] - - - ad preces miſeras
Decurrere et votis paciſci. Od. III. 29.

5. *At bona pars procerum.*
At bona pars hominum. Sat. I. 1.

8. *Hæc clarè.*
Jane pater, clarè, clarè cum dixit, Apollo.
Ep. I. 16.

10. *Sub raſtro crepet argenti mihi ſeria.*
O ſi urnam argenti fors quà mihi monſtret.
Sat. II. 6.

ib. *Dextro Hercule.*
Dives amico Hercule. ib.

14. *Nerio jam ducitur.*] Scribe decem Nerio. Sat. II. 3.

22. *Proh Jupiter.*] Maxime, quis non,
Jupiter, exclamet. Sat. I. 2.

27. *Bidental.*] - - - - an triſte bidental
Moverit inceſtus. Art. Poet.

46. *Quo, peſſime, pacto.*] Quo pacto, peſſime? Sat. II. 7.

61. *O curvæ in terris animæ, Cæleſtium inanes.*
- - - - quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat unà
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.
Sat. II. 2.

72. *Lippa propago.*] Criſpini ſcrinia lippi. Sat. I. 1.

75. *Hæc cedo ut admoveam templis et farre litabo.*
Immunis aram ſi tetigit manus,
Non ſumptuoſa blandior hoſtia
Mollîrit averſos Penates
Farre pio et ſaliente micâ. Od. III. 23.

5. *Ficcas*

PERSIUS. HORACE.

SATIRE III.

5. *Siccas insana canicula messes.*
Leniat et rabiem canis. Ep. I. 10.
Jam Procyon furit et stella vesani leonis.

6. *Et patula.* Od. III. 29.
Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido,
Rivumque fessus quærit. Od. III. 29.

7. *Ocyùs adsit.*] Nemon' oleum feret ocyus? Sat. II. 7.

8. *Turgescit vitrea bilis.*
Jussit quod splendida bilis. Sat. II. 3.

23. *Udum et molle lutum es.*
Argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ. Ep. II. 2.

24. *Sed rure paterno est tibi far modicum.*
Interdum nugaris rure paterno. Ep. I. 17.

25. *Purum et sine labe salinum.*
Modò sit mihi mensa tripes et
Concha salis puri. Sat. I. 3. Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum. Od. II. 16.

26. *Secura patella.*] Laudas securum olus. Sat. II. 7.

55. *Siliquis et grandi pasta polenta.*
Vivit siliquis et pane secundo. Ep. II. 1.

60. *Est aliquid quò tendis?*
Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo Multa?

70. *Patriæ carisque.* Od. II. 16.
Reddat natis carisque propinquis. Sat. I. 1.

73. *Quòd multa fidelia putet.*] Cui stragula vestis,
Blattarum et tinearum epulæ, putrescat in arcâ. Sat. II. 3.

78. *Quod sapio satis est mihi.*
Mancipium frugi quod sit satis. Sat. II. 6.

80. *Obstipo capite.*] Stes capite obstipo. Sat. II. 5.

83. *Ægroti veteris.*] - - - velut ægri somnia vanæ
Fingentur species. Art. Poet.

PERSIUS. HORACE.

SATIRE III.

96. *Ne ſis mihi tutor.*] Ne ſis patruus mihi. Sat. II. 3.
Omnes compoſui: felices: nunc ego reſto: Confice. Sat. I. 9.

97. *Turgidus*] Pinguem vitiis albumque. Sat. II. 2.
Et aquoſus albo corpore languor.

104. *Craſſiſque lutatus amomis.* Od. II. 2.
Et craſſum unguentum. Art. Poet.

108. *Nil calet hîc.*
Aut alio mentis morbo calet. Sat. II. 3.

114. *Os radere.*] Tergêre palatum. Sat. II. 2.

SATIRE IV.

8. *Hoc, putà, non juſtum.*
Rectius hoc eſt: hoc faciens, vivam meliûs: ſic dulcis amicis Occurram. Sat. I. 4.

13. *Pelle decorus.*
Introrſum turpem, ſpecioſum pelle decorâ.
Ep. I. 16. Detrahere et pellem, nitidus quâ quiſque per ora
Cederet, introrſum turpis. Sat. II. 1.

19. Suffla.] Num tantùm, ſufflans ſe, magna fuiſſet; *as Bentley reads with moſt MSS.* Sat. II. 3.

25. *Sed præcedenti.*
Reſpicere ignotæ diſcet pendentia tergo.

29. *Hôc bene ſit.* Sat. II. 2.
Bene erat non piſcibus urbe petitis,
Sed pullo atque hædo. Sat. II. 2.

30. *Pannoſam fæcem morientis ſorbet aceti.*
Qui Veientanum feſtis potare diebus
Campanâ ſolitus trullâ, vappamq; profeſtis.
Sat. II. 2.

33. *Eſt prope te ignotus.*] Aliquis cubito ſtantem prope tangens Inquiet. Sat. II. 5.

41. *Cædimus*

PERSIUS. HORACE.

SATIRE IV.

41. *Cædimus.*] Cædimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem. Ep. II. 2.

42. *Vivitur hoc pacto.*
Hæc est conditio vivendi. Sat. I. 8.

44. *Ut mavis, da verba.*
Ut mavis, imitare. Sat. I. 4.

ib. *Decipe nervos.*] Occultam febrem sub tempus edendi Dissimules. Ep. I. 16.

45. *Egregium cùm.*
Si te populus sanum rectéque valentem
Dictitet. Ep. I. 16. Egregiè factum laudet vicinia. Sat. .II 5.
Sed videt hunc omnis domus et vicinia tota.

49. *Bibulas aures.* Ep. I. 16.
Densum humeres bibit aure vulgus.
Od. II. 13.

SATIRE V.

1. *Vatibus hic mos est.*] Regibus hic mos est. Sat. I 2.

4. *Vulnera seu Parthi.*] Aut labentis equo describet vulnera Parthi. Sat. II. 1.

10. *Tu neque anhelanti.*
Atque tu conclusas hircinis follibus auras
Usque laborantes, dum ferrum molliat ignis,
Ut mavis, imitare. Sat. I. 4.

14. *Junctură callidus acri.*
Notum si callida verbum Reddiderit junctura novum. Art. Poet.

20. *Dare pondus idonea fumo.*
Nugis addere pondus. Ep. I. 19.

45. *Amborum fœdere.*
Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
Consentit astrum. Od. II. 17.

PERSIUS. HORACE.

SATIRE V.

50. *Saturnumque.*
Te Jovis impio Tutela Saturno, refulgens, Eripuit. Od. II. 17.

51. *Neſcio quod certè eſt.*
Scit genius, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum. Ep. II. 2.

52. *Mille hominum ſpecies.*
Quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum Millia. Sat. II. 2.

54. *Mercibus hic Italis.*
Hic mutat merces ſurgente a ſole ad eum quo Veſpertina tepet regio. Sat. I. 4.

58. *In venerem putris.*] Omnes in Damalin putres Deponent oculos. Od. I. 36.

63. *Cultor enim es juvenum.*
Culturæ patientem commodet aurem. Ep. I. 1.

ib. *Purgatas inſeris aures.*] Eſt mihi purgatam crebrò qui perſonet aurem. Ep. I. 1.

66. *Quaſi magnum.*] Ut magnum. Sat. I. 4.

82. *Hæc mera libertas.*
Dum vult libertas mera dici. Ep. I. 18.

86. *Stoicus hic aurem mordaci lotus aceto.*
Mordacem Cynicum. Ep. I. 17.

100. *Diluis Helleborum.*] Abrotonum ægro non audet niſi qui didicit dare. Ep. II. 1.

102. *Navem ſi poſcat.*
Navem agere ignarus navis timet. ib.

103. *Exclamet Melicerta.*
Clament periiſſe pudorem Cuncti pæne patres. Ep. I. 1.

104. *Tibi recto vivere talo.*] Securus cadat, an recto ſtet fabula talo. Ep. I. 1.

108. *Illa*

PERSIUS. HORACE.

SATIRE V.

108. *Illa priùs cretâ.*
Cretâ an carbone notandi? Sat. II. 3.

111. *Inque luto.*] In triviis fixum cum se demittit ob. assem. Ep. I. 16.

113. *Hæc mea sunt cum verè dixeris.*
Potesne ex his ut proprium quid noscere? ib.

117. *Astutam vapido servas.*
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes. Art. Poet.

123. *Tres tantùm ad numeros Satyri moveare Bathilli.*
Nunc Satyrum nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur. Ep. II. 2.

128. *Quod nervos agitet.*
Duceris ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.

130. *Quî tu impunitior exis?* Sat. II. 7.
Tergo plector enim: quî tu impunitior! ib.

136. *Tolle recens primus piper?*
Cave ne portus occupet alter. Ep. I. 6.

140. *Jam pueris pellem.*
Quinque sequuntur Te pueri. Sat. I. 6.

145. *Quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ.*
Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutæ? Ep. II. 2.

149. *Nummi quos hîc.*
Nummos alienos pascet. Ep. I. 18. Multis occulto crescit res fœnere. Ep. I. 1.

152. *Cinis et manes et fabula fies.*
Jam te premet nox fabulæque manes. Od. I. 4.

153. *Vive memor leti.*
Vive memor quam sis ævi brevis. Sat. II. 6.

ib. *Hoc, quod loquor, inde est.*
Dum loquimur, fugerit invida Ætas. Od. I. 11.

156. *Alternus*

PERSIUS. HORACE.

SATIRE V.

156. *Alternus oberret.*] Fugitivus et erro. Sat. I. 7.

161. *Dave, cito hoc credas.*]
What Horace (Sat. II. 3.) gives us out of Terence's imitation of Menander, that Perſius gives us out of Menander himſelf.

ib. *Finire labores Præteritos meditor.*
An potiùs mediter finire dolores? ib.

165. *Ebrius ante fores.*] Ebrius, et, (magnum quod dedecus) ambulet ante
Noctem cum facibus. Sat. I. 4.

172. *Ne nunc cum accerſat.*
Nec nunc, cum me vocet ultro, Accedam? Sat. II. 3.

174. *Hîc, hîc, quem quærimus, hîc eſt.*
Hîc eſt aut nuſquam quod quærimus. Ep. I. 17.

177. *Cicer ingere largè Rixanti populo.*
In cicere atque fabâ bona tu perdaſque lupinis? Sat. II. 3.

184. *Labra moves tacitus.*
Labra movet metuens audiri. Ep. I. 16.

ib. *Recutitaque Sabbata palles.*
Hodiè triceſima Sabbata. Sat. I. 9.

185. *Tunc nigri Lemures.*] Nocturnos Lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides? Ep. II. 2.

191. *Et centum Græcos.*] Contrà Lævinum - - - unius aſſis
Non umquam pretio pluris licuiſſe. Sat. I. 6.

SATIRE VI.

7. *Hibernatque meum mare.*] Atrum defendens piſces hiemat mare. Sat. II. 2.

10. *Poſtquam deſitertuit eſſe Mæonides.*
Somnia Pythagoræa. Ep. II. 1.

13. *Angulus ille Vicini.*
O ſi angulus ille Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum. Sat. II. 6.

15. *Diteſcant*

PERSIUS. HORACE.

SATIRE VI.

15. *Diteſcant, orti pejoribus.*] Indignum quod ſit, pejoribus ortus: Ep. I. 5.

ib. *Uſque recuſem.*] Uſque recuſes. Sat. II. 7.

16. *Cænare ſine uncto.*
Unctum qui rectè ponere poſſit. Art. Poet.

18. *Diſcrepet his alius.*] Longè mea diſcrepat illis et vox et ratio. Sat. I. 6.

ib. *Geminos, horoſcope, varo.*
Caſtor gaudet equis, ovo prognatus eodem Pugnis. Sat. II. 1.

20. *Muria vafer in calice empta.*] Surrentina vafer qui miſcet. Sat. II. 4.

21. *Ipſe ſacrum piper.*
Cornu ipſe bilibri Caulibus inſtillat. Sat. II. 2.
Tanquam parcere ſacris Cogeris. Sat. I. 1.

22. *Utar ego utar.*
Utar, et ex modico quantum res poſcet acervo Tollam. Ep. II. 2.

23. *Nec rhombos.*
- - - - - - - et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum ſimplex hilariſque nepoti
Diſcrepet, et quantum diſcordet parcus avaro. Ep. II. 2.

26. *Occa.*] Cum ſegetes occat. Ep. II. 2.

33. *Heres negliget iratus.*
Nec metuam quid de me judicet heres, Quòd non plura datis invenerit. Ep. II. 2.

34. *Quòd rem curtaveris.*
Quantulum enim ſummæ curtabit quiſque dierum? Sat. II. 3.

35. *Seu ſpirent cinnama ſurdum.*
Fervida quod ſubtile exſurdant vina palatum. Sat. II. 8.

39. *Noſtrum*

PERSIUS. HORACE.

SATIRE VI.

39. *Noſtrum hoc maris expers.*
Alcon Chium maris expers. Sat. II. 8.

44. *O bone, num ignoras?*
O bone, ne te Fruſtrêre. Sat. II. 3.

62. *Sum tibi Mercurius.*] Rejectâ prædâ, quam præſens Mercurius fert. Sat. II. 3.

68. *Impenſiùs unge, Unge, puer, caules.*
Ungere ſi caules oleo meliore caputque Cæperis. Sat. II. 3.

78. *Rem duplica.*] Mille talenta rotundentur: totidem altera: porrò
Tertia ſuccedant, et quæ pars quadret acervum. Ep. I. 7.

N°. IV.

A N

ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

SATIRE is grown a term of ſuch low acceptation in modern language, that an inquiry into its origin purpoſes and uſes is really become a neceſſary act of juſtice to its great inventors and improvers, the ſatiriſts of antiquity. At preſent, every literary effuſion of malice or petulance, the mereſt perſonal reproach, the moſt envenomed invective challenges to itſelf this reſpectable name; and thoſe perſons, who are unacquainted with the great originals, are hence led, almoſt neceſſarily, to judge of their merit by their pretended imitators, and to conceive a diſlike to the art itſelf.

It is a misfortune, that critics have not written profeſſedly upon this ſubject, as a branch of poetry. It has been hitherto treated, rather as a dry topic of grammatical inveſtigation, than as a ſubject of elegant taſte and liberal entertainment.

Even Dryden himſelf has employed a hundred full pages chiefly in retailing the diſputes of Scaliger Heinſius and Caſaubon about the etymology and origin of ſatire, and the comparative merit of the three

three Roman ſatiriſts. One would, indeed, regret the loſs of his prefatory dedication; for he here gives us a ſpecimen of proſe, as flowing and harmonious as his verſification is (where he wiſhes to be correct) and ſome fine examples both of well-bred addreſs and delicate flattery to his noble patron, and of juſt criticiſm on other ſubjects;—but as for ſatire, being naturally lazy, and of very limited claſſical knowledge, he has left the ſubject as embarraſſed and unintelligible, as he found it. *Movet ſed non promovet.*

It is not indeed of much conſequence to us, whence ſatire takes its name, and where it firſt originated, in Greece or Rome; and it is of leſs conſequence to ſet thoſe poor bards by the ears, who entertain us equally in three very diſſimilar ways, and who probably would have ſettled their different pretenſions in an amicable manner, had fate caſt their exiſtence into the ſame period of time.

Yet theſe topics are not wholly to be neglected. The critic of taſte has ſomething here to obſerve, as well as the plodding grammarian ſomething to inveſtigate. There are, here, ſome clear and preciſe points of knowledge; and they are capable of anſwering ſome valuable purpoſes.

That ſatire, properly ſo called, is of Roman original, is clear from two expreſs indiſputable authorities,*(a)* Quintilian and Horace. They had never hazarded the aſſertion, if there had been any Greek writings of the kind extant in their time. There could be no ſuch writings. There are no remains, there is no mention, of any ſuch writings, in all the monuments of Greece.

(*a*) Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt. Quintil. I. 10. Græcis intactum carmen. Hor. Sat. I. 10.

With

With regard to the etymology of the word, indeed, the ancient grammarians were as undetermined as the modern: and, if we may judge by Diomedes the Roman grammarian, they thought it a matter of no conſequence. For he gives the two etymologies of the word with much eaſe and unconcern, and leaves the reader to chooſe as he pleaſes. His words ſhall be given at length, as we ſhall have occaſion for them again in the progreſs of this inquiry. "Satire",(*b*) ſays he, "is a ſpecies of poetry among the Romans, adapted in its preſent ſtate to correct the vices and follies of mankind, upon the plan of the OLD COMEDY among the Greeks;—ſuch as Lucilius, Horace, and Perſius wrote. There was alſo formerly another ſpecies, conſiſting of VARIOUS KINDS OF METRE, which was called Satire; ſuch as Pacuvius and Ennius wrote. It was called Satire, either from the ſatyric pieces of the Greeks, becauſe it conſiſted of the ſame ridiculous and looſe things as the perſonated ſatyrs acted and uttered in the ſatyric pieces; OR from the SATURA LANX, a charger, or diſh, filled with the firſt-fruits of the year's produce, anciently offered annually to Bacchus and Ceres."

And, indeed, the matter might ſtill have remained in this ſtate of uncertainty, if the diſcuſſion of it

(*b*) Satira dicitur carmen apud Romanos, nunc quidem maledicum, et ad carpenda hominum vitia Archææ Comediæ charactêre compoſitum; quale ſcripſerunt Lucilius et Horatius et Perſius. Et olim carmen, quod ex variis poematibus conſtabat, Satira vocabatur; quale ſcripſerunt Pacuvius et Ennius. Satira autem dicta, ſive a ſatyris, quòd ſimilitèr in hoc carmine ridiculæ res pudendæque dicuntur, quæ, velut a ſatyris proferuntur et fiunt; ſive a Saturâ* lance, quæ, referta variis multiſque primitiis, in ſacro apud priſcos Diis inferebant, &c. Ed. Putſchii. p. 482.

* Satura *is the feminine of the adjective* Satur.

had

had not fortunately opened to us ſome points of uſeful obſervation. It is now indiſputable from a paſſage in Livy, *(c)* that the latter is the juſter opinion. This paſſage, thrown into its natural order, and illuſtrated with ſome circumſtances, omitted by the hiſtorian, as familiar to his Roman readers, but neceſſary to be known by modern readers, is to the following purpoſe.

" The Romans, until the year 391, knew no public " diverſions but the Circenſian games, *(d)* inſti- " tuted by Romulus, and no private poetical paſ- " time but the Feſcennine verſes. *(e)* Labouring " this year under a dreadful peſtilence, and finding " all other methods ineffectual, they had recourſe to " ſtage diverſions, *(f)* as a new expedient to avert " the anger of the gods. Tuſcany, *(g)* which had " been peopled by two colonies, one of Lydians, " the other of the Cretan Curetes was already ac- " quainted with ſuch diverſions; imported, pro- " bably, along with them from the eaſt. Players " were, therefore, called in from that country. " And, as their language was not underſtood at " Rome, *(h)* they omitted the verſe, modulated " elocution and geſticulation, and exhibited only " that part which conſiſted of dancing and muſic;

(c) Livy. VII. 2.

(d) Nam Circi modò ſpectaculum fuerat. ib.

(e) Qui non, SICUT ANTE, Feſcennino verſum ſimilem, compoſitum temerè, ac rudem jaciebant; *for this is the right reading, not* verſu *and* incompoſitum, *as in the common editions.* ib.

(f) Ludi quoque Scenici, nova res bellicoſo populo (nam Circi modò ſpectaculum fuerat) inter alia cœleſtis iræ placamina inſtituti dicuntur. ib.

(g) This circumſtance is from Valerius Maximus. II. 4.

(h) Sine carmine ullo, ſine imitandorum carminum actu. Liv. ib. Quia nimirùm verſus, linguâ Tuſcâ pronunciati, a Romanis intellecti non fuiſſent. Crevier.

" that

"that is, certain pantomime geſtures adjuſted to "the flute, (the univerſal inſtrument of the ancient "ſtage, except in the choruſes where the lyre was "employed.) The cuſtom ſtruck root. The Ro- "mans ſoon learnt to imitate what they had ſeen. "Actors, *(i)* a new profeſſion, ſtarted up among "them. They invented plays in their own lan- "guage, which the hiſtorian calls *Saturæ* or Satires, "like (ſays he) to the Feſcennine verſes in point "of ſtile and manner, but accompanied with the "ſeveral kinds of expreſſion uſed in Tuſcany, *(k)* "geſticulation, muſic, and dancing. And theſe "actors took the name of *hiſtriones* from *hiſter* a "Tuſcan word denoting an actor: and in this "ſtate poetry continued in Rome for 124 years, "when Livius Andronicus appeared."

What the Feſcennine verſes were, *(l)* we learn from Horace. They were ruſtic reproaches, uttered in extemporaneous verſe by way of paſtime on their feſtival days; and conſequently theſe ſatires muſt have been a collection of rambling raillery, rude indeed at firſt, but methodized into ſome ſort of order, and carried on in dialogue between the performers. The invention was Roman, though the hint was not; and the name, conſequently, muſt be alſo Roman. *Satura* was an obvious new appellation. Originally, as we ſaw before, it was a charger of miſcellaneous fruit offered to Bacchus and Ceres. And, with the uſual comprehenſion

(i) Accepta itaque res ſæpiuſque uſurpando excitata. Vernaculis artificibus, quia hiſter Tuſco verbo ludio vocabatur, nomen hiſtrionibus inditum. ib.

(k) Impletas modis ſaturas, deſcripto jam ad tibicinem cantu motuque congruenti.

(l) See note *f*.

of

of metaphor, it might be, and actually was, extended afterwards to any miſcellaneous collection; as *lex ſatura* "a law comprehending various heads," *hiſtoria ſatura* "an hiſtorical collection" and *ſententias concilii per ſaturam exquirere*, an old phraſe adopted by Salluſt, "to take the opinions of the council promiſcuouſly," and many other things of the kind. And as for the change of the word from *ſatura* to *ſatira*; it is, like *optimus* for *optumus*, the effect of later refinement in orthography.

"About one hundred and twenty-four years after "the invention of the *Saturæ* or Satires, in the year of "Rome 514, (as the hiſtorian goes on) Livius Andro- "nicus, a freedman of Livius Salinator, improved "upon them: for *(m)* he took a ſingle action, purſued "it with tolerable exactneſs and order, *(n)* according "to the Greek plan, and performed it himſelf (for "authors at that time acted their own pieces) with the "ſame aids of muſic, ſinging, and geſticulation, "as had been before uſed, but were then probably "greatly improved. The Romans were highly "delighted with the ingenious novelty: and, when "Livius *(nn)* had grown hoarſe with the frequent re- "hearſals, which their admiration called for; they "permitted him to employ an aſſiſtant to utter his "verſe to the muſic of the flute, while he himſelf

(m) Livius, poſt aliquot annos, ab ſaturis auſus eſt primus argumento fabulam ſerere. ib. i. e. connectere fabulam ex variis actibus; a veteri verbo, ſero, ſerui, ſertum. Crevier.

(*n*) Diomedes, p. 486.

(nn) Idem ſcilicet, id quod omnes tum erant, ſuorum carminum actor. Quum ſæpius revocatus vocem obtudiſſet, veniâ petitâ, puerum ad canendum ante tibicinem quum ſtatuiſſet, dicitur canticum egiſſe. ib. *Canticum agere* eſt geſticulationem cantico convenientem peragere. Crevier.

"accompanied

" accompanied them with ſilent geſticulation. *(o)*
" And this is the origin of the Roman plays. Here
" poetry branched itſelf into two kinds. The new-
" invented plays were confined to the public actors;
" and the Roman *(p)* youth retained the uſe of the
" Satires for their private amuſement. They ſuf-
" fered the actors *(q)* no longer to bring them upon
" the ſtage, and confined the diverſion to them-
" ſelves; and, *(r)* by being performers, they neither
" loſt their franchiſes as citizens, nor were diſquali-
" fied for bearing arms;—an ignominy, as it ſeems,
" annexed to the profeſſion of players; and from
" hence, in proceſs of time, ſprung the farces,
" which afterwards cloſed their plays, under the
" name of *(ſ) Exodia* and *Atellanæ*."

Thus

(o) There is a difficulty in this part of the original which the critics have not yet ſettled (as the curious reader may ſee in Drakenborch's edition) and which it was proper to omit at preſent, as foreign to our deſign.

(p) Juventus, hiſtrionibus fabellarum actu relicto, ipſa inter ſe more antiquo ridicula intexta verſibus jactitare cæpit. ib.

(q) Quæ inde exodia poſtea appellata, conſertaque potiſſimùm Atellanis ſunt. Quod genus ludorum ab Oſcis acceptum tenuit juventus, nec ab hiſtrionibus pollui paſſa eſt. ib.

(r) Eo inſtitutum manet, ut actores Atellanarum nec tribu moveantur, et ſtipendia, tanquam expertes artis ludicræ, faciant. ib.

(ſ) Though the exodia, Atellanæ, & Satyri, which anſwered the ſame purpoſe in the concluſion of the Roman plays, as farces do upon our ſtage, be foreign to our preſent purpoſe; yet a few words may be uſeful upon the ſubject.

The Atellanæ were ludicrous plays, ſo called from Atella a town of the Oſci a people of Campania: the language uſed in them was Oſcan, juſt as the Welch or ſome provincial dialect is often employed in our Comedies, as Biſhop Hurd obſerves. Hor. Art. Poet. line 221.

The *Satyri* or Satyric pieces were farces upon the Grecian plan; in which the ſatyrs were repreſented, as the ſpeakers and actors,

Thus far are we carried by Livy; explained by ſome additional circumſtances, thrown in by (t) Valerius Maximus in his account of the ſame matter.

In this ſtate, Ennius found poetry upon his arrival in Rome in the year 549; when, obſerving the pleaſure, with which theſe Satires were generally received, he invented a new ſpecies, not deſigned for the ſtage, but the cloſet, and written in the ſame ſpirit of raillery. He continued the old name of Satires; as it was a favourite title, and as his pieces were really a miſcellaneous collection of different kinds of metre. He was followed by Pacuvius, his nephew or grandſon (u) (for this is an uncertain point) but certainly his pupil; and this was the origin of what we now properly call Satire. This ſtage of its progreſs we have already ſeen clearly marked out by Diomedes in the place before quoted, when he calls the poems written by Ennius and Pacuvius, in different kinds of metre, by the name of Satires.

In this ſtate Lucilius found this branch of poetry about the year of Rome 587, being then in the thirtieth year of his age; when, devoting his great talents to this ſingle province, he improved ſo much upon his manly but rude predeceſſors, Ennius and Pacuvius, that he is generally conſidered as the firſt ſatiriſt.

We are now to conſider, from whence he took his idea of this improvement. Let us but recollect what

actors. The firſt ſort was introduced after the comedies; the ſecond after the tragedies.

Exodia is but a general name for farce; but uſually applied to the *Atellanæ*, as *Atellanico Exodio.* Suet. Tib. XLV.

(t) II. 4.

(u) Dacier. Preface to Hor. Sat.

Diomedes

Diomedes has already told us, and the queſtion is reſolved. It was from the *Archæa Comœdia*, the old comedy of Greece.

This is *(w)* more fully explained by Horace in the lines below. And yet, *(x)* if we wiſh to know, who the original inventor of this kind of writing was, he ſhall tell us that too. It was the great father of all Roman poetry, Ennius; to whom he aſcribes the honour of the invention, without mentioning his name; conſidering that as a well known undiſputed anecdote.

The character of the old comedy of Greece is next to be conſidered. And this is eaſily aſcertained by the writings of Ariſtophanes, which are ſtill extant. It put ſome particular perſon in ſome imaginary comic ſituation, and purſued this, as one action or fable to a ridiculous cataſtrophe; and, in the courſe of the drama, employed every ſpecies of humorous abuſe, which ever had been invented and uſed *(y)* before; jeer, parody, oblique ſatire, and invective.

On

(*w*) Eupolis, atque Cratinus, Ariſtophaneſque poetæ
Atque alii, quorum comœdia priſca virorum eſt,
Siquis erat dignus deſcribi, quòd malus ac fur,
Quòd mœchus foret, aut ſicarius, aut alioqui
Famoſus, multâ cum libertate notabant.
Hinc omnis pendet Lucilius, hoſce ſecutus,
Mutatis tantùm pedibus, numeriſque, facetus,
Emunctæ naris. Sat. I. 4.

(*x*) - - - - - - - - - - fuerit Lucilius, inquam,
Comis et urbanus, fuerit limatior idem,
Quam rudis et Græcis intacti carminis * auctor. Sat. I. 10.

(*y*) *The firſt piece of ridicule now extant is Homer's* Therſites *in the Iliad; for we know nothing of his Margites mentioned in* Ariſtotle's Poetics. Parody *or the application of ſerious verſes in a ludicrous man-*

* *By* auctor *he means Ennius.*

On this model Lucilius formed himſelf, with the additional accompliſhments, (as we ſhall ſee preſently,) which philoſophy furniſhed; and with that full ſcope and licenſe, which the free conſtitution of the Roman republic gave to his great abilities.

But, though he imitated the old comedy (as perhaps better ſuited to his own genius and to the ſtate and times in which he lived) yet it muſt be obſerved, that, long before his days, a genteeler kind had been cultivated in Greece called the new comedy; and carried to its higheſt perfection by Menander, who died fifty-two years before Livius exhibited his firſt play, and whoſe writings Lucilius muſt have been acquainted with, as we find them imitated by his friend and cotemporary Terence.

This change in the ſtate of comedy was the effect of neceſſity: for the old had grown licentious and had been reſtrained by law. The new, then, took a ſafer, and indeed a more inſtructive turn: vice and virtue were repreſented under fictitious characters, ſtripped of all perſonalities, but drawn from real life and manners. No individual could be flattered; no one could be offended. It held up the honeſt mirror of nature, by which the good might improve his virtues, and the wicked, if he pleaſed, correct his depravities.

ner was the buſineſs of a ſpecies of writing called Σιλλοι, *and of writers hence called* Σιλλογραφοι. Steph. Greek Theſ. vol. I. p. 1922.

Invective was the invention of Archilochus and Hipponax.

We need not look beyond the Plutus *of* Ariſtophanes *for examples in all theſe ways.*

What the chorus ſays in the concluſion of Act II. Sc. 1. l. 290. *is a fine parody on the* Cyclop *of* Philoxenus. Act III. Sc. 2. l. 715. *furniſhes as fine a ſtroke of oblique ſatire at* Neoclides, *a ſorry Athenian orator of that age. And as for the other kinds, the whole play is replete with them.*

But

But the (y) freedom of the Roman conſtitution, as it ſhould ſeem, permitted Lucilius to adopt the bolder ſtile of the old comedy; reſtrained as it had been long before in Greece. Horace, however, formed himſelf, in a great meaſure, upon the model of the new, according to the altered ſtate of Rome from a free republic to an abſolute, though mild, monarchy.

Tragedy improved faſter than comedy. It required no reſtraints of law: it always dealt in ſafe characters, *quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis atque Latinâ*, as Juvenal would ſpeak, i. e. in the characters of dead princes, heroes, and great men, and delivered its maxims in a ſuitable ſtile of grandeur. And to this plan it was, that Juvenal ſeems to have adjuſted himſelf in his general caſt of ſatire.

(y) *There was a law of the twelve tables againſt libels enacted in the year of Rome* 303, *in theſe words:* Si quis occentaſſet malum carmen, ſive condidiſſet, quod infamiam faxit flagitiumque alteri, capital eſto. *To this law Horace muſt be ſuppoſed to allude in theſe lines*;

Feſcennina per hunc invecta licentia morem
Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;
Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabilitèr, donec jam ſævus apertam
In rabiem verti cæpit jocus. Ep. II. 1. 147.

But it is manifeſt, theſe words do not mean that all ſeverity of writing was forbidden by the above-mentioned law. For we learn from Livy that the Feſcennine verſes continued till the year of Rome 391; *and from different authorities that Lucilius wrote in later times with remarkable ſeverity*;

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim. Hor.
Te, Lupe, te, Muti; et genuinum fregit in illis. Perſ.
Enſe velut ſtricto quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit. Juv.

Perſius takes a middle character between theſe: for he fettered and cramped himſelf by a cloſe imitation of Horace; while his genius naturally led him to the Great and Serious, which Juvenal afterwards attained.

If the reader conceives no high idea of ſatire from this account of its mean original; it cannot be helped. It is but the common caſe of ſublunary things, which generally riſe from ſmall and mean beginnings, as Livy obſerves in the place already quoted; where he ſpeaks with aſtoniſhment of the magnificence of the Roman theatre, compared with its primitive ſimplicity. Comedy and tragedy, even in Greece, which firſt invented and carried them to a very high degree of perfection, are not of nobler deſcent. And here among ourſelves (the next to the Greeks in originality) nothing could be more mean and contemptible than the church interludes or moralities, the rudiments of the Engliſh drama; which, though moderately cultivated before Shakeſpeare's days, yet taught his *ſoul of fire* to ſpread thoſe magic ſcenes, which triumph over our imaginations and paſſions, often in defiance of our correcter judgment.

But to proceed with our dry detail. As ſatire owed her ſpirit and humour to the *ſtage* of Greece, ſo ſhe drew her morals from the *philoſophy* of that inventive nation. For her great end was inſtruction: wit and humour, ridicule and invective were but her means. Indeed no one deſerves the name of a ſatiriſt, who has not all the moral views of a wiſe and ſound philoſopher.

That Lucilius, even in thoſe earlier times, deſerved this character, is very probable (and we have nothing but conjecture to proceed upon, as his writings are loſt) from the intimacy which ſubſiſted between

between his friend Scipio the younger and the wiſe Stoic Panætius, from whom Cicero borrowed the moſt valuable parts of his offices, the firſt and ſecond books. It is certain in the caſe of Horace and Perſius: Horace took his beſt principles from the Stoics; while he laughed at their paradoxes: Perſius, a man of a graver caſt, embraced both their principles and paradoxes together. Juvenal borrowed from a higher ſchool; the morality of reaſon, illuminated by the dawnings of Chriſtianity.

But to eſtimate the real value of ſatire, properly ſo called, we muſt again recur to its original. It aroſe principally, as we ſaw before, from the Grecian ſtage. We muſt, then, conſider the nature of dramatic poetry, a little.

The characters of men, as Ariſtotle obſerves, *(z)* muſt be painted either as good or bad. And there is one thing peculiar to comedy; that it takes in no more of the latter than what is RIDICULOUS, that is, as he well defines it, *(a)* ſome evil which is not painful and deſtructive to the ſubject. He obſerves, further, that comedy and tragedy agree in this, beſides other particulars; that they poſſeſs a *ſweetened* or pleaſurable expreſſion *(b)* conſiſting of apt

(z) Επει δε μιμȣνται ὁι μιμȣμενοι πρατ̄τοντας, αναγκη δε τȣτȣς, η σπȣδαιȣς η φαυλȣς ειναι. Poet. II.

Η δε κωμωδια εςι μιμησις φαυλοτερων μεν, ȣ μεντοι κατα πασαν κακιαν, αλλα (η) τȣ αισχρȣ εςι το γελοιον μοριον. ib. V. η (quatenùs) is inſerted as abſolutely neceſſary to the ſenſe.

(a) Το γελοιον εςιν αμαρτημα και αισχος ανωδυνον και ȣ φθαρτικον. ib.

(b) Λεγω δε ἡδυσμενον μεν λογον, τον εχοντα ῥυθμον και αῤμονιαν και μετρον, not μελος as commonly read. ib.

geſticulation, muſic, and metre. The Tuſcan and firſt Roman plays, as we have already ſeen, conſiſted of theſe three; and, as ſatire aroſe out of them, and, laying aſide the geſticulation and muſic, confined itſelf only to the metre, it muſt have the other excellences of dramatic poetry implied in its very eſſence.

It is a ſtrong collateral proof of this, that ſatire has actually retained as much as it could of the dramatic character. It affects familiar language *(c)*, dialogue, perſonification, and ſcenery; and never appears (other things being equal) with more grace and advantage, than when it wears the kindred decorations of the drama, and ingenuouſly avows its parentage in the honeſt ſimilitude of its features.

We are now come to a concluſion, that will fully reward us for all the trouble of this tedious inveſtigation. If ſatire poſſeſſes all the merit of dramatic poetry, detached from its machinery (its geſticulation, muſic and ſcenery;) it poſſeſſes every thing requiſite to the liberal entertainment and improvement of man; and that too, in ſituations, where the ſtage is forgot—the cloſet and private walks of life.

Dramatic exhibitions, indeed, muſt always take the lead of all ſpecies of poetry (and it is in this ſenſe that Ariſtotle conſiders tragedy *(d)* as ſuperior to epic poetry) becauſe they hold up vice and virtue to the view of mankind under the higheſt means and advantages of impreſſion. The action has a rapidity in its progreſs, which ſuits the eagerneſs of curioſity: the audience are ſpectators as well as hearers: the ſcenery ſtrikes the eye; the melody ſooths the ear;

(*c*) Siquis ſcribat, uti nos, ſermoni propiora. Hor. Sat. I. 4.

(*d*) Poet. XXVI.

the

the geſticulation aids the language: the ſenſes, the imagination, and the paſſions are all engaged and charmed, take one direction, and carry the moral to the heart with collected force and reſiſtleſs impetuoſity.

This impreſſion, however, is but tranſient. As ſoon as the ſcene is over, the effect wears away. Other methods, if they want all this vigour, are more laſting in their effect. They ſpeak (as Cicero *(e)* obſerves) in all places and at all times; and ſuit every age, every fortune, every ſituation of life. For, though dramatic pieces, it is true, may be read under the ſame circumſtances and in the ſame ſituations, yet, being principally calculated for ſcenical repreſentation, they muſt want ſome of the graces, which are requiſite to engage a mere reader's attention, and which other methods are at full liberty to adopt. And hence we generally find, that even plays, which affect any *ambitious ornaments* of ſentiment or diction pleaſe not upon the ſtage; and that nothing is properly admitted there but what makes a neceſſary part of a buſy, intereſting, probable, well-conducted action; or reſults as an unforced moral from its incidents or cataſtrophe.

But be this as it will, one thing is clear. Man wants inſtruction, and delights in variety. And any dreſs or ſhape, which moral culture can aſſume to carry on its purpoſe with efficacy, is a valuable acquiſition to human life.

If we, therefore, recollect the qualifications, which the ancients carried with them into their cloſets

(e) Hæc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium ac ſolatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.

Pro Arch. Poet.

when they wrote Satire, that they borrowed the generous wiſh and powers of improving mankind from philoſophy, the art of reaſoning and perſuaſion from rhetoric *(f)*, the force of moral painting from dramatic poetry, ridicule from comedy and declamation from tragedy; we ſhall agree, that a ſatiriſt is not the growth of every age and country.

Indeed, according to the common idea and language, a ſatiriſt is every where to be found. His conſtituent principles are the growth of every age and climate: they are coeval with man; and are called forth into their full malignity by a thouſand cauſes in the competitions and follies of human conduct.

The inſtinct, for inſtance, of ſelf-preſervation will neceſſarily *feel* under any real or imaginary injury; and, unleſs diſciplined by virtue or by diſcretion, will break out, among other expreſſions of reſentment, into contumelious language. And other principles there are, which want nothing to irritate them, but their own native depravity. Gentle dulneſs, "which ever loves a joke;" petulance, which delights in wanton miſchief; buffoonery, which loves to raiſe a laugh at any expence of the finer feelings; envy, which triumphs in pulling down rival merit; pride, which levels all diſtinctions, but its own ſelf-aſſumed conſequence; and garrulity, "which muſt prate or burſt;"—all theſe and ſimilar tempers will deal in reproaches, without any motive, except the mere ſorry purpoſe of ſelf-gratification. The world, in high good humour with their cruel ingenuity, catches what they ſay with greedy ears; *believes* at leaſt *half* it hears; and queſtions not, by the bye,

(f) Defendente vicem modo RHETORIS, atque POETÆ;
Interdum URBANI. Hor. I. 10.

with

with a poor ſhallow ſemblance of candour, but that the whole may be *too true* in all its aggravations. And the reaſon is plain. The world has the very ſame tempers to gratify; and is much obliged to the officious wit, which provides ſport for its amuſement. Hence, then, upon the firſt falſe ſtep of a frail fellow-creature, a general outcry enſues: the full-mouthed hounds of miſchief begin the chace: the rabble joins the roar: and the victim is purſued to death;—or,—till ſome freſh game is ſtarted to afford the ſame very humane diverſion. Yet this relieves not the firſt unhappy object. Though he obtains ſome eaſe and reſpite by the change, he never recovers his former ſtate of comfort. In plainer terms, a loſt character is ſeldom retrieved: the impreſſions of ridicule ſeldom wear away: the abuſed perſon cannot appear again in public, but the caricature recurs to the ſpectator's imagination; and no aſſemblage of good qualities (for the beſt of men are but motley characters) can reſcue a ſlight miſcarriage, an aggravated failing, or even a miſrepreſented virtue from obloquy and contempt.

This, which, in the literary world, by a ſtrange perverſion of language, is called SATIRE, is nothing elſe in fact but that execrable vice of common life, DEFAMATION; which we generally pretend to deteſt, yet as generally practiſe or encourage. In the literary world, it is more miſchievous. The liberty of the preſs gives it a wider circle; and, though the preſs be open to vindications, yet the world ſeldom has the impartiality to read them, ſometimes hardly the good nature to wiſh them juſt. In this field of conteſt, for many reaſons, (to uſe a vulgar but expreſſive phraſe) *the firſt blow is half the battle.*

But this is not ſatire; and ſhould be diſcouraged in the freeſt ſtate that pretends to civilization. And in a great degree its worſt effects may be prevented, without hurting that firſt of privileges, the freedom of the preſs; or, in other words, the freedom of information and admonition, praiſe and cenſure. And the obvious remedy would be the ſuppreſſion of all ANONYMOUS SATIRE. Every member of a civilized polity ſhould be able to ſay with the generous hero in Homer, *(g)* "If I muſt periſh, let me periſh "in the face of day; let my adverſary appear "openly and fairly, in his proper perſon and "character, and I will either ſhow there is falſhood "or malice or ſome undue motive in his attack, "or will ſubmit to the juſt conſequence of guilt, "public cenſure and public contempt."

But ſtill, after all, it muſt be repeated again, this is not ſatire. According to this ſenſe of the word, the Billingſgate orator is a firſt-rate ſatiriſt. The vulgar eye ſees deformities of perſon and manner almoſt as ſoon as the keeneſt wit; and unlettered malice generally paints with the ſtrength of ſong. The hackney coachman, who, upon Pope's uſual exclamation of *God mend me!* ſarcaſtically ſaid, *it will coſt him leſs trouble to make a new one,* was as good a ſatiriſt, in this ſenſe, as the rival Wit, who eked out his lampoon with "the pictured ſhape," as the poet very juſtly complains.

If any thing can ſhame the profligate libeller; this, ſurely, his mean affinity to the meaneſt of

(g) Ζευ πατερ, αλλα συ ῥυσαι ὑπ' ηερος ὐιας Αχαιων·
Ποιησον δ' αιθρην, δος δ' οφθαλμοισιν ιδεσθαι.
Εν δε φαει και ολεσσον, επει νυ τοι ευαδεν ὀυτως.
Hom. Il. ρ. 645.

human

human beings, ſhould be ſufficient to mortify him; and to teach him one of the firſt leſſons of humanity, that the mere pleaſure of teazing makes no part of thoſe feelings in which the dignity of man conſiſts.

This is certain, the writings of the ancient ſatiriſts juſtify no ſuch conduct. They generally propoſed to themſelves ſome uſeful plan; they purſued it regularly, and conducted it to ſome juſt moral, beneficial to mankind, ſometimes to the guilty individuals, who ſmarted under their pens. Their wit and humour, their raillery and invective were but the vehicles of inſtruction. They ſet not up paradoxical notions to ſurpriſe, or peſtilential notions to corrupt the world: they miſled not the judgment by falſe reaſoning, nor the fancy by meretricious tricks of wit; nor raiſed a laugh by falſe or malicious ridicule. Where they exaggerated, they exaggerated to a good end; not to diſtort and disfigure honeſt truth and hide error, but to put a ſtronger mark of infamy upon what was really odious or contemptible, and to give ſtronger attractions to what was really amiable and praiſe worthy.

After what has been ſaid, it hardly remains a juſt queſtion (and yet it has been made a ſerious one) whether ſatire ever did any real good to ſociety. "It irritates (as the objection runs) rather than re-"forms its ſubject; and as for the reſt of the world, "it has no other effect upon them, but to exaſperate "and inflame the malignant paſſions, which ought "rather to be checked than encouraged and in-"dulged."

But this objection really points only againſt the abuſes of ſatire. Juſt ſatire does not addreſs itſelf to the malignant paſſions; but to that generous indignation, which nature herſelf has given us as a preſervative from moral turpitude. It is true, the profligate are ſeldom reformed even by corrections of

of a more awful nature: but, if they cannot be reformed, it is of importance, that others ſhould be warned by their infamy. Men are liable to err in all ſtages of moral diſcipline, and want all poſſible aids and means of improvement; and if offenders, who hurt the world by their irreclaimable ill conduct, can be rendered uſeful to it as objects of deteſtation, the cenſure of ſatire is as uſeful an act of political juſtice as any puniſhment inflicted by the magiſtrate. A few legal executions ſecure the dignity of law, and preſerve public order and happineſs: and the literary executions of juſt ſatire have, we ſhould naturally imagine, the ſame ſalutary effect.

Cenſure in its worſt exceſſes, even the licenſe of defamation, though an evil (as obſerved before) which ought to be ſuppreſſed, yet, like moſt other evils, has ſome uſes. The fear of public cenſure has preſerved many from flagitious actions, and is ſo far an uſeful motive. On the loweſt ſuppoſition, it produces decency of conduct: it may often do more; it may be the foundation of genuine ſound morals. For, under the abſence of vice and its temptations, good habits may commence, and terminate at laſt in the love of virtue for its own ſake.

Satire, in its proper exerciſe, is both a preſervative from vice, and an incentive to virtue. When a good character, for inſtance, is painted out in all its pleaſing features, as an object of love and eſteem, as an honour to human nature, as an ornament, comfort and bleſſing to the world; and when, on the contrary, a bad example is held up in all its hideous deformity, as the diſgrace of nature, the deteſtation of the wiſe and good, and the curſe of the world; it is impoſſible to eſtimate how far the influence of this may extend among the ingenuous part of the ſociety, who are already untainted, or

but

but ſlightly tainted and ſtill reclaimable: that ingenuous part, who are bred to letters; by whoſe examples the morals of the world are greatly affected, to whom the lower orders generally look up with reverence, and from whom they take their habits with a ſort of ſervile imitation, and who are, in ſhort, the ſource of thoſe cuſtoms, which either corrupt or invigorate the great maſs of the community.

This is, in fact, the great uſe of hiſtory aſſigned by Livy *(b)*. It is that excellent plan of inſtruction, which Horace gives us as his father's practice; or, perhaps, as a tacit exemplification of the benign effects of ſatire. In this view, the ſatiriſt takes the reſpectable authority of a parent, and ſpeaks this ſalutary language: *(i)* "See the wretchedneſs and infamy, "which that hapleſs man labours under! Avoid the "vice, that leads to that dreadful ſituation. See "with what credit and dignity that worthy man "lives! Aſpire to a ſimilar glory, by a ſimilar "conduct!"

This is appealing to thoſe feelings and inſtincts, which nature has given us to aid our reaſon in the conduct of life, which certainly have a powerful influence within us, and, when properly directed, are truly virtuous.

(b) Hoc illud eſt præcipuè in cognitione rerum ſalubre ac frugiferum, omnes te exempli documenta in illuſtri poſita monumento intueri: inde tibi tuæque reipublicæ quod imitere, capias; inde fœdum inceptu, fœdum exitu, quod vites. Liv. Præf.

(i) Nonne vides, Albî ut malè vivat filius, utque
Farris inops? magnum documentum, ne patriam rem
Perdere quis velit - - - - -
Ut facerem quid; habes auctorem, quo facias hoc,
Unum ex judicibus ſelectis objiciebat. Sat. I. 4.

It is a ſtrange error to ſuppoſe, that this tends to inflame the malignant paſſions. No good nature, no charity obliges us to view all characters with one inſipid complacency or indifference. Characters muſt be marked and diſtinguiſhed; for it is upon a juſt diſcrimination of them that not only the rectitude of our own conduct, but the ſafety of our affairs depends. It is a knowledge, that belongs to our diſcretion, as well as our virtue.

It is as great an error to ſuppoſe that the exerciſe of praiſe and cenſure belongs only to certain orders or profeſſions. The improvement of manners is the univerſal concern of all the members of a community. It is here as in war; (to borrow a compariſon ſomewhere uſed by the great Demoſthenes:) the commanders, indeed, have the direction of the field; but victory is the common concern of all. If the private ſoldier thinks it not his duty to contribute his proportion to the general iſſue, as well by encouraging the well-diſpoſed and blaming the negligent, as by diſcharging the duties of his own poſt, nothing will be well done; no ſucceſs can be expected: a general miſcarriage muſt be the conſequence. In the ſame manner, the improvement of manners in ſociety is an univerſal duty. While ſome peculiar ranks muſt have the ſuperintendence of morals, others muſt not be unactive. And if, amongſt them, any particular perſon has genius and leiſure and opportunity to aid the common cauſe by his writings; this capacity ſhould be conſidered as but a higher call to this act of public ſervice. There are certain peculiarities of ſituation, elegantly called by Perſius the *tenuia officia*, which belong only to this private cognizance. Offences againſt theſe are hurtful to ſociety; and yet

yet they neither do nor can belong to the public cenſors of manners.

It never can be a juſt queſtion whether ſatire be uſeful to ſociety, until it becomes queſtionable (and this at preſent, it is hoped, is not the caſe) whether man be a creature capable of moral culture. For moral culture muſt direct itſelf either to the underſtanding or to the will; and therefore can be but of four kinds. Either the underſtanding is ignorant and muſt be enlightened, and this is inſtruction; or it is inattentive and muſt be awakened, and this is admonition; or the will is reluctant and muſt be rouſed, and this is perſuaſion; or it is perverted and muſt be better inclined, and this is reprehenſion or correction. And, of all theſe effects is ſatire capable, in common with the other inſtruments of moral improvement. For it enlightens by its ſound principles, admoniſhes by its wholeſome precepts, perſuades by its fine addreſs, and corrects by its powerful though ſelf-aſſumed authority. No mere cool abſtract reaſoning can be equally inſtructive. The abſtract idea of virtue is a weak principle. It is found, by daily experience, that the underſtanding and will of man are moſt effectually acted upon and influenced by the intervention of the imagination and paſſions. And to do this, is the profeſſed object of ſatire. For it conveys its precepts and examples under ſuch vehicles as are moſt pleaſing to the imagination or intereſting to the paſſions; and, in ſhort, anſwers the higheſt end of poetry, which is *(k)* to inſtruct and pleaſe at the ſame time.

" Ay,

(k) Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare poëtæ,
Aut ſimul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.
- -
Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem

" Ay, but; (the rigid diſciplinarian cries) poetry " itſelf, poetry in general, has nothing to do with " the inſtruction of mankind. Plato did well to " baniſh it out of his republic. It is the idle and " rank produce of luxurious eaſe, licentious wit, " and wanton fancy. Making pleaſure its chief " end, it relaxes every nerve of manly reſolution. " Adieu to all ſerious and ſolid virtue, when men " ceaſe to court her in all her dignity of ſevere " charms, in all her uncomplying rigour of ſtrict " diſcipline."

Soft and fair, moſt excellent reformer. It is certain, we muſt take man, juſt as we find him ſent into the world by his wiſe Creator; and make the moſt we can of him amidſt the imperfections of his preſent initiatory ſtate. He is capable of great improvement by gentle inſinuating methods, adapted at once to his failings and his freedom: but there is a pride and contumacy in his nature which revolts at the imperious tone of direct inſtruction. The divine Herbert can tell us,

A verſe may find him, who a ſermon flies,
And turn delight into a ſacrifice.

Lucretius *(l)* can tell us, under a plainer image,

The wiſe phyſician, when a child is ill,
Obtrudes not phyſic with imperious will:
His wormwood's honey'd; and, with pleaſing ſtealth,
Cheats the ſmall wayward patient into health.

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Soſiis, hic et mare tranſit;
Et longum noto Scriptori prorogat ævum. Hor. Art. Poet.

(l) Nam veluti pueris abſinthia tetra medentes
Cum dare conantur, priùs oras pocula circum
Contingunt mellis dulci flavoque liquore. IV. 11.

Plato

Plato took care, before he baniſhed poets from his republic, to enrich his own ſtile and elocution out of their treaſures; and a greater than Plato (if it be not profane to introduce a ſacred authority upon the occaſion), the divine Inſtructor of mankind, conveyed his doctrines under the moſt pleaſing of all vehicles, the tranſparent veil of fine allegory, and the modeſt engaging dreſs of rural imagery. His great diſciple, the apoſtle of the Gentiles, diſdained not to read Menander *(m)*. The great luminary of the Eaſtern Church, Chryſoſtom, uſed to lay Ariſtophanes upon his pillow at night; and Biſhop Burnet recommended Juvenal to his young ſtudent in divinity.

It is not contended, indeed, that we ought to go to the heathen poets or philoſophers for inſtruction in any branch of knowledge relating to duty; (for the ſcripture is a heaven-ſent and ſufficient rule of faith and manners:) but there is one thing, which the graveſt divine ſhould remember; that, when heaven beſtows its gifts, it leaves the uſe and improvement of them to human cultivation. Man is ſtill, as he always was, a wayward patient: and the divine cannot do amiſs, who goes to the ſchools, where pleaſing inſtruction has been ſucceſsfully ſtudied, to borrow a little of that addreſs, which muſt ever be requiſite in the treatment of mankind;—until they become perfect angels, or perfect ſlaves, or perfect machines.

It may be boldly averred, that there are ſome graces, to be found, even among the ſatiriſts of antiquity (though the orators, particularly the ner-

(m) That text 1 Cor. xv. 33. *Evil communications corrupt good manners* is an Iambic verſe taken from the Thais of Menander.

Φθειρουσιν ηθη χρησθ' ὁμιλιαι κακαι.

vous

vous and pointed Demoſthenes, ſhould be conſidered as the beſt model) which have not yet been tranſferred either to the bar or pulpit.

It gives one pain, to find fault with ſo good a man as Dr. Younge, and ſo excellent a poet as Mr. Pope. But our ſubject cannot be diſmiſſed without a word or two with regard to their ſatires. Younge ſtudied mankind in his cloſet; and his ſucceſs was proportioned to his narrow ſphere of obſervation. Inſtead of juſt portraitures of life, he puts us off with points, and turns, and flouriſhes of wit; which entitle him indeed to a high rank in the ſcale of epigrammatiſts, but exclude him, in the judgment of every critic of taſte, out of the claſs of natural correct writers.

Pope unhappily applied himſelf too late to ſatire. Soured, either by the gloomy philoſophy of Lord Bolingbroke, or the contagious ſpleen of the great and unjuſtly neglected Swift, or by the infirmities of his own diſeaſed conſtitution, he came to ſatire;—diſpoſed rather to fret and vex and teaze, than to divert and inſtruct mankind. Indeed, his imitations of Horace have exquiſite grace and eaſe and ſpirit: but we are indebted to the good humoured Muſe of the maſter for keeping the imitator in good temper. His original ſatires are caſt in the mould of his own ſeverer temper. They diſguſt us by their aſperity, in ſpite of all their harmony. They have either no moral, or no moral of any value. "If "women have no characters at all, if mankind in "general are governed by a ruling paſſion, if what-"ever is, is right;" then the ſatiriſt ſcribbles, the philoſopher ſpeculates, and the divine preaches in vain.

At the ſame time, it is not contended, that the ancients excel us in the great eſſentials of ſatire. Wit and humour and ridicule flow ſtill in as full ſtreams

ſtreams as ever: they only ſeem to have traced out to themſelves new channels. The modern mock-heroic has engroſſed a great portion of them. The Rape of the Lock, in particular, is an admirable inſtance of the moſt delicate and graceful ſatire. Our modern romances alſo, though written in humble proſe, muſt be conſidered as legitimate ſatires; from the tragi-comic Quixote to our late licentious buffoon, Triſtram Shandy.

Swift, in his Tale and Travels, exerts all the *tragic* ſpirit of ſatire, with too great ſeverity indeed, but with boundleſs force and juſtneſs of imagination, againſt the higheſt of objects; the corruptions of religion and ſcience, the errors of ſtates and kingdoms, and the depravities of human nature in general. And the *comic* humour of ſatire appears as fully in Fielding's fictitious hiſtories; which, though they exhibit nature too often in her undreſs, that is, in her undiſciplined inſtincts rather than in her virtuous habits, yet muſt ever pleaſe as juſt copies of common life. Even colours, in theſe improved times, have been made ſubſervient to moral delineations: it would be hard to find finer inſtances of general ſatire than Hogarth's paintings, were they copied out into ſuitable language.

It is certain, however, the true ſpirit and manner of ancient ſatire has not yet been equalled; though there is no reaſon in the nature of things, why it might not be equalled, and perhaps exceeded. Perhaps it is not worth cultivation: perhaps it is better, the moderns ſhould be left to the common right of all genius; that of inventing freely, and aiming at variety. But let them learn one general rule from the ancients, which cannot be diſpenſed with; always to propoſe ſome ſolid and uſeful moral to themſelves; to make inſtruction their end, and entertainment their means; to ſtudy to elevate, not degrade

degrade mankind; to excite them to virtue, not to ſink them deeper in depravity.—Unhappy Sterne! who, attached by vows to the cauſe of virtue and religion, and formed by genius to touch all the finer feelings of the heart, could meanly ſtoop to obſcene double meanings to pleaſe a licentious age! Admirable Richardſon! who, but a ſelf-taught genius, urged by no obligations but the love of goodneſs, the common duty of all, ſhowed to both ſexes the moral perfection, (for which they are formed, and to which they ſhould aſpire;) and enlivened his moral with nothing but what inſtructs, while it delights! who ſupports an uniform conſiſtency and nice diſcrimination of characters worthy of Homer or Shakeſpeare, a ſublimity of ſentiment worthy of Sophocles, a pathos worthy of Euripides or Otway, and a purity worthy of a ſound Divine! Had education but given him a ſtile and manner, ſuitable to his feelings and conceptions, he had reached perfection in this ſpecies of writing!

THE END.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 66, line 2 in the notes, for *above* read *alive*.
119, 11, for *How firm* read *Her port how firm!*
181, 31, for *ſtat's* read *ſtate's*.

VOL. II.

Page 19, line 14, for *bis* read *this*.
192, 8 in the notes, for *finere* read *finire*.